THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

— Mores hominum multorum vidit —

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ERRATA.

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THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK X.

In which the Hiſtory goes forward about twelve hours.

CHAP. I.

Containing inſtructions very neceſſary to be peruſed by modern critics.

READER, it is impoſſible we ſhould know what ſort of perſon thou wilt be: for, perhaps, thou may'ſt be as learned in human nature as Shakeſpear himſelf was, and perhaps, thou may'ſt be no wiſer than ſome of his editors. Now leſt this latter ſhould be the caſe, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholeſome admonitions; that thou may'ſt not as groſsly miſunderſtand and miſrepreſent us, as ſome of the ſaid editors have miſunderſtood and miſrepreſented their author.

Firſt, then, we warn thee not too haſtily to condemn any of the incidents in this our hiſtory, as impertinent and foreign to our main deſign, becauſe thou doſt not immediately conceive in what manner ſuch incident may conduce to that deſign. This work may, indeed, be conſidered as a great creation of our own; and for a little reptile of a critic to preſume to find fault with any of its parts, without knowing the manner in which the whole is connected, and before he comes to the final cataſtrophe, is a moſt preſumptuous abſurdity. The alluſion and metaphor we have here made uſe of, we muſt acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our occaſion; but there is, indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to expreſs the difference between an author of the firſt rate, and a critic of the loweſt.

Another caution we would give thee, my good reptile, is, that thou doſt not find out too near a reſemblance between certain characters here introduced; as for inſtance, between the landlady who appears in the ſeventh book, and her in the ninth. Thou art to know, friend, that there are certain characteriſtics, in which moſt individuals of every profeſſion and occupation agree. To be able to preſerve theſe characteriſtics, and at the ſame time to diverſify their operations, is one talent of a good writer. Again, to mark the nice diſtinction between two perſons actuated by the ſame vice or

folly, is another; and as this laſt talent is found in very few writers, ſo is the true diſcernment of it found in as few readers; though, I believe, the obſervation of this forms a very principal pleaſure in thoſe who are capable of the diſcovery: every perſon, for inſtance, can diſtinguiſh between Sir Epicure Mammon, and Sir Fopling Flutter; but to note the difference between Sir Fopling Flutter and Sir Courtly Nice, requires a more exquiſite judgment: for want of which, vulgar ſpectators of plays very often do great injuſtice in the theatre; where I have ſometimes known a poet in danger of being convicted as a thief, upon much worſe evidence than the reſemblance of hands hath been held to be in the law. In reality, I apprehend every amorous widow on the ſtage would run the hazard of being condemned as a ſervile imitation of Dido, but that happily very few of our play-houſe critics underſtand enough of Latin to read Virgil.

In the next place, we muſt admoniſh thee, my worthy friend, (for, perhaps, thy heart may be better than thy head) not to condemn a character as a bad one, becauſe it is not perfectly a good one. If thou doſt delight in theſe models of perfection, there are books enow written to gratify thy taſte; but as we have not, in the courſe of our converſation, ever happened to meet with any ſuch perſon, we have not choſen to introduce any ſuch here. To ſay the truth, I a little queſtion whether mere man ever

arrived at this conſummate degree of excellence, as well as whether there hath ever exiſted a monſter bad enough to verify that

—— Nullâ virtute redemptum
A vitiis —— *

in Juvenal: nor do I, indeed, conceive the good purpoſes ſerved by inſerting characters of ſuch angelic perfection, or ſuch diabolical depravity, in any work of invention: ſince from contemplating either, the mind of man is more likely to be overwhelmed with ſorrow and ſhame, than to draw any good uſes from ſuch patterns; for in the former inſtance, he may be both concerned and aſhamed to ſee a pattern of excellence, in his nature, which he may reaſonably deſpair of ever arriving at; and in contemplating the latter, he may be no leſs affected with thoſe uneaſy ſenſations, at ſeeing the nature, of which he is a partaker, degraded into ſo odious and deteſtable a creature.

In fact, if there be enough of goodneſs in a character to engage the admiration and affection of a well-diſpoſed mind, though there ſhould appear ſome of thoſe little blemiſhes, *quas humana parum cavit natura*, they will raiſe our compaſſion rather than our abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral uſe than the imperfections which are ſeen in

* Whoſe vices are not allayed with a ſingle virtue.

examples of this kind; ſince ſuch form a kind of ſurpriſe, more apt to affect and dwell upon our minds, than the faults of very vicious and wicked perſons. The foibles and vices of men in whom there is great mixture of good, become more glaring objects, from the virtues which contraſt them, and ſhew their deformity; and when we find ſuch vices attended with their evil conſequence to our favourite characters, we are not only taught to ſhun them for our own ſake, but to hate them for the miſchiefs they have already brought on thoſe we love.

And now, my friend, having given you theſe few admonitions, we will, if you pleaſe, once more ſet forward with our hiſtory.

CHAP. II.

Containing the arrival of an Iriſh gentleman, with very extraordinary adventures which enſued at the inn.

Now the little trembling hare, which the dread of all her numerous enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous animal, man, had confined all the day to her lurking-place, ſports wantonly o'er the lawns: now on ſome hollow tree the owl, ſhrill choriſter of the night, hoots forth notes which might charm the ears of ſome modern

connoiſſeurs in muſic: now in the imagination of the half-drunk clown, as he ſtaggers through the church-yard, or rather charnel-yard, to his home, fear paints the bloody hobgoblin: now thieves and ruffians are awake, and honeſt watchmen faſt aſleep: in plain Engliſh, it was now midnight; and the company at the inn, as well thoſe who have been already mentioned in this hiſtory, as ſome others who arrived in the evening, were all in bed. Only Suſan the chambermaid was now ſtirring, ſhe being obliged to waſh the kitchen, before ſhe retired to the arms of the fond, expecting hoſtler.

In this poſture were affairs at the inn, when a gentleman arrived there poſt. He immediately alighted from his horſe, and coming up to Suſan, enquired of her, in a very abrupt and confuſed manner, being almoſt out of breath with eagerneſs, whether there was any lady in the houſe? The hour of night, and the behaviour of the man, who ſtared very wildly all the time, a little ſurpriſed Suſan, ſo that ſhe heſitated before ſhe made any anſwer: upon which the gentleman, with redoubled eagerneſs, begged her to give him a true information, ſaying, he had loſt his wife, and was come in purſuit of her. Upon my ſhoul, cries he, I have been near catching her already in two or three places, if I had not found her gone juſt as I came up with her. If ſhe be in the houſe, do carry me up in the dark, and ſhew her to me, and if ſhe be gone away before me,

do tell me which way I ſhall go after her to meet her, and upon my ſhoul, I will make you the richeſt poor woman in the nation. He then pulled out a handful of guineas; a ſight which would have bribed perſons of much greater conſequence than this poor wench, to much worſe purpoſes.

Suſan, from the account ſhe had received of Mrs. Waters, made not the leaſt doubt but that ſhe was the very identical ſtray whom the right owner purſued. As ſhe concluded, therefore, with great appearance of reaſon, that ſhe never could get money in an honeſter way than by reſtoring a wife to her huſband, ſhe made no ſcruple of aſſuring the gentleman, that the lady he wanted was then in the houſe; and was preſently afterwards prevailed upon (by very liberal promiſes, and ſome earneſt paid into her hands) to conduct him to the bed-chamber of Mrs. Waters.

It hath been a cuſtom long eſtabliſhed in the polite world, and that upon very ſolid and ſubſtantial reaſons, that a huſband ſhall never enter his wife's apartment without firſt knocking at the door. The many excellent uſes of this cuſtom need ſcarce to be hinted to a reader who hath any knowledge of the world: for by this means the lady hath time to adjuſt herſelf, or to remove any diſagreeable object out of the way; for there are ſome ſituations, in which nice and delicate women would not be diſcovered by their huſbands.

To ſay the truth, there are ſeveral ceremonies

inſtituted among the poliſhed part of mankind, which, though they may, to coarſer judgments, appear as matters of mere form, are found to have much of ſubſtance in them, by the more diſcerning; and lucky would it have been, had the cuſtom above-mentioned been obſerved by our gentleman in the preſent inſtance. Knock, indeed, he did at the door, but not with one of thoſe gentle raps which is uſual on ſuch occaſions. On the contrary, when he found the door locked, he flew at it with ſuch violence, that the lock immediately gave way, the door burſt open, and he fell headlong into the room.

He had no ſooner recovered his legs, than forth from the bed, upon his legs likewiſe appeared — with ſhame and ſorrow are we obliged to proceed — our hero himſelf, who, with a menacing voice, demanded of the gentleman, who he was, and what he meant by daring to burſt open his chamber in that outrageous manner?

The gentleman at firſt thought he had committed a miſtake, and was going to aſk pardon and retreat, when on a ſudden, as the moon ſhone very bright, he caſt his eyes on ſtays, gowns, petticoats, caps, ribbons, ſtockings, garters, ſhoes, clogs, &c. all which lay in a diſordered manner on the floor. All theſe operating on the natural jealouſy of his temper, ſo enraged him, that he loſt all power of ſpeech; and, without returning any anſwer to Jones, he endeavoured to approach the bed.

Jones immediately interpoſing, a fierce contention aroſe, which ſoon proceeded to blows on both ſides. And now Mrs. Waters (for we muſt confeſs ſhe was in the ſame bed) being, I ſuppoſe, awakened from her ſleep, and ſeeing two men fighting in her bed-chamber, began to ſcream in the moſt violent manner, crying out: Murder! Robbery! and more frequently, Rape! which laſt, ſome, perhaps, may wonder ſhe ſhould mention, who do not conſider that theſe words of exclamation are uſed by ladies in a fright, as *fa*, *la*, *la*, *ra*, *da*, &c. are in muſic, only as the vehicles of ſound, and without any fixed ideas.

Next to the lady's chamber was depoſited the body of an Iriſh gentleman, who arrived too late at the inn to have been mentioned before. This gentleman was one of thoſe whom the Iriſh call a Calaballaro, or Cavalier. He was a younger brother of a good family, and having no fortune at home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one; for which purpoſe he was proceeding to Bath to try his luck with cards and the women.

This young fellow lay in bed, reading one of Mrs. Behn's novels; for he had been inſtructed by a friend, that he would find no more effectual method of recommending himſelf to the ladies, than the improving his underſtanding, and filling his mind with good literature. He no ſooner, therefore, heard the violent uproar in the next room, than he

leapt from his bolſter, and taking his ſword in one hand, and the candle which burnt by him, in the other, he went directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber.

If the ſight of another man in his ſhirt at firſt added ſome ſhock to the decency of the lady, it made her preſently amends by conſiderably abating her fears; for no ſooner had the Calaballaro entered the room, than he cried out: Mr. Fitzpatrick, what the devil is the meaning of this? Upon which the other immediately anſwered: O, Mr. Maclachlan, I am rejoiced you are here. — This villain hath debauched my wife, and is got into bed with her. — What wife? cries Maclachlan, do not I know Mrs. Fitzpatrick very well, and don't I ſee that the lady, whom the gentleman, who ſtands here in his ſhirt, is lying in bed with, is none of her?

Fitzpatrick now perceiving, as well by the glimpſe he had of the lady, as by her voice, which might have been diſtinguiſhed at a greater diſtance than he now ſtood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate miſtake, began to aſk many pardons of the lady; and then turning to Jones, he ſaid: I would have you take notice I do not aſk your pardon, for you have beat me; for which I am reſolved to have your blood in the morning.

Jones treated this menace with much contempt; and Mr. Maclachlan anſwered: Indeed, Mr. Fitzpatrick, you may be aſhamed of your ownſelf, to diſturb people at this time of night; if all the

people in the inn were not aſleep, you would have awakened them as you have me. The gentleman has ſerved you very rightly. Upon my conſcience, though I have no wife, if you had treated her ſo, I would have cut your throat.

Jones was ſo confounded with his fears for his lady's reputation, that he knew neither what to ſay or do; but the invention of women is, as hath been obſerved, much readier than that of men. She recollected that there was a communication between her chamber and that of Mr. Jones; relying, therefore, on his honour and her own aſſurance, ſhe anſwered: I know not what you mean, villains. I am wife to none of you. Help! Rape! Murder! Rape! — And now the landlady coming into the room, Mrs. Waters fell upon her with the utmoſt virulence, ſaying, ſhe thought herſelf in a ſober inn, and not in a bawdy-houſe; but that a ſet of villains had broke into her room, with an intent upon her honour, if not upon her life; and both, ſhe ſaid, were equally dear to her.

The landlady now began to roar as loudly as the poor woman in bed had done before. She cried, ſhe was undone, and that the reputation of her houſe, which was never blown upon before, was utterly deſtroyed. Then turning to the men, ſhe cried: What, in the devil's name, is the reaſon of all this diſturbance in the lady's room? Fitzpatrick, hanging down his head, repeated, that he had

committed a miſtake, for which he heartily aſked pardon, and then retired with his countryman. Jones, who was too ingenious to have miſſed the hint given him by his fair one, boldly aſſerted, that he had run to her aſſiſtance upon hearing the door broke open; with what deſign he could not conceive, unleſs of robbing the lady; which if they intended, he ſaid, he had the good fortune to prevent. I never had a robbery committed in my houſe ſince I have kept it, cries the landlady: I would have you to know, Sir, I harbour no highwaymen here; I ſcorn the word, thof I ſay it. None but honeſt, good gentlefolks, are welcome to my houſe; and, I thank good luck, I have always had enow of ſuch cuſtomers; indeed as many as I could entertain. Here hath been my lord —, and then ſhe repeated over a catalogue of names and titles, many of which we might, perhaps, be guilty of a breach of privilege by inſerting.

Jones, after much patience, at length interrupted her, by making an apology to Mrs. Waters, for having appeared before her in his ſhirt, aſſuring her, that nothing but a concern for her ſafety, could have prevailed on him to do it. The reader may inform himſelf of her anſwer, and, indeed, of her whole behaviour to the end of the ſcene, by conſidering the ſituation which ſhe affected, it being that of a modeſt lady, who was awakened out of her ſleep by three ſtrange men in her chamber. This was the part

which ſhe undertook to perform; and, indeed, ſhe executed it ſo well, that none of our theatrical actreſſes could exceed her, in any of their performances, either on or off the ſtage.

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an argument, to prove how extremely natural virtue is to the fair ſex: for though there is not, perhaps, one in ten thouſand who is capable of making a good actreſs; and even among theſe we rarely ſee two who are equally able to perſonate the ſame character; yet this of virtue they can all admirably well put on; and as well thoſe individuals who have it not, as thoſe who poſſeſs it, can all act it to the utmoſt degree of perfection.

When the men were all departed, Mrs. Waters recovering from her fear, recovered likewiſe from her anger, and ſpoke in much gentler accents to the landlady, who did not ſo readily quit her concern for the reputation of her houſe, in favour of which ſhe began again to number the many great perſons who had ſlept under her roof; but the lady ſtopt her ſhort, and having abſolutely acquitted her of having had any ſhare in the paſt diſturbance, begged to be left to her repoſe, which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe hoped to enjoy unmoleſted during the remainder of the night. Upon which the landlady, after much civility, and many courteſies, took her leave.

CHAP. III.

A dialogue between the landlady, and Suſan the chambermaid, proper to be read by all inn-keepers and their ſervants; with the arrival, and affable behaviour of a beautiful young lady; which may teach perſons of condition how they may acquire the love of the whole world.

THE landlady remembering that Suſan had been the only perſon out of bed when the door was burſt open, reſorted preſently to her, to enquire into the firſt occaſion of the diſturbance, as well as who the ſtrange gentleman was, and when and how he arrived?

Suſan related the whole ſtory, which the reader knows already, varying the truth only in ſome circumſtances, as ſhe ſaw convenient, and totally concealing the money which ſhe had received. But whereas her miſtreſs had, in the preface to her enquiry, ſpoken much in compaſſion for the fright which the lady had been in, concerning any intended depredations on her virtue, Suſan could not help endeavouring to quiet the concern which her miſtreſs ſeemed to be under on that account, by ſwearing heartily ſhe ſaw Jones leap out from her bed.

The landlady fell into a violent rage at theſe

words. A likely ſtory truly, cried ſhe, that a woman ſhould cry out, and endeavour to expoſe herſelf, if that was the caſe! I deſire to know what better proof any lady can give of her virtue than her crying out, which, I believe, twenty people can witneſs for her ſhe did? I beg, Madam, you would ſpread no ſuch ſcandal of any of my gueſts: for it will not only reflect on them, but upon the houſe; and I am ſure no vagabonds, nor wicked beggarly people come here.

Well, ſays Suſan, then I muſt not believe my own eyes. No, indeed, you muſt not always, anſwered her miſtreſs; I would not have believed my own eyes againſt ſuch good gentlefolks. I have not had a better ſupper ordered this half year than they ordered laſt night; and ſo eaſy and good-humoured were they, that they found no fault with my Worceſterſhire perry, which I ſold them for Champagne; and to be ſure it is as well taſted, and as wholeſome as the beſt Champagne in the kingdom, otherwiſe I would ſcorn to give it 'em, and they drank me two bottles. No, no, I will never believe any harm of ſuch ſober good ſort of people.

Suſan being thus ſilenced, her miſtreſs proceeded to other matters. And ſo you tell me, continued ſhe, that the ſtrange gentleman came poſt, and there is a footman without with the horſes; why then, he is certainly ſome of your great gentlefolks too. Why did not you aſk him whether he'd have any

ſupper? I think, he is in other gentleman's room; go up and aſk whether he called. Perhaps he'll order ſomething when he finds any body ſtirring in the houſe to dreſs it. Now don't commit any of your uſual blunders, by telling him the fire's out, and the fowls alive. And if he ſhould order mutton, don't blab out, that we have none. The butcher, I know, killed a ſheep juſt before I went to bed, and he never refuſes to cut it up warm when I deſire it. Go, remember there's all ſorts of mutton and fowls; go, open the door, with, Gentlemen d'ye call? and if they ſay nothing, aſk what his honour will be pleaſed to have for ſupper? Don't forget his honour. Go; if you don't mind all theſe matters better, you'll never come to any thing.

Suſan departed, and ſoon returned with an account, that the two gentlemen were got both into the ſame bed. Two gentlemen, ſays the landlady, in the ſame bed! that's impoſſible; they are two arrant ſcrubs, I warrant them; and, I believe, young 'ſquire Allworthy gueſſed right that the fellow intended to rob her ladyſhip: for if he had broke open the lady's door with any of the wicked deſigns of a gentleman, he would never have ſneaked away to another room to ſave the expence of a ſupper and a bed to himſelf. They are certainly thieves, and their ſearching after a wife is nothing but a pretence.

In theſe cenſures, my landlady did Mr. Fitzpatrick great

great injuſtice; for he was really born a gentleman, though not worth a groat; and though, perhaps, he had ſome few blemiſhes in his heart as well as in his head, yet being a ſneaking, or a niggardly fellow, was not one of them. In reality, he was ſo generous a man, that, whereas he had received a very handſome fortune with his wife, he had now ſpent every penny of it, except ſome little pittance which was ſettled upon her; and in order to poſſeſs himſelf of this, he had uſed her with ſuch cruelty, that, together with his jealouſy, which was of the bittereſt kind, it had forced the poor woman to run away from him.

This gentleman then being well tired with his long journey from Cheſter in one day, with which, and ſome good dry blows he had received in the ſcuffle, his bones were ſo ſore, that, added to the ſoreneſs of his mind, it had quite deprived him of any appetite for eating. And being now ſo violently diſappointed in the woman, whom, at the maid's inſtance, he had miſtaken for his wife, it never once entered into his head, that ſhe might nevertheleſs be in the houſe, though he had erred in the firſt perſon he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the diſſuaſions of his friend from ſearching any farther after her that night, and accepted the kind offer of part of his bed.

The footman and poſt-boy were in a different diſpoſition. They were more ready to order, than

the landlady was to provide; however, after being pretty well ſatisfied by them of the real truth of the caſe, and that Mr. Fitzpatrick was no thief, ſhe was at length prevailed on to ſet ſome cold meat before them, which they were devouring with great greedineſs, when Partridge came into the kitchen. He had been firſt awaked by the hurry which we have before ſeen; and while he was endeavouring to compoſe himſelf again on his pillow, a ſcreech-owl had given him ſuch a ſerenade at his window, that he leapt in a moſt horrible affright from his bed, and huddling on his cloaths with great expedition, ran down to the protection of the company, whom he heard talking below in the kitchen.

His arrival detained my landlady from returning to her reſt: for ſhe was juſt about to leave the other two gueſts to the care of Suſan; but the friend of young 'ſquire Allworthy was not to be ſo neglected, eſpecially as he called for a pint of wine to be mulled. She immediately obeyed, by putting the ſame quantity of perry to the fire: for this readily anſwered to the name of every kind of wine.

The Iriſh footman was retired to bed, and the poſt-boy was going to follow; but Partridge invited him to ſtay, and partake of his wine, which the lad very thankfully accepted. The ſchool-maſter was indeed afraid to return to bed by himſelf:

and as he did not know how ſoon he might loſe the company of my landlady, he was reſolved to ſecure that of the boy, in whoſe preſence he apprended no danger from the devil, or any of his adherents.

And now arrived another poſt-boy at the gate; upon which Suſan, being ordered out, returned, introducing two young women in riding-habits, one of which was ſo very richly laced, that Partridge and the poſt-boy inſtantly ſtarted from their chairs, and my landlady fell to her court'ſies, and her ladyſhips, with great eagerneſs.

The lady in the rich habit ſaid, with a ſmile of great condeſcenſion: If you will give me leave, Madam, I will warm myſelf a few minutes at your kitchen-fire; for it is really very cold; but I muſt inſiſt on diſturbing no one from his ſeat. This was ſpoken on account of Partridge, who had retreated to the other end of the room, ſtruck with the utmoſt awe and aſtoniſhment at the ſplendor of the lady's dreſs. Indeed, ſhe had a much better title to reſpect than this: for ſhe was one of the moſt beautiful creatures in the world.

The lady earneſtly deſired Partridge to return to his ſeat, but could not prevail. She then pulled off her gloves, and diſplayed to the fire two hands, which had every property of ſnow in them, except that of melting. Her companion, who was indeed her maid, likewiſe pulled off her gloves, and diſcovered

what bore an exact reſemblance, in cold and colour, to a piece of frozen beef.

I wiſh, Ma'am, quoth the latter, your la'ſhip would not think of going any farther to-night. I am terribly afraid your ladyſhip will not be able to bear the fatigue.

Why ſure, cries the landlady, her ladyſhip's honour can never intend it. O bleſs me, farther to-night indeed! let me beſeech your ladyſhip not to think on't. — But to be ſure, your ladyſhip can't. What will your honour be pleaſed to have for ſupper? I have mutton of all kinds, and ſome nice chicken.

I think, Madam, ſaid the lady, it would be rather breakfaſt than ſupper; but I can't eat any thing; and if I ſtay, ſhall only lie down for an hour or two. However, if you pleaſe, Madam, you may get me a little ſack-whey made very ſmall and thin.

Yes, Madam, cries the miſtreſs of the houſe, I have ſome excellent white-wine. You have no ſack then? ſays the lady. Yes, an't pleaſe your honour, I have; I may challenge the country for that — but let me beg your ladyſhip to eat ſomething.

Upon my word, I can't eat a morſel, anſwered the lady; and I ſhall be much obliged to you, if you will pleaſe to get my apartment ready as ſoon as poſſible: for I am reſolved to be on horſeback again in three hours.

Why, Suſan, cries the landlady, is there a fire-lit

yet in the Wild-gooſe? — I am ſorry, Madam, my beſt rooms are full. Several people of the firſt quality are now in bed. Here's a great young 'ſquire, and many other very great gentlefolks of quality.

Suſan anſwered, that the Iriſh gentlemen were got into the Wild-gooſe.

Was ever any thing like it! ſays the miſtreſs; why the devil would you not keep ſome of the beſt rooms for the quality, when you know ſcarce a day paſſes without ſome calling here? If they be gentlemen, I am certain, when they know it is for her ladyſhip, they will get up again.

Not upon my account, ſays the lady; I will have no perſon diſturbed for me. If you have a room that is commonly decent, it will ſerve me very well, though it be never ſo plain. I beg, Madam, you will not give yourſelf ſo much trouble on my account. O, Madam, cries the other, I have ſeveral very good rooms for that matter, but none good enough for your honour's ladyſhip. However, as you are ſo condeſcending to take up with the beſt I have, do, Suſan, get a fire in the Roſe this minute. Will your ladyſhip be pleaſed to go up now, or ſtay till the fire is lighted? I think, I have ſufficiently warmed myſelf, anſwered the lady; ſo, if you pleaſe, I will go now: I am afraid I have kept people, and particularly that gentleman (meaning Partridge) too long in the cold already. Indeed I cannot bear

to think of keeping any perſon from the fire this dreadful weather. She then departed with her maid, the landlady marching with two lighted candles before her.

When that good woman returned, the converſation in the kitchen was all upon the charms of the young lady. There is indeed in perfect beauty a power which none almoſt can withſtand: for my landlady, though ſhe was not pleaſed at the negative given to the ſupper, declared, ſhe had never ſeen ſo lovely a creature. Partridge ran out into the moſt extravagant encomiums on her face, though he could not refrain from paying ſome compliments to the gold lace on her habit; the poſt-boy ſung forth the praiſes of her goodneſs, which were likewiſe echoed by the other poſt-boy, who was now come in. She's a true good lady, I warrant her, ſays he; ſhe hath mercy upon dumb creatures; for ſhe aſked me every now and then upon the journey, if I did not think ſhe ſhould hurt the horſes by riding too faſt; and when ſhe came in, ſhe charged me to give them as much corn as ever they would eat.

Such charms are there in affability, and ſo ſure is it to attract the praiſes of all kinds of people! It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs. Huſſey *. It is equally ſure to ſet off every female

* A celebrated mantua-maker in the Strand, famous for ſetting off the ſhapes of women.

perfection to the higheſt advantage, and to palliate and conceal every defect. A ſhort reflection which we could not forbear making in this place, where my reader hath ſeen the lovelineſs of an affable deportment; and truth will now oblige us to contraſt it, by ſhewing the reverſe.

CHAP. IV.

Containing infallible noſtrums for procuring univerſal diſeſteem and hatred.

THE lady had no ſooner laid herſelf on her pillow, than the waiting-woman returned to the kitchen, to regale with ſome of thoſe dainties which her miſtreſs had refuſed.

The company, at her entrance, ſhewed her the ſame reſpect which they had before paid to her miſtreſs, by riſing; but ſhe forgot to imitate her, by deſiring them to ſit down again. Indeed it was ſcarce poſſible they ſhould have done ſo: for ſhe placed her chair in ſuch a poſture, as to occupy almoſt the whole fire. She then ordered a chicken to be broiled that inſtant, declaring, if it was not ready in a quarter of an hour, ſhe would not ſtay for it. Now, though the ſaid chicken was then at rooſt in the ſtable and required the ſeveral ceremonies of catching, killing, and picking, before it was

brought to the gridiron, my landlady would nevertheleſs have undertaken to do all within the time; but the gueſt being unfortunately admitted behind the ſcenes, muſt have been witneſs to the *fourberie*; the poor woman was therefore obliged to confeſs that ſhe had none in the houſe: But, Madam, ſaid ſhe, I can get any kind of mutton in an inſtant from the butcher's.

Do you think then, anſwered the waiting-gentlewoman, that I have the ſtomach of a horſe to eat mutton at this time of night? Sure you people that keep inns imagine your betters are like yourſelves. Indeed I expected to get nothing at this wretched place. I wonder my lady would ſtop at it. I ſuppoſe none but tradeſmen and graziers ever call here. The landlady fired at this indignity offered to her houſe; however, ſhe ſuppreſſed her temper, and contented herſelf with ſaying, very good quality frequented it, ſhe thanked heaven! Don't tell me, cries the other, of quality! I believe I know more of people of quality than ſuch as you. — But prithee, without troubling me with any of your impertinence, do tell me what I can have for ſupper; for though I cannot eat horſe-fleſh, I am really hungry. Why truly, Madam, anſwered the landlady, you could not take me again at ſuch a diſadvantage: for I muſt confeſs I have nothing in the houſe, unleſs a cold piece of beef, which indeed a gentleman's footman and the poſt-boy

have almoſt cleared to the bone. Woman, ſaid Mrs. Abigail, (ſo for ſhortneſs we will call her) I intreat you not to make me ſick. If I had faſted a month, I could not eat what had been touched by the fingers of ſuch fellows; is there nothing neat or decent to be had in this horrid place? What think you of ſome eggs and bacon, Madam? ſaid the landlady. Are your eggs new laid? are you certain they were laid to-day? and let me have the bacon cut very nice and thin; for I can't endure any thing that's groſs. Prithee, try if you can do a little tolerably for once, and don't think you have a farmer's wife, or ſome of thoſe creatures in the houſe. — The landlady began to handle her knife; but the other ſtopt her, ſaying: Good woman, I muſt inſiſt upon your firſt waſhing your hands; for I am extremely nice, and have been always uſed from my cradle to have every thing in the moſt elegant manner.

The landlady, who governed herſelf with much difficulty, began now the neceſſary preparations; for as to Suſan, ſhe was utterly rejected, and with ſuch diſdain that the poor wench was as hard put to it, to reſtrain her hands from violence, as her miſtreſs had been to hold her tongue. This indeed Suſan did not entirely: for though ſhe literally kept it within her teeth, yet there it muttered many Marry-come up's, as good fleſh and blood as yourſelf, with other ſuch indignant phraſes.

While the ſupper was preparing, Mrs. Abigail began to lament, ſhe had not ordered a fire in the parlour; but ſhe ſaid, that was now too late. However, ſaid ſhe, I have novelty to recommend a kitchen; for I do not believe I ever eat in one before. Then turning to the poſt-boys, ſhe aſked them, why they were not in the ſtable with their horſes? If I muſt eat my hard fare here, Ma'am, cries ſhe to the landlady, I beg the kitchen may be kept clear, that I may not be ſurrounded with all the black-guards in town: as for you, Sir, ſays ſhe to Partridge, you look ſomewhat like a gentleman, and may ſit ſtill if you pleaſe; I don't deſire to diſturb any body but mob.

Yes, yes, Madam, cries Partridge, I am a gentleman, I do aſſure you, and I am not ſo eaſily to be diſturbed. *Non ſemper vox caſualis eſt verbo nominativus.* This Latin ſhe took to be ſome affront, and anſwered: You may be a gentleman, Sir; but you don't ſhew yourſelf as one, to talk Latin to a woman. Partridge made a gentle reply, and concluded with more Latin; upon which ſhe toſſed up her noſe, and contented herſelf by abuſing him with the name of a great ſcholar.

The ſupper being now on the table, Mrs. Abigail eat very heartily, for ſo delicate a perſon; and while a ſecond courſe of the ſame was by her order preparing, ſhe ſaid: And ſo, Ma'am, you tell me your houſe is frequented by people of great quality?

The landlady anſwered in the affirmative, ſaying, there were a great many very good quality and gentlefolks in it now. There's young 'ſquire Allworthy, as that gentleman there knows.

And pray who is this young gentleman of quality, this young 'ſquire Allworthy? ſaid Abigail.

Who ſhould he be, anſwered Partridge, but the ſon and heir of the great 'ſquire Allworthy, of Somerſetſhire!

Upon my word, ſaid ſhe, you tell me ſtrange news: for I know Mr. Allworthy of Somerſetſhire very well, and I know he hath no ſon alive.

The landlady pricked up her ears at this, and Partridge looked a little confounded. However, after a ſhort heſitation, he anſwered: Indeed, Madam, it is true every body doth not know him to be 'ſquire Allworthy's ſon; for he was never married to his mother; but his ſon he certainly is, and will be his heir too, as certainly as his name is Jones. At that word Abigail let drop the bacon, which ſhe was conveying to her mouth, and cried out: You ſurpriſe me, Sir. Is it poſſible Mr. Jones ſhould be now in the houſe? *Quare non?* anſwered Partridge, it is poſſible, and it is certain.

Abigail now made haſte to finiſh the remainder of her meal, and then repaired back to her miſtreſs, when the converſation paſſed, which may be read in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

Shewing who the amiable lady, and her unamiable maid were.

AS in the month of june, the damaſk roſe, which chance hath planted among the lilies, with their candid hue mixes his vermillion : or, as ſome playſome heifer, in the pleaſant month of may, diffuſes her odoriferous breath over the flowery meadows : or as, in the blooming month of april, the gentle, conſtant dove, perched on ſome fair bough, ſits meditating on her mate ; ſo looking a hundred charms, and breathing as many ſweets, her thoughts being fixed on her Tommy, with a heart as good and as innocent, as her face was beautiful, Sophia (for it was ſhe herſelf) lay reclining her lovely head on her hand, when her maid entered the room, and running directly to the bed, cried : Ma'am — Ma'am — who doth your la'ſhip think is in the houſe? Sophia ſtarting up cried : I hope my father hath not overtaken us. No, Ma'am, it is one worth a hundred fathers ; Mr. Jones himſelf is here at this very inſtant. Mr. Jones ! ſays Sophia, it is impoſſible ; I cannot be ſo fortunate. Her maid averred the fact, and was preſently detached by her miſtreſs to order him to be called : for ſhe ſaid, ſhe was reſolved to ſee him immediately.

Mrs. Honour had no ſooner left the kitchen in the manner we have before ſeen, than the landlady fell ſeverely upon her. The poor woman had indeed been loading her heart with foul language for ſome time; and now it ſcoured out of her mouth, as filth doth from a mud-cart, when the board which confines it is removed. Partridge likewiſe ſhovelled in his ſhare of calumny; (and what may ſurpriſe the reader) not only beſpattered the maid, but attempted to ſully the lily-white character of Sophia herſelf. Never a barrel the better herring, cries he. *Noſcitur a ſocio*, is a true ſaying. It muſt be confeſſed indeed that the lady in the fine garments is the civiller of the two; but I warrant neither of them are a bit better than they ſhould be. A couple of Bath trulls, I'll anſwer for them; your quality don't ride about at this time o' night without ſervants. Sbodlikins, and that's true, cries the landlady, you have certainly hit upon the very matter; for quality don't come into a houſe without beſpeaking a ſupper, whether they eat or no.

While they were thus diſcourſing, Mrs. Honour returned, and diſcharged her commiſſion by bidding the landlady immediately wake Mr. Jones, and tell him a lady wanted to ſpeak with him. The landlady referred her to Partridge, ſaying, he was the 'ſquire's friend; but for her part ſhe never called men-folks, eſpecially gentlemen, and then walked ſullenly out of the kitchen. Honour applied

herſelf to Partridge; but he refuſed: For my friend, cries he, went to bed very late, and he would be very angry to be diſturbed ſo ſoon. Mrs. Honour inſiſted ſtill to have him called, ſaying, ſhe was ſure, inſtead of being angry, that he would be to the higheſt degree delighted when he knew the occaſion. Another time perhaps he might, cries Partridge; but *non omnia poſſumus omnes.* One woman is enough at once for a reaſonable man. What do you mean by one woman, fellow? cries Honour. None of your fellow, anſwered Partridge. He then proceeded to inform her plainly, that Jones was in bed with a wench, and made uſe of an expreſſion too indelicate to be here inſerted; which ſo enraged Mrs. Honour, that ſhe called him jackanapes, and returned in a violent hurry to her miſtreſs, whom ſhe acquainted with the ſucceſs of her errand, and with the account ſhe had received; which, if poſſible, ſhe exaggerated, being as angry with Jones, as if he had pronounced all the words that came from the mouth of Partridge. She diſcharged a torrent of abuſe on the maſter, and adviſed her miſtreſs to quit all thoughts of a man who had never ſhewn himſelf deſerving of her. She then ripped up the ſtory of Molly Seagrim, and gave the moſt malicious turn to his formerly quitting Sophia herſelf; which, I muſt confeſs, the preſent incident not a little countenanced.

The ſpirits of Sophia were too much diſſipated by concern to enable her to ſtop the torrent of her maid.

At laſt, however, ſhe interrupted her, ſaying: I never can believe this; ſome villain hath belied him. You ſay you had it from his friend; but ſurely it is not the office of a friend to betray ſuch ſecrets. I ſuppoſe, cries Honour, the fellow is his pimp; for I never ſaw ſo ill-looked a villain. Beſides, ſuch profligate rakes as Mr. Jones, are never aſhamed of theſe matters.

To ſay the truth, this behaviour of Partridge was a little inexcuſable; but he had not ſlept off the effect of the doſe which he ſwallowed the evening before; which had, in the morning, received the addition of above a pint of wine, or indeed rather of malt ſpirits; for the perry was by no means pure. Now that part of his head which nature deſigned for the reſervoir of drink, being very ſhallow, a ſmall quantity of liquor overflowed it, and opened the ſluices of his heart; ſo that all the ſecrets there depoſited run out. Theſe ſluices were indeed naturally very ill-ſecured. To give the beſt-natured turn we can to his diſpoſition, he was a very honeſt man; for, as he was the moſt inquiſitive of mortals, and eternally prying into the ſecrets of others; ſo he very faithfully paid them by communicating, in return, every thing within his knowledge.

While Sophia, tormented with anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what reſolution to take, Suſan arrived with the ſack-whey. Mrs. Honour

immediately adviſed her miſtreſs, in a whiſper, to pump this wench, who probably could inform her of the truth. Sophia approved it, and began as follows: Come hither, child, now anſwer me truly what I am going to aſk you, and I promiſe you I will very well reward you. Is there a young gentleman, in this houſe, a handſome young gentleman that ——— Here Sophia bluſhed and was confounded — A young gentleman, cries Honour, that came hither in company with that ſaucy raſcal who is now in the kitchen? Suſan anſwered, there was. — Do you know any thing of any lady? continues Sophia, any lady? I don't aſk you whether ſhe is handſome or no; perhaps ſhe is not, that's nothing to the purpoſe; but do you know of any lady? La! Ma'am, cries Honour, you will make a very bad examiner. Harkee, child, ſays ſhe, is not that very young gentleman now in bed with ſome naſty trull or other? Here Suſan ſmiled, and was ſilent. Anſwer the queſtion, child, ſays Sophia, and here's a guinea for you. A guinea! Madam, cries Suſan; La! what's a guinea? If my miſtreſs ſhould know it, I ſhall certainly loſe my place that very inſtant. Here's another for you, ſays Sophia, and I promiſe you faithfully your miſtreſs ſhall never know it. Suſan, after a very ſhort heſitation, took the money, and told the whole ſtory, concluding with ſaying: If you have any great curioſity, Madam, I can ſteal ſoftly into his

his room, and ſee whether he be in his own bed or no. She accordingly did this by Sophia's deſire, and returned with an anſwer in the negative.

Sophia now trembled and turned pale. Mrs. Honour begged her to be comforted, and not to think any more of ſo worthleſs a fellow. Why there, ſays Suſan, I hope, Madam, your ladyſhip won't be offended; but pray, Madam, is not your ladyſhip's name Madam Sophia Weſtern? How is it poſſible you ſhould know me? anſwered Sophia. Why that man that the gentlewoman ſpoke of, who is in the kitchen, told about you laſt night. But I hope your ladyſhip is not angry with me. Indeed, child, ſaid ſhe, I am not; pray tell me all, and I promiſe you I'll reward you. Why, Madam, continued Suſan, that man told us all in the kitchen, that Madam Sophia Weſtern — Indeed I don't know how to bring it out. — Here ſhe ſtopped, till having received encouragement from Sophia, and being vehemently preſſed by Mrs. Honour, ſhe proceeded thus: — He told us, Madam, though to be ſure it is all a lie, that your ladyſhip was dying for love of the young 'ſquire, and that he was going to the wars to get rid of you. I thought to myſelf then he was a falſe-hearted wretch; but now to ſee ſuch a fine, rich, beautiful lady as you be, forſaken for ſuch an ordinary woman; for to be ſure ſo ſhe is, and another man's wife into the bargain — It is ſuch a ſtrange unnatural thing, in a manner —

Sophia gave her a third guinea, and telling her, ſhe would certainly be her friend, if ſhe mentioned nothing of what had paſſed, nor informed any one who ſhe was, diſmiſſed the girl with orders to the poſt-boy to get the horſes ready immediately.

Being now left alone with her maid, ſhe told her truſty waiting-woman, that ſhe never was more eaſy than at preſent. I am now convinced, ſaid ſhe, he is not only a villain, but a low, deſpicable wretch. I can forgive all rather than his expoſing my name in ſo barbarous a manner. That renders him the object of my contempt. Yes, Honour, I am now eaſy. I am indeed. I am very eaſy; and then ſhe burſt into a violent flood of tears.

After a ſhort interval, ſpent by Sophia, chiefly in crying, and aſſuring her maid, that ſhe was perfectly eaſy, Suſan arrived with an account that the horſes were ready, when a very extraordinary thought ſuggeſted itſelf to our young heroine, by which Mr. Jones would be acquainted with her having been at the inn, in a way, which, if any ſparks of affection for her remained in him, would be at leaſt ſome puniſhment for his faults.

The reader will be pleaſed to remember a little muff, which hath had the honour of being more than once remembered already in this hiſtory. This muff, ever ſince the departure of Mr. Jones, had been the conſtant companion of Sophia by day, and her bed-fellow by night; and this muff ſhe had at

this very inſtant upon her arm; whence ſhe took it off with great indignation, and having writ her name with her pencil upon a piece of paper which ſhe pinned to it, ſhe bribed the maid to convey it into the empty bed of Mr. Jones, in which if he did not find it, ſhe charged her to take ſome method of conveying it before his eyes in the morning.

Then having paid for what Mrs. Honour had eaten, in which bill was included an account for what ſhe herſelf might have eaten, ſhe mounted her horſe, and once more aſſuring her companion that ſhe was perfectly eaſy, continued her journey.

CHAP. VI.

Containing, among other things, the ingenuity of Partridge, the madneſs of Jones, and the folly of Fitzpatrick.

IT was now paſt five in the morning, and other company began to riſe and come to the kitchen, among whom were the ſerjeant and the coachman, who being thoroughly reconciled, made a libation, or, in the Engliſh phraſe, drank a hearty cup together.

In this drinking nothing more remarkable happened than the behaviour of Partridge, who, when the ſerjeant drank a health to king George,

repeated only the word king: nor could he be brought to utter more; for though he was going to fight againſt his own cauſe, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink againſt it.

Mr. Jones being now returned to his own bed, (but from whence he returned we muſt beg to be excuſed from relating) ſummoned Partridge from this agreeable company, who, after a ceremonious preface, having obtained leave to offer his advice, delivered himſelf as follows:

It is, Sir, an old ſaying, and a true one, that a wiſe man may ſometimes learn counſel from a fool; I wiſh therefore I might be ſo bold as to offer you my advice, which is to return home again, and leave theſe *horrida bella*, theſe bloody wars, to fellows who are contented to ſwallow gun-powder, becauſe they have nothing elſe to eat. Now every body knows your honour wants for nothing at home; when that's the caſe, why ſhould any man travel abroad?

Partridge, cries Jones, thou art certainly a coward; I wiſh therefore thou would'ſt return home thyſelf, and trouble me no more.

I aſk your honour's pardon, cries Partridge, I ſpoke on your account more than my own; for as to me, heaven knows my circumſtances are bad enough, and I am ſo far from being afraid, that I value a piſtol, or a blunderbuſs, or any ſuch thing, no more than a pop-gun. Every man muſt die

once, and what ſignifies the manner how? Beſides, perhaps, I may come off with the loſs only of an arm or a leg. I aſſure you, Sir, I was never leſs afraid in my life; and ſo, if your honour is reſolved to go on, I am reſolved to follow you. But, in that caſe, I wiſh I might give my opinion. To be ſure it is a ſcandalous way of travelling, for a great gentleman like you, to walk a foot. Now here are two or three good horſes in the ſtable, which the landlord will certainly make no ſcruple of truſting you with; but if he ſhould, I can eaſily contrive to take them; and let the worſt come to the worſt, the king would certainly pardon you, as you are going to fight in his cauſe.

Now, as the honeſty of Partridge was equal to his underſtanding, and both dealt only in ſmall matters, he would never have attempted a roguery of this kind, had he not imagined it altogether ſafe; for he was one of thoſe who have more conſideration of the gallows than of the fitneſs of things; but, in reality, he thought he might have committed this felony without any danger: for, beſides that he doubted not but the name of Mr. Allworthy would ſufficiently quiet the landlord, he conceived they ſhould be altogether ſafe, whatever turn affairs might take; as Jones, he imagined, would have friends enough on one ſide, and as his friends would as well ſecure him on the other.

When Mr. Jones found that Partridge was in

earneſt in this propoſal, he very ſeverely rebuked him, and that in ſuch bitter terms, that the other attempted to laugh it off, and preſently turned the diſcourſe to other matters, ſaying, he believed they were then in a bawdy houſe, and that he had with much ado prevented two venches from diſturbing his honour in the middle of the night. Heyday! ſays he, I believe they got into your chamber whether I would or no; for here lies the muff of one of them on the ground. Indeed, as Jones returned to his bed in the dark, he had never perceived the muff on the quilt, and in leaping into his bed he had tumbled it on the floor. This Partridge now took up, and was going to put into his pocket, when Jones deſired to ſee it. The muff was ſo very remarkable, that our hero might poſſibly have recollected it without the information annexed. But his memory was not put to that hard office; for at the ſame inſtant he ſaw and read the words Sophia Weſtern upon the paper which was pinned to it. His looks now grew frantic in a moment, and he eagerly cried out: Oh heavens, how came this muff here! I know no more than your honour, cried Partridge; but I ſaw it upon the arm of one of the women who would have diſturbed you, if I would have ſuffered them. Where are they? cries Jones jumping out of bed, and laying hold of his clothes. Many miles off, I believe, by this time, ſaid Partridge.

And now Jones, upon further enquiry, was ſufficiently aſſured that the bearer of this muff was no other than the lovely Sophia herſelf.

The behaviour of Jones on this occaſion, his thoughts, his looks, his words, his actions, were ſuch as beggar all deſcription. After many bitter execrations on Partridge, and not fewer on himſelf, he ordered the poor fellow, who was frightened out of his wits, to run down and hire him horſes at any rate; and a very few minutes afterwards, having ſhuffled on his clothes, he haſtened down ſtairs to execute the orders himſelf, which he had juſt before given.

But before we proceed to what paſſed on his arrival in the kitchen, it will be neceſſary to recur to what had there happened ſince Partridge had firſt left it on his maſter's ſummons.

The ſerjeant was juſt marched off with his party, when the two Iriſh gentlemen aroſe, and came down ſtairs both complaining, that they had been ſo often waked by the noiſes in the inn, that they had never once been able to cloſe their eyes all night.

The coach, which had brought the young lady and her maid, and which, perhaps, the reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was indeed a returned coach belonging to Mr. King of Bath, one of the worthieſt and honeſteſt men that ever dealt in horſe-fleſh, and whoſe coaches we heartily recommend to all our readers who travel that road

By which means they may, perhaps, have the pleaſure of riding in the very coach, and being driven by the very coachman, that is recorded in this hiſtory.

The coachman, having but two paſſengers, and hearing Mr. Maclachlan was going to Bath, offered to carry him thither at a very moderate price. He was induced to this by the report of the hoſtler, who ſaid, that the horſe which Mr. Maclachlan had hired from Worceſter, would be much more pleaſed with returning to his friends there, than to proſecute a long journey; for that the ſaid horſe was rather a two-legged than a four-legged animal.

Mr. Maclachlan immediately cloſed with the propoſal of the coachman, and, at the ſame time, perſuaded his friend Fitzpatrick to accept of the fourth place in the coach. This conveyance the ſoreneſs of his bones made more agreeable to him than a horſe; and being well aſſured of meeting with his wife at Bath, he thought a little delay would be of no conſequence.

Maclachlan, who was much the ſharper man of the two, no ſooner heard that this lady came from Cheſter, with the other circumſtances which he learned from the hoſtler, than it came into his head that ſhe might poſſibly be his friend's wife; and preſently acquainted him with this ſuſpicion, which had never once occurred to Fitzpatrick himſelf. To ſay the truth, he was one of thoſe compoſitions which nature makes up in too great a hurry, and

forgets to put any brains into their head.

Now it happens to this ſort of men, as to bad hounds, who never hit off a fault themſelves; but no ſooner doth a dog of ſagacity open his mouth, than they immediately do the ſame, and without the guidance of any ſcent, run directly forwards, as faſt as they are able. In the ſame manner, the very moment Mr. Maclachlan had mentioned his apprehenſion, Mr. Fitzpatrick inſtantly concurred, and flew directly up ſtairs to ſurpriſe his wife, before he knew where ſhe was; and unluckily (as fortune loves to play tricks with thoſe gentlemen who put themſelves entirely under her conduct) ran his head againſt ſeveral doors and poſts to no purpoſe. Much kinder was ſhe to me, when ſhe ſuggeſted that ſimile of the hounds, juſt before inſerted; ſince the poor wife may, on theſe occaſions, be ſo juſtly compared to a hunted hare. Like that little wretched animal, ſhe pricks up her ears to liſten after the voice of her purſuer; like her, flies away trembling when ſhe hears it; and like her, is generally overtaken and deſtroyed in the end.

This was not however the caſe at preſent; for after a long fruitleſs ſearch, Mr. Fitzpatrick returned to the kitchen, where, as if this had been a real chace, entered a gentleman hallooing as hunters do when the hounds are at a fault. He was juſt alighted from his horſe, and had many attendants at his heels.

Here, reader, it may be neceſſary to acquaint thee with ſome matters, which, if thou doſt know already, thou art wiſer than I take thee to be. And this information thou ſhalt receive in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

In which are concluded the adventures that happened at the inn at Upton.

In the firſt place then, this gentleman juſt arrived was no other perſon than 'ſquire Weſtern himſelf, who was come hither in purſuit of his daughter; and had he fortunately been two hours earlier, he had found not only her, but his niece into the bargain; for ſuch was the wife of Mr. Fitzpatrick, who had run away with her five years before, out of the cuſtody of that ſage lady Madam Weſtern.

Now this lady had departed from the inn much about the ſame time with Sophia: for having been waked by the voice of her huſband, ſhe had ſent up for the landlady, and being by her apprized of the matter, had bribed the good woman, at an extravagant price, to furniſh her with horſes for her eſcape. Such prevalence had money in this family! and though the miſtreſs would have turned away her maid for a corrupt huſſy, if ſhe had known as much as the reader,

yet ſhe was no more proof againſt corruption herſelf than poor Suſan had been.

Mr. Weſtern and his nephew were not known to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any notice of the latter, if he had known him; for this being a ſtolen match, and conſequently an unnatural one in the opinion of the good 'ſquire, he had, from the time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young creature, who was then no more than eighteen, as a monſter, and had never ſince ſuffered her to be named in his preſence.

The kitchen was now a ſcene of univerſal confuſion, Weſtern enquiring after his daughter, and Fitzpatrick as eagerly after his wife, when Jones entered the room, unfortunately having Sophia's muff in his hand.

As ſoon as Weſtern ſaw Jones, he ſet up the ſame holla as is uſed by ſportſmen when their game is in view. He then immediately run up, and laid hold of Jones, crying: We have got the dog fox, I warrant the bitch is not far off. The jargon which followed for ſome minutes, where many ſpoke different things at the ſame time, as it would be very difficult to deſcribe, ſo would it be no leſs unpleaſant to read.

Jones having, at length, ſhaken Mr. Weſtern off, and ſome of the company having interfered between them, our hero proteſted his innocence as to knowing any thing of the lady; when parſon Supple ſtepped

up, and ſaid: It is folly to deny it; for why, the marks of guilt are in thy hands. I will myſelf aſſeverate and bind it by an oath, that the muff thou beareſt in thy hand belongeth unto Madam Sophia; for I have frequently obſerved her, of later days, to bear it about her. My daughter's muff! cries the 'ſquire, in a rage. Hath he got my daughter's muff! Bear witneſs the goods are found upon him. I'll have him before a juſtice of the peace this inſtant. Where is my daughter, villain? Sir, ſaid Jones, I beg you would be pacified. The muff, I acknowledge, is the young lady's; but, upon my honour, I have never ſeen her. At theſe words Weſtern loſt all patience, and grew inarticulate with rage.

Some of the ſervants had acquainted Fitzpatrick who Mr. Weſtern was. The good Iriſhman therefore thinking he had now an opportunity to do an act of ſervice to his uncle, and by that means might poſſibly obtain his favour, ſtept up to Jones, and cried out: Upon my conſcience, Sir, you may be aſhamed of denying your having ſeen the gentleman's daughter before my face, when you know I found you there upon the bed together. Then turning to Weſtern, he offered to conduct him immediately to the room where his daughter was; which offer being accepted, he, the 'ſquire, the parſon, and ſome others, aſcended directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber, which they entered with no leſs violence than Mr. Fitzpatrick had done before.

The poor lady ſtarted from her ſleep with as much amazement as terror, and beheld at her bed-ſide a figure which might very well be ſuppoſed to have eſcaped out of Bedlam. Such wildneſs and confuſion were in the looks of Mr. Weſtern! who no ſooner ſaw the lady, than he ſtarted back, ſhewing ſufficiently by his manner, before he ſpoke, that this was not the perſon ſought after.

So much more tenderly do women value their reputation than their perſons, that, though the latter ſeemed now in more danger than before; yet as the former was ſecure, the lady ſcreamed not with ſuch violence as ſhe had done on the other occaſion. However, ſhe no ſooner found herſelf alone, than ſhe abandoned all thoughts of further repoſe; and as ſhe had ſufficient reaſon to be diſſatisfied with her preſent lodging, ſhe dreſſed herſelf with all poſſible expedition.

Mr. Weſtern now proceeded to ſearch the whole houſe, but to as little purpoſe as he had diſturbed poor Mrs. Waters. He then returned diſconſolate into the kitchen, where he found Jones in the cuſtody of his ſervants.

This violent uproar had raiſed all the people in the houſe, though it was yet ſcarcely day-light. Among theſe was a grave gentleman, who had the honour to be in the commiſſion of the peace for the county of Worceſter. Of which Mr. Weſtern was no ſooner informed, than he offered to lay his

complaint before him. The juſtice declined executing his office, as he ſaid, he had no clerk preſent, nor any book about juſtice buſineſs; and that he could not carry all the law in his head about ſtealing away daughters, and ſuch ſort of things.

Here Mr. Fitzpatrick offered to lend him his aſſiſtance; informing the company, that he had been himſelf bred to the law. (And indeed he had ſerved three years as clerk to an attorney in the north of Ireland, when chuſing a genteeler walk in life, he quitted his maſter, came over to England, and ſet up that buſineſs which requires no apprenticeſhip, namely, that of a gentleman, in which he had ſucceeded as hath been already partly mentioned.)

Mr. Fitzpatrick declared, that the law concerning daughters was out of the preſent caſe; that ſtealing a muff was undoubtedly felony, and the goods being found upon the perſon, were ſufficient evidence of the fact.

The magiſtrate, upon the encouragement of ſo learned a coadjutor, and upon the violent interceſſion of the 'ſquire, was at length prevailed upon to ſeat himſelf in the chair of juſtice, where being placed, upon viewing the muff which Jones ſtill held in his hand, and upon the parſon's ſwearing it to be the property of Mr. Weſtern, he deſired Mr. Fitzpatrick to draw up a commitment, which he ſaid he would ſign.

Jones now deſired to be heard, which was at laſt,

with difficulty, granted him. He then produced the evidence of Mr. Partridge, as to the finding it; but what was ſtill more, Suſan depoſed, that Sophia herſelf had delivered the muff to her, and had ordered her to convey it into the chamber where Mr. Jones had found it.

Whether a natural love of juſtice, or the extraordinary comelineſs of Jones, had wrought on Suſan to make the diſcovery, I will not determine; but ſuch were the effects of her evidence, that the magiſtrate, throwing himſelf back in his chair, declared, that the matter was now altogether as clear on the ſide of the priſoner, as it had been before againſt him; with which the parſon concurred, ſaying, the lord forbid he ſhould be inſtrumental in committing an innocent perſon to durance. The juſtice then aroſe, acquitted the priſoner, and broke up the court.

Mr. Weſtern now gave every one preſent a hearty curſe, and immediately ordering his horſes, departed in purſuit of his daughter, without taking the leaſt notice of his nephew Fitzpatrick, or returning any anſwer to his claim of kindred, notwithſtanding all the obligations he had juſt received from that gentleman. In the violence, moreover, of his hurry, and of his paſſion, he luckily forgot to demand the muff of Jones: I ſay luckily; for he would have died on the ſpot rather than have parted with it.

Jones likewiſe, with his friend Partridge, ſet

forward the moment he had paid his reckoning, in queſt of his lovely Sophia, whom he now reſolved never more to abandon the purſuit of. Nor could he bring himſelf even to take leave of Mrs. Waters; of whom he deteſted the very thoughts, as ſhe had been, though not deſignedly, the occaſion of his miſſing the happieſt interview with Sophia, to whom he now vowed eternal conſtancy.

As for Mrs. Waters, ſhe took the opportunity of the coach which was going to Bath; for which place ſhe ſet out in company with the two Iriſh gentlemen, the landlady kindly lending her her cloaths; in return for which ſhe was contented only to receive about double their value, as a recompenſe for the loan. Upon the road ſhe was perfectly reconciled to Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was a very handſome fellow, and indeed did all ſhe could to conſole him in the abſence of his wife.

Thus ended the many odd adventures which Mr. Jones encountered at his inn at Upton, where they talk, to this day, of the beauty and lovely behaviour of the charming Sophia, by the name of the Somerſetſhire angel.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

In which the hiſtory goes backward.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in our hiſtory, it may be proper to look a little back, in order to account for the extraordinary appearance of Sophia and her father at the inn at Upton.

The reader may be pleaſed to remember, that in the ninth chapter of the ſeventh book of our hiſtory, we left Sophia, after a long debate between love and duty, deciding the cauſe as it uſually, I believe, happens, in favour of the former.

This debate had ariſen, as we have there ſhewn, from a viſit which her father had juſt before made her, in order to force her conſent to a marriage with Blifil; and which he had underſtood to be fully implied in her acknowledgment, that ſhe neither muſt, nor could refuſe any abſolute command of his.

Now from this viſit the 'ſquire retired to his evening potation, overjoyed at the ſucceſs he had gained with his daughter, and as he was of a ſocial diſpoſition, and willing to have partakers in his happineſs, the beer was ordered to flow very liberally into the kitchen; ſo that before eleven in the evening, there was not a ſingle perſon ſober in the houſe,

except only Mrs. Weſtern herſelf, and the charming Sophia.

Early in the morning a meſſenger was diſpatched to ſummon Mr. Blifil: for though the 'ſquire imagined that young gentleman had been much leſs acquainted than he really was, with the former averſion of his daughter; as he had not, however, yet received her conſent, he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended bride herſelf would confirm it with her lips. As to the wedding, it had the evening before been fixed, by the male parties, to be celebrated on the next morning ſave one.

Breakfaſt was now ſet forth in the parlour, where Mr. Blifil attended, and where the 'ſquire and his ſiſter likewiſe were aſſembled; and now Sophia was ordered to be called.

O, Shakeſpear, had I thy pen! O, Hogarth, had I thy pencil! then would I draw the picture of the poor ſerving-man, who, with pale countenance, ſtaring eyes, chattering teeth, faultering tongue, and trembling limbs,

(E'en ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd)

entered the room, and declared, — that Madam Sophia was not to be found.

Not to be found! cries the 'ſquire ſtarting from his chair: Zounds and d—nation! Blood and fury! Where, when, how, what, — Not to be found! Where?

La! Brother, ſaid Mrs. Weſtern, with true political coldneſs, you are always throwing yourſelf into ſuch violent paſſions for nothing. My niece, I ſuppoſe, is only walked out into the garden. I proteſt you are grown ſo unreaſonable, that it is impoſſible to live in the houſe with you.

Nay, nay, anſwered the 'ſquire, returning as ſuddenly to himſelf, as he had gone from himſelf; if that be all the matter, it ſignifies not much; but, upon my ſoul, my mind miſgave me, when the fellow ſaid ſhe was not to be found. He then gave orders for the bell to be rung in the garden, and ſat himſelf contentedly down.

No two things could be more the reverſe of each other, than were the brother and ſiſter, in moſt inſtances, particularly in this, that as the brother never foreſaw any thing at a diſtance, but was moſt ſagacious in immediately ſeeing every thing the moment it had happened; ſo the ſiſter eternally foreſaw at a diſtance, but was not ſo quick-ſighted to objects before her eyes. Of both theſe the reader may have obſerved examples: and, indeed, both their ſeveral talents were exceſſive: for as the ſiſter often foreſaw what never came to paſs, ſo the brother often ſaw much more than was actually the truth.

This was not however the caſe at preſent. The ſame report was brought from the garden, as before had been brought from the chamber, that Madam Sophia was not to be found.

The 'ſquire himſelf now ſallied forth, and began to roar forth the name of Sophia as loudly, and in as hoarſe a voice, as whilome did Hercules that of Hylas: and as the poet tells us, that the whole ſhore echoed back the name of that beautiful youth; ſo did the houſe, the garden, and all the neighbouring fields, reſound nothing but the name of Sophia, in the hoarſe voices of the men, and in the ſhrill pipes of the women; while echo ſeemed ſo pleaſed to repeat the beloved ſound, that if there is really ſuch a perſon, I believe Ovid hath belied her ſex.

Nothing reigned for a long time but confuſion; 'till at laſt the 'ſquire having ſufficiently ſpent his breath, returned to the parlour, where he found Mrs. Weſtern and Mr. Blifil, and threw himſelf, with the utmoſt dejection in his countenance, into a great chair.

Here Mrs. Weſtern began to apply the following conſolation:

Brother, I am ſorry for what hath happened; and that my niece ſhould have behaved herſelf in a manner ſo unbecoming her family; but it is all your own doings, and you have no-body to thank but yourſelf. You know ſhe hath been educated always in a manner directly contrary to my advice, and now

you ſee the conſequence. Have I not a thouſand times argued with you about giving my niece her own will? But you know I never could prevail upon you; and when I had taken ſo much pains to eradicate her headſtrong opinions, and to rectify your errors in policy, you know ſhe was taken out of my hands; ſo that I have nothing to anſwer for. Had I been truſted entirely with the care of her education, no ſuch accident as this had ever befallen you: ſo that you muſt comfort yourſelf by thinking it was all your own doing; and indeed what elſe could be expected from ſuch indulgence? —

Zounds! Siſter, anſwered he, you are enough to make one mad. Have I indulged her? Have I given her her will? — It was no longer ago than laſt night that I threatened, if ſhe diſobeyed me, to confine her to her chamber, upon bread and water, as long as ſhe lived. — You would provoke the patience of Job.

Did ever mortal hear the like? replied ſhe. Brother, if I had not the patience of fifty Jobs, you would make me forget all decency and decorum. Why would you interfere? Did I not beg you, did I not intreat you, to leave the whole conduct to me? You have defeated all the operations of the campaign by one falſe ſtep. Would any man in his ſenſes have provoked a daughter by ſuch threats as theſe? How often have I told you, that Engliſh women are not to be treated like Ciracaſſian* ſlaves? We have

* Poſſibly Circaſſian.

the protection of the world: we are to be won by gentle means only, and not to be hectored, and bullied, and beat into compliance. I thank heaven, no Salique law governs here. Brother, you have a roughneſs in your manner which no woman but myſelf would bear. I do not wonder my niece was frightened and terrified into taking this meaſure; and to ſpeak honeſtly, I think my niece will be juſtified to the world for what ſhe hath done. I repeat it to you again, brother, you muſt comfort yourſelf, by remembering that it is all your own fault. How often have I adviſed — Here Weſtern roſe haſtily from his chair, and, venting two or three horrid imprecations, ran out of the room.

When he was departed, his ſiſter expreſſed more bitterneſs (if poſſible) againſt him, than ſhe had done while he was preſent; for the truth of which ſhe appealed to Mr. Blifil, who with great complacence, acquieſced entirely in all ſhe ſaid; but excuſed all the faults of Mr. Weſtern, as they muſt be conſidered, he ſaid, to have proceeded from the too inordinate fondneſs of a father, which muſt be allowed the name of an amiable weakneſs. So much the more inexcuſable, anſwered the lady; for whom doth he ruin by his fondneſs, but his own child? To which Blifil immediately agreed.

Mrs. Weſtern then began to expreſs great confuſion on the account of Mr. Blifil, and of the uſage which he had received from a family to which he intended

ſo much honour. On this ſubject ſhe treated the folly of her niece with great ſeverity; but concluded with throwing the whole on her brother, who, ſhe ſaid, was inexcuſable to have proceeded ſo far without better aſſurances of his daughter's conſent: But he was, ſays ſhe, always of a violent, headſtrong temper; and I can ſcarce forgive myſelf for all the advice I have thrown away upon him.

After much of this kind of converſation, which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the reader, was it here particularly related, Mr. Blifil took his leave, and returned home, not highly pleaſed with his diſappointment; which, however, the philoſophy which he had acquired from Square, and the religion infuſed into him by Thwackum, together with ſomewhat elſe, taught him to bear rather better than more paſſionate lovers bear theſe kinds of evils.

CHAP. IX.

The eſcape of Sophia.

It is now time to look after Sophia; whom the reader, if he loves her half ſo well as I do, will rejoice to find eſcaped from the clutches of her paſſionate father, and from thoſe of her diſpaſſionate lover.

Twelve times did the iron regiſter of time beat

on the ſonorous bell-metal, ſummoning the ghoſts to riſe, and walk their nightly round. — In plainer language, it was twelve o'clock, and all the family, as we have ſaid, lay buried in drink and ſleep, except only Mrs. Weſtern, who was deeply engaged in reading a political pamphlet, and except our heroine, who now ſoftly ſtole down ſtairs, and having unbarred and unlocked one of the houſe-doors, ſallied forth, and haſtened to the place of appointment.

Notwithſtanding the many pretty arts, which ladies ſometimes practiſe to diſplay their fears on every little occaſion, (almoſt as many as the other ſex uſes to conceal theirs) certainly there is a degree of courage, which not only becomes a woman, but is often neceſſary to enable her to diſcharge her duty. It is, indeed, the idea of fierceneſs, and not of bravery, which deſtroys the female character: for who can read the ſtory of the juſtly celebrated Arria, without conceiving as high an opinion of her gentleneſs and tenderneſs, as of her fortitude? At the ſame time, perhaps, many a woman who ſhrieks at a mouſe or a rat, may be capable of poiſoning a huſband; or, what is worſe, of driving him to poiſon himſelf.

Sophia, with all the gentleneſs which a woman can have, had all the ſpirit which ſhe ought to have. When, therefore, ſhe came to the place of appointment, and, inſtead of meeting her maid, as was agreed, ſaw a man ride directly up to her, ſhe

neither ſcreamed out, nor fainted away: not that her pulſe then beat with its uſual regularity; for ſhe was at firſt under ſome ſurpriſe and apprehenſion: but theſe were relieved almoſt as ſoon as raiſed, when the man, pulling off his hat, aſked her in a very ſubmiſſive manner, if her ladyſhip did not expect to meet another lady? And then proceeded to inform her, that he was ſent to conduct her to that lady.

Sophia could have no poſſible ſuſpicion of any falſhood on this account: ſhe therefore mounted reſolutely behind the fellow, who conveyed her ſafe to a town about five miles diſtant, where ſhe had the ſatisfaction of finding the good Mrs. Honour: for as the ſoul of the waiting-woman was wrapt up in thoſe very habiliments which uſed to enwrap her body, ſhe could by no means bring herſelf to truſt them out of her ſight. Upon theſe, therefore, ſhe kept guard in perſon, while ſhe detached the aforeſaid fellow after her miſtreſs, having given him all proper inſtructions.

They now debated what courſe to take, in order to avoid the purſuit of Mr. Weſtern, who, they knew, would ſend after them in a few hours. The London road had ſuch charms for Honour, that ſhe was deſirous of going on directly; alleging, that as Sophia could not be miſſed till eight or nine the next morning, her purſuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which way ſhe had gone. But Sophia had too much at ſtake to venture

any thing to chance: nor did ſhe dare truſt too much to her tender limbs, in a conteſt which was to be decided only by ſwiftneſs. She reſolved, therefore, to travel acroſs the country, for at leaſt twenty or thirty miles, and then to take the direct road to London. So, having hired horſes to go twenty miles one way, when ſhe intended to go twenty miles the other, ſhe ſet forward with the ſame guide, behind whom ſhe had ridden from her father's houſe; the guide having now taken up behind him, in the room of Sophia, a much heavier, as well as much leſs lovely burthen; being, indeed, a huge portmanteau, well ſtuffed with thoſe out-ſide ornaments, by means of which the fair Honour hoped to gain many conqueſts, and finally to make her fortune in London city.

When they had gone about two hundred paces from the inn, on the London road, Sophia rode up to the guide, and with a voice much fuller of honey than was ever that of Plato, though his mouth is ſuppoſed to have been a bee-hive, begged him to take the firſt turning which led towards Briſtol.

Reader, I am not ſuperſtitious, nor any great believer of modern miracles. I do not, therefore, deliver the following as a certain truth; for, indeed, I can ſcarce credit it myſelf: but the fidelity of an hiſtorian obliges me to relate what hath been confidently aſſerted. The horſe, then, on which the guide rode, is reported to have been ſo charmed by

Sophia's voice, that he made a full ſtop, and expreſt an unwillingneſs to proceed any farther.

Perhaps, however, the fact may be true, and leſs miraculous than it hath been repreſented; ſince the natural cauſe ſeems adequate to the effect: for as the guide at that moment deſiſted from a conſtant application of his armed right heel, (for, like Hudibras, he wore but one ſpur) it is more than poſſible, that this omiſſion alone might occaſion the beaſt to ſtop, eſpecially as this was very frequent with him at other times.

But if the voice of Sophia had really an effect on the horſe, it had very little on the rider. He anſwered ſomewhat ſurlily, that meaſter had ordered him to go a different way, and that he ſhould loſe his place, if he went any other way than that he was ordered.

Sophia finding all her perſuaſions had no effect, began now to add irreſiſtible charms to her voice; charms, which, according to the proverb, makes the old mare trot, inſtead of ſtanding ſtill; charms, to which modern ages have attributed all that irreſiſtible force, which the ancients imputed to perfect oratory. In a word, ſhe promiſed, ſhe would reward him to his utmoſt expectation.

The lad was not totally deaf to theſe promiſes; but he diſliked their being indefinite: for though perhaps he had never heard that word, yet that in fact was his objection. He ſaid, gentlevolks did

not conſider the caſe of poor volks; that he had like to have been turned away the other day, for riding about the country with a gentleman from 'ſquire Allworthy's, who did not reward him as he ſhould have done.

With whom? ſays Sophia eagerly — With a gentleman from 'ſquire Allworthy's, repeated the lad; the 'ſquire's ſon, I think, they call 'un. — Whither? which way did he go? ſays Ssphia. Why a little o' one ſide o' Briſtol, about twenty miles off, anſwered the lad. — Guide me, ſays Sophia, to the ſame place, and I'll give thee a guinea, or two, if one is not ſufficient. To be certain, ſaid the boy, it is honeſtly worth two, when your ladyſhip conſiders what a riſk I run; but however if your ladyſhip will promiſe me the two guineas, I'll e'en venture: to be certain it is a ſinful thing to ride about my maſter's horſes; but one comfort is, I can only be turned away, and two guineas will partly make me amends.

The bargain being thus ſtruck, the lad turned aſide into the Briſtol road, and Sophia ſet forward in purſuit of Jones, highly contrary to the remonſtrances of Mrs. Honour, who had much more deſire to ſee London, than to ſee Mr. Jones: for indeed ſhe was not his friend with her miſtreſs, as he had been guilty of ſome neglect in certain pecuniary civilities, which are by cuſtom due to the waiting-gentlewoman in all love-affairs, and more eſpecially

in thoſe of a clandeſtine kind. This we impute rather to the careleſſneſs of his temper, than to any want of generoſity; but perhaps ſhe derived it from the latter motive: certain it is, that ſhe hated him very bitterly on that account, and reſolved to take every opportunity of injuring him with her miſtreſs. It was therefore highly unlucky for her, that ſhe had gone to the very ſame town and inn whence Jones had ſtarted, and ſtill more unlucky was ſhe in having ſtumbled on the ſame guide, and on this accidental diſcovery which Sophia had made.

Our travellers arrived at Hambrook * at the break of day, where Honour was againſt her will charged to enquire the rout which Mr. Jones had taken. Of this, indeed, the guide himſelf could have informed them; but Sophia, I know not for what reaſon, never aſked him the queſtion.

When Mrs. Honour had made her report from the landlord, Sophia, with much difficulty, procured ſome indifferent horſes, which brought her to the inn, where Jones had been confined rather by the misfortune of meeting with a ſurgeon, than by having met with a broken head.

Here Honour being again charged with a commiſſion of enquiry, had no ſooner applied herſelf to the landlady, and had deſcribed the

* This was the village where Jones met the quaker.

perſon of Mr. Jones, than that ſagacious woman began, in the vulgar phraſe, to ſmell a rat. When Sophia therefore entered the room, inſtead of anſwering the maid, the landlady addreſſing herſelf to the miſtreſs, began the following ſpeech: Good-lack-a-day! why there now, who would have thought it? I proteſt the loveliest couple that ever eye beheld. I-ſackins, Madam, it is no wonder the 'ſquire run on ſo about your ladyſhip. He told me indeed you was the fineſt lady in the world, and to be ſure ſo you be. Mercy on him, poor heart! I bepitied him, ſo I did, when he uſed to hug his pillow, and call it his dear Madam Sophia. — I did all I could to diſſuade him from going to the wars: I told him there were men enow that were good for nothing elſe but to be killed, that had not the love of ſuch fine ladies. Sure, ſays Sophia, the good woman is diſtracted. No, no, cries the landlady, I am not diſtracted. What, doth your ladyſhip think I don't know then? I aſſure you he told me all. What ſaucy fellow, cries Honour, told you any thing of my lady? No ſaucy fellow, anſwered the landlady, but the young gentleman you enquired after, and a very pretty young gentleman he is, and he loves Madam Sophia Weſtern to the bottom of his ſoul. He love my lady! I'd have you to know, woman, ſhe is meat for his maſter. — Nay, Honour, ſaid Sophia, interrupting her, don't be angry with the good woman; ſhe intends no harm. No, marry,

don't I, anſwered the landlady, emboldened by the ſoft accents of Sophia, and then launched into a long narrative too tedious to be here ſet down, in which ſome paſſages dropt, that gave a little offence to Sophia, and much more to her waiting-woman, who hence took occaſion to abuſe poor Jones to her miſtreſs the moment they were alone together, ſaying, that he muſt be a very pitiful fellow, and could have no love for a lady, whoſe name he would thus proſtitute in an alehouſe.

Sophia did not ſee his behaviour in ſo very diſadvantageous a light, and was perhaps more pleaſed with the violent raptures of his love (which the landlady exaggerated as much as ſhe had done every other circumſtance) than ſhe was offended with the reſt; and indeed ſhe imputed the whole to the extravagance, or rather ebullience of his paſſion, and to the openneſs of his heart.

This incident, however, being afterwards revived in her mind, and placed in the moſt odious colours by Honour, ſerved to heighten and give credit to thoſe unlucky occurrences at Upton, and aſſiſted the waiting-woman in her endeavours to make her miſtreſs depart from that inn, without ſeeing Jones.

The landlady finding Sophia intended to ſtay no longer than till her horſes were ready, and that without either eating or drinking, ſoon withdrew; when Honour began to take her miſtreſs to taſk, (for indeed ſhe uſed great freedom) and after a long

harangue, in which ſhe reminded her of her intention to go to London, and gave frequent hints of the impropriety of purſuing a young fellow, ſhe at laſt concluded with this ſerious exhortation: For heaven's ſake, Ma'am, conſider what you are about, and whither you are going.

This advice to a lady who had already rode near forty miles, and in no very agreeable ſeaſon, may ſeem fooliſh enough. It may be ſuppoſed ſhe had well conſidered and reſolved this already; nay, Mrs. Honour, by the hints ſhe threw out, ſeemed to think ſo; and this, I doubt not, is the opinion of many readers, who have, I make no doubt, been long ſince well convinced of the purpoſe of our heroine, and have heartily condemned her for it as a wanton baggage.

But in reality this was not the caſe. Sophia had been lately ſo diſtracted between hope and fear, her duty and love to her father, her hatred to Blifil, her compaſſion, and (why ſhould we not confeſs the truth?) her love for Jones; which laſt the behaviour of her father, of her aunt, of every one elſe, and more particularly of Jones himſelf, had blown into a flame, that her mind was in that confuſed ſtate, which may be truly ſaid to make us ignorant of what we do, or whither we go, or rather indeed indifferent as to the conſequence of either.

The prudent and ſage advice of her maid produced, however, ſome cool reflection; and ſhe at length determined

determined to go to Glouceſter, and thence to proceed directly to London.

But unluckily a few miles before ſhe entered that town, ſhe met the hack-attorney, who, as is before mentioned, had dined there with Mr. Jones. This fellow being well known to Mrs. Honour, ſtopt and ſpoke to her; of which Sophia at that time took little notice, more than to enquire who he was.

But having had a more particular account from Honour of this man afterwards at Glouceſter, and hearing of the great expedition he uſually made in travelling, for which (as hath been before obſerved) he was particularly famous; recollecting likewiſe, that ſhe had over-heard Mrs. Honour inform him, that they were going to Glouceſter, ſhe began to fear leſt her father might, by this fellow's means, be able to trace her to that city; wherefore, if ſhe ſhould there ſtrike into the London road, ſhe apprehended he would certainly be able to overtake her. She therefore altered her reſolution; and having hired horſes to go a week's journey, a way which ſhe did not intend to travel, ſhe again ſet forward after a light refreſhment, contrary to the deſires and earneſt entreaties of her maid, and to the no leſs vehement remonſtrances of Mrs. Whitefield, who, from good-breeding, or perhaps from good-nature (for the poor young lady appeared much fatigued) preſſed her very heartily to ſtay that evening at Glouceſter.

Having refreſhed herſelf only with ſome tea, and

with lying about two hours on the bed, while her horſes were getting ready, ſhe reſolutely left Mrs. Whitefield's about eleven at night, and ſtriking directly into the Worceſter road, within leſs than four hours arrived at that very inn where we laſt ſaw her.

Having thus traced our heroine very particularly back from her departure, till her arrival at Upton, we ſhall in a very few words bring her father to the ſame place; who having received the firſt ſcent from the poſt-boy, who conducted his daughter to Hambrook, very eaſily traced her afterwards to Glouceſter; whence he purſued her to Upton, as he had learned Mr. Jones had taken that rout, (for Partridge, to uſe the 'ſquire's expreſſion, left every where a ſtrong ſcent behind him) and he doubted not in the leaſt but Sophia travelled, or, as he phraſed it, ran the ſame way. He uſed indeed a very coarſe expreſſion, which need not be here inſerted; as fox-hunters, who alone would underſtand it, will eaſily ſuggeſt it to themſelves.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XI.

Containing about three days.

CHAP. I.

A cruſt for the critics.

In our laſt initial chapter, we may be ſuppoſed to have treated that formidable ſet of men, who are called critics, with more freedom than becomes us; ſince they exact, and indeed generally receive, great condeſcenſion from authors. We ſhall in this, therefore, give the reaſons of our conduct to this auguſt body; and here we ſhall perhaps place them in a light, in which they have not hitherto been ſeen.

This word critic is of Greek derivation, and ſignifies judgment. Hence, I preſume, ſome perſons who have not underſtood the original, and have ſeen the Engliſh tranſlation of the primitive, have

concluded, that it meant judgment in the legal ſenſe, in which it is frequently uſed as equivalent to condemnation.

I am the rather inclined to be of that opinion, as the greateſt number of critics hath of late years been found amongſt the lawyers. Many of theſe gentlemen, from deſpair, perhaps, of ever riſing to the bench in Weſtminſter-hall, have placed themſelves on the benches at the play-houſe, where they have exerted their judicial capacity, and have given judgment, *i. e.* condemned without mercy.

The gentlemen would perhaps be well enough pleaſed, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the moſt important and honourable offices in the commonwealth; and, if we intended to apply to their favour, we would do ſo; but as we deſign to deal very ſincerely and plainly too with them, we muſt remind them of another officer of juſtice, of a much lower rank; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute their own judgment, they bear likewiſe ſome remote reſemblance.

But in reality there is another light, in which theſe modern critics may with great juſtice and propriety be ſeen; and this is that of a common ſlanderer. If a perſon who pries into the characters of others, with no other deſign but to diſcover their faults, and to publiſh them to the world, deſerves the title of a ſlanderer of the reputation of men; why ſhould not a critic, who reads with the ſame

malevolent view, be as properly ſtiled the ſlanderer of the reputation of books?

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject ſlave; ſociety produces not a more odious vermin; nor can the devil receive a gueſt more worthy of him, nor poſſibly more welcome to him, than a ſlanderer. The world, I am afraid, regards not this monſter with half the abhorrence which he deſerves; and I am more afraid to aſſign the reaſon of this criminal lenity ſhewn towards him; yet it is certain, that the thief looks innocent in the compariſon; nay, the murderer himſelf can ſeldom ſtand in competition with his guilt: for ſlander is a more cruel weapon than a ſword, as the wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the baſeſt and moſt execrable of all, which bears an exact analogy to the vice here exclaimed againſt, and that is poiſon. A means of revenge ſo baſe, and yet ſo horrible, that it was once wiſely diſtinguiſhed by our laws from all other murders, in the peculiar ſeverity of the puniſhment.

Beſides the dreadful miſchiefs done by ſlander, and the baſeneſs of the means by which they are effected, there are other circumſtances that highly aggravate its atrocious quality: for it often proceeds from no provocation, and ſeldom promiſes itſelf any reward, unleſs ſome black and infernal mind may propoſe a reward in the thoughts of having procured the ruin and miſery of another.

Shakeſpear hath nobly touched this vice, when he ſays,

> Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh, 'tis ſomething, nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been ſlave to thouſands:
> But he that filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that WHICH NOT ENRICHES HIM,
> BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED.

With all this my good reader will doubtleſs agree; but much of it will probably ſeem too ſevere, when applied to the ſlanderer of books. But let it here be conſidered, that both proceed from the ſame wicked diſpoſition of mind, and are alike void of the excuſe of temptation. Nor ſhall we conclude the injury done this way to be very ſlight, when we conſider a book as the author's offspring, and indeed as the child of his brain.

The reader who hath ſuffered his muſe to continue hitherto in a virgin ſtate, can have but a very inadequate idea of this kind of paternal fondneſs. To ſuch we may parody the tender exclamation of Macduff: Alas! Thou haſt written no book. But the author whoſe muſe hath brought forth, will feel the pathetic ſtrain, perhaps will accompany me with tears, (eſpecially if his darling be already no more) while I mention the uneaſineſs with which the big muſe bears about her burden, the painful labour with which ſhe produces it, and laſtly, the care, the fondneſs, with which the tender father nouriſhes his

favourite, till it be brought to maturity, and produced into the world.

Nor is there any paternal fondneſs which ſeems leſs to ſavour of abſolute inſtinct, and which may ſo well be reconciled to worldly wiſdom, as this. Theſe children may moſt truly be called the riches of their father; and many of them have with true filial piety fed their parent in his old age: ſo that not only the affection, but the intereſt of the author, may be highly injured by theſe ſlanderers, whoſe poiſonous breath brings his book to an untimely end.

Laſtly, the ſlander of a book is, in truth, the ſlander of the author: for as no one can call another baſtard, without calling the mother a whore; ſo neither can any one give the names of ſad ſtuff, horrid nonſenſe, &c. to a book, without calling the author a blockhead; which, though in a moral ſenſe it is a preferable appellation to that of villain, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly intereſt.

Now however ludicrous all this may appear to ſome, others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the truth of it; nay, may, perhaps, think I have not treated the ſubject with decent ſolemnity; but ſurely a man may ſpeak truth with a ſmiling countenance. In reality, to depreciate a book maliciouſly, or even wantonly, is at leaſt a very ill-natured office; and a moroſe ſnarling critic may, I believe, be ſuſpected to be a bad man.

I will therefore endeavour, in the remaining part of this chapter, to explain the marks of this character, and to ſhew what criticiſm I here intend to obviate: for I can never be underſtood, unleſs by the very perſons here meant, to inſinuate, that there are no proper judges of writing, or to endeavour to exclude from the commonwealth of literature any of thoſe noble critics, to whoſe labours the learned world are ſo greatly indebted. Such were Ariſtotle, Horace, and Longinus among the ancients, Dacier and Boſſu among the French, and ſome perhaps among us; who have certainly been duly authoriſed to execute at leaſt a judicial authority in *Foro litterario.*

But without aſcertaining all the proper qualifications of a critic, which I have touched on elſewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the cenſures of any one paſt upon works which he hath not himſelf read. Such cenſures as theſe, whether they ſpeak from their own gueſs or ſuſpicion, or from the report and opinion of others, may properly be ſaid to ſlander the reputation of the book they condemn.

Such may likewiſe be ſuſpected of deſerving this character, who, without aſſigning any particular faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory terms; ſuch as vile, dull, da — d ſtuff, &c. and particularly by the uſe of the monoſyllable Low; a word which becomes the mouth of no critic who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Again, though there may be ſome faults juſtly

aſſigned in the work; yet if thoſe are not in the moſt eſſential parts, or, if they are compenſated by greater beauties, it will ſavour rather of the malice of a ſlanderer, than of the judgment of a true critic, to paſs a ſevere ſentence upon the whole, merely on account of ſome vicious part. This is directly contrary to the ſentiments of Horace.

Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parùm cavit natura ——

But where the beauties, more in number, ſhine,
I am not angry, when a caſual line
(That with ſome trivial faults unequal flows)
A careleſs hand, or human frailty ſhows.

Mr. FRANCIS.

For, as Martial ſays, *Aliter non fit, Avite, liber.* No book can be otherwiſe compoſed. All beauty of character, as well as of countenance, and indeed of every thing human, is to be tried in this manner. Cruel indeed would it be, if ſuch a work as this hiſtory, which hath employed ſome thouſands of hours in the compoſing, ſhould be liable to be condemned, becauſe ſome particular chapter, or perhaps chapters, may be obnoxious to very juſt and ſenſible objections. And yet nothing is more common than the moſt rigorous ſentence upon books ſupported by ſuch objections, which, if they were rightly taken, (and that they are not always) do by no means go

to the merit of the whole. In the theatre eſpecially, a ſingle expreſſion which doth not coincide with the taſte of the audience, or with any individual critic of that audience, is ſure to be hiſſed; and one ſcene which ſhould be diſapproved, would hazard the whole piece. To write within ſuch ſevere rules as theſe, is as impoſſible as to live up to ſome ſplenetic opinions; and if we judge according to the ſentiments of ſome critics, and of ſome chriſtians, no author will be ſaved in this world, and no man in the next.

CHAP. II.

The adventures which Sophia met with after her leaving Upton.

OUR hiſtory, juſt before it was obliged to turn about, and travel backwards, had mentioned the departure of Sophia and her maid from the inn; we ſhall now therefore purſue the ſteps of that lovely creature, and leave her unworthy lover a little longer to bemoan his ill luck, or rather his ill conduct.

Sophia having directed her guide to travel through bye-roads, acroſs the country, they now paſſed the Severn, and had ſcarce got a mile from the inn, when the young lady, looking behind her, ſaw ſeveral horſes coming after on full ſpeed. This

greatly alarmed her fears, and ſhe called to the guide to put on as faſt as poſſible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full gallop. But the faſter they went, the faſter were they followed; and as the horſes behind were ſomewhat ſwifter than thoſe before, ſo the former were at length overtaken. A happy circumſtance for poor Sophia; whoſe fears, joined to her fatigue, had almoſt overpowered her ſpirits; but ſhe was now inſtantly relieved by a female voice, that greeted her in the ſofteſt manner, and with the utmoſt civility. This greeting, Sophia, as ſoon as ſhe could recover her breath, with like civility, and with the higheſt ſatisfaction to herſelf, returned.

The travellers who joined Sophia, and who had given her ſuch terror, conſiſted, like her own company, of two females and a guide. The two parties proceeded three full miles together before any one offered again to open their mouths; when our heroine, having pretty well got the better of her fear, (but yet being ſomewhat ſurpriſed that the other ſtill continued to attend her, as ſhe purſued no great road, and had already paſſed through ſeveral turnings) accoſted the ſtrange lady in a moſt obliging tone; and ſaid, ſhe was very happy to find they were both travelling the ſame way. The other, who, like a ghoſt, only wanted to be ſpoke to, readily anſwered, that the happineſs was entirely hers; that ſhe was a perfect ſtranger

in that country, and was ſo overjoyed at meeting a companion of her own ſex, that ſhe had perhaps been guilty of an impertinence, which required great apology, in keeping pace with her. More civilities paſſed between theſe two ladies; for Mrs. Honour had now given place to the fine habit of the ſtranger, and had fallen into the rear. But though Sophia had great curioſity to know why the other lady continued to travel on through the ſame bye-roads with herſelf, nay, though this gave her ſome uneaſineſs; yet fear, or modeſty, or ſome other conſideration, reſtrained her from aſking the queſtion.

The ſtrange lady now laboured under a difficulty which appears almoſt below the dignity of hiſtory to mention. Her bonnet had been blown from her head not leſs than five times within the laſt mile; nor could ſhe come at any ribbon or handkerchief to tye it under her chin. When Sophia was informed of this, ſhe immediately ſupplied her with a handkerchief for this purpoſe; which while ſhe was pulling from her pocket, ſhe perhaps too much neglected the management of her horſe, for the beaſt now unluckily making a falſe ſtep, fell upon his fore-legs, and threw his fair rider from his back.

Though Sophia came head foremoſt to the ground, ſhe happily received not the leaſt damage; and the ſame circumſtances which had perhaps contributed to her fall, now preſerved her from confuſion; for

the lane which they were then paſſing, was narrow and very much over-grown with trees, ſo that the moon could here afford very little light, and was moreover, at preſent, ſo obſcured in a cloud, that it was almoſt perfectly dark. By theſe means the young lady's modeſty, which was extremely delicate, eſcaped as free from injury as her limbs, and ſhe was once more reinſtated in her ſaddle, having received no other harm than a little fright by her fall.

Day-light at length appeared in its full luſtre; and now the two ladies, who were riding over a common ſide by ſide, looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, at the ſame moment both their eyes became fixed; both their horſes ſtopt, and both ſpeaking together, with equal joy pronounced, the one the name of Sophia, the other that of Harriet.

This unexpected encounter ſurpriſed the ladies much more than I believe it will the ſagacious reader, who muſt have imagined that the ſtrange lady could be no other than Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the couſin of Miſs Weſtern, whom we before mentioned to have ſallied from the inn a few minutes after her.

So great was the ſurpriſe and joy which theſe two couſins conceived at this meeting (for they had formerly been moſt intimate acquaintance and friends, and had long lived together with their aunt Weſtern) that it is impoſſible to recount half the

congratulations which paſſed between them, before either aſked a very natural queſtion of the other, namely, whither ſhe was going?

This at laſt, however, came firſt from Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but eaſy and natural as the queſtion may ſeem, Sophia found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain anſwer. She begged her couſin therefore to ſuſpend all curioſity, till they arrived at ſome inn, which, I ſuppoſe, ſays ſhe, can hardly be far diſtant; and, believe me, Harriet, I ſuſpend as much curioſity on my ſide; for indeed I believe our aſtoniſhment is pretty equal.

The converſation which paſſed between theſe ladies on the road, was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and leſs certainly was that between the two waiting-women: for they likewiſe began to pay their compliments to each other. As for the guides, they were debarred from the pleaſure of diſcourſe, the one being placed in the van, and the other obliged to bring up the rear.

In this poſture they travelled many hours, till they came into a wide and well-beaten road, which, as they turned to the right, ſoon brought them to a very fair promiſing inn, where they all alighted: but ſo fatigued was Sophia, that, as ſhe had ſat her horſe during the laſt five or ſix miles with great difficulty, ſo was ſhe now incapable of diſmounting from him without aſſiſtance. This the landlord, who had hold of her horſe, preſently perceiving, offered

to lift her in his arms from her ſaddle; and ſhe too readily accepted the tender of his ſervice. Indeed fortune ſeems to have reſolved to put Sophia to the bluſh that day, and the ſecond malicious attempt ſucceeded better than the firſt; for my landlord had no ſooner received the young lady in his arms, than his feet, which the gout had lately very ſeverely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but at the ſame time, with no leſs dexterity than gallantry, contrived to throw himſelf under his charming burthen, ſo that he alone received any bruiſe from the fall; for the great injury which happened to Sophia, was a violent ſhock given to her modeſty, by an immoderate grin, which, at her riſing from the ground, ſhe obſerved in the countenances of moſt of the bye-ſtanders. This made her ſuſpect what had really happened, and what we ſhall not here relate for the indulgence of thoſe readers who are capable of laughing at the offence given to a young lady's delicacy. Accidents of this kind we have never regarded in a comical light; nor will we ſcruple to ſay, that he muſt have a very inadequate idea of the modeſty of a beautiful young woman, who would wiſh to ſacrifice it to ſo paultry a ſatisfaction as can ariſe from laughter.

This fright and ſhock, joined to the violent fatigue which both her mind and body had undergone, almoſt overcame the excellent conſtitution of Sophia, and ſhe had ſcarce ſtrength ſufficient to totter into the

inn, leaning on the arm of her maid. Here ſhe was no ſooner ſeated than ſhe called for a glaſs of water; but Mrs. Honour, very judiciouſly, in my opinion, changed it into a glaſs of wine.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick hearing from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had not been in bed during the two laſt nights, and obſerving her to look very pale and wan with fatigue, earneſtly entreated her to refreſh herſelf with ſome ſleep. She was yet a ſtranger to her hiſtory, or her apprehenſions; but had ſhe known both, ſhe would have given the ſame advice; for reſt was viſibly neceſſary for her; and their journey through bye-roads ſo entirely removed all danger of purſuit, that ſhe was herſelf perfectly eaſy on that account.

Sophia was eaſily prevailed on to follow the counſel of her friend, which was heartily ſeconded by her maid. Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewiſe offered to bear her couſin company, which Sophia, with much complaiſance, accepted.

The miſtreſs was no ſooner in bed, than the maid prepared to follow her example. She began to make many apologies to her ſiſter Abigail for leaving her alone in ſo horrid a place as an inn; but the other ſtopped her ſhort, being as well inclined to a nap as herſelf, and deſired the honour of being her bedfellow. Sophia's maid agreed to give her a ſhare of her bed, but put in her claim to all the honour. So after many court'ſies and compliments, to bed together

together went the waiting-women, as their miſtreſſes had done before them.

It was uſual with my landlord (as indeed it is with the whole fraternity) to enquire particularly of all coachmen, footmen, poſt-boys, and others, into the names of all his gueſts; what their eſtate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular circumſtances which attended our travellers, and eſpecially their retiring all to ſleep at ſo extraordinary and unuſual an hour as ten in the morning, ſhould excite his curioſity. As ſoon therefore as the guides entered the kitchen, he began to examine who the ladies were, and whence they came; but the guides, though they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little ſatisfaction. On the contrary, they rather inflamed his curioſity than extinguiſhed it.

This landlord had the character, among all his neighbours, of being a very ſagacious fellow. He was thought to ſee farther and deeper into things than any man in the pariſh, the parſon himſelf not excepted. Perhaps his look contributed not a little to procure him this reputation; for there was in this ſomething wonderfully wiſe and ſignificant, eſpecially when he had a pipe in his mouth; which, indeed, he ſeldom was without. His behaviour, likewiſe, greatly aſſiſted in promoting the opinion of his wiſdom. In his deportment he was ſolemn, if not ſullen; and when he ſpoke, which was ſeldom,

he always delivered himſelf in a ſlow voice; and though his ſentences were ſhort, they were ſtill interrupted with many hum's and ha's, ay, ay's, and other expletives, ſo that, though he accompanied his words with certain explanatory geſtures, ſuch as ſhaking or nodding the head, or pointing with his fore-finger, he generally left his hearers to underſtand more than he expreſſed; nay, commonly gave them a hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to diſcloſe. This laſt circumſtance alone, may, indeed, very well account for his character of wiſdom; ſince men are ſtrangely inclined to worſhip what they do not underſtand: a grand ſecret, upon which ſeveral impoſers on mankind have totally relied for the ſucceſs of their frauds.

This polite perſon now taking his wife aſide, aſked her, what ſhe thought of the ladies lately arrived? Think of them? ſaid the wife, why what ſhould I think of them? I know, anſwered he, what I think. The guides tell ſtrange ſtories. One pretends to be come from Glouceſter, and the other from Upton; and neither of them, for what I can find, can tell whither they are going. But what people ever travel acroſs the country from Upton hither, eſpecially to London? And one of the maid-ſervants, before ſhe alighted from her horſe, aſked, if this was not the London road? Now I have put all theſe circumſtances together, and whom do you think I have found them out to be? Nay, anſwered

ſhe, you know I never pretend to gueſs at your diſcoveries. — It is a good girl, replied he, chucking her under the chin; I muſt own you have always ſubmitted to my knowledge of theſe matters. Why then, depend upon it; mind what I ſay, — depend upon it, they are certainly ſome of the rebel ladies, who, they ſay, travel with the young chevalier; and have taken a round-about way to eſcape the duke's army.

Huſband, quoth the wife, you have certainly hit it; for one of them is dreſt as fine as any princeſs; and to be ſure, ſhe looks for all the world like one. — But yet, when I conſider one thing — When you conſider, cries the landlord contemptuouſly — Come, pray let's hear what you conſider. — Why it is, anſwered the wife, that ſhe is too humble to be any very great lady; for while our Betty was warming the bed, ſhe called her nothing but child, and my dear, and ſweetheart; and when Betty offered to pull off her ſhoes and ſtockings, ſhe would not ſuffer her, ſaying, ſhe would not give her the trouble.

Pugh! anſwered the huſband, that is nothing. Doſt think, becauſe you have ſeen ſome great ladies rude and uncivil to perſons below them, that none of them know how to behave themſelves when they come before their inferiors? I think I know people of faſhion when I ſee them. I think I do. Did not ſhe call for a glaſs of water when ſhe came

in? Another ſort of woman would have called for a dram; you know they would. If ſhe be not a woman of very great quality, ſell me for a fool; and, I believe, thoſe who buy me will have a bad bargain. Now, would a woman of her quality travel without a footman, unleſs upon ſome ſuch extraordinary occaſion? Nay, to be ſure, huſband, cries ſhe, you know theſe matters better than I, or moſt folk. I think I do know ſomething, ſaid he. To be ſure, anſwered the wife, the poor little heart looked ſo piteous, when ſhe ſat down in the chair, I proteſt I could not help having a compaſſion for her, almoſt as much as if ſhe had been a poor body. But what's to be done, huſband? If an ſhe be a rebel, I ſuppoſe you intend to betray her up to the court. Well, ſhe's a ſweet-tempered, good-humoured lady, be ſhe what ſhe will, and I ſhall hardly refrain from crying, when I hear ſhe is hanged or beheaded. Pooh! anſwered the huſband — But as to what's to be done, it is not ſo eaſy a matter to determine. I hope, before ſhe goes away, we ſhall have the news of a battle: for if the chevalier ſhould get the better, ſhe may gain us intereſt at court, and make our fortunes without betraying her. Why that's true, replied the wife; and I heartily hope ſhe will have it in her power. Certainly ſhe's a ſweet good lady; it would go horribly againſt me to have her come to any harm. Pooh! cries the landlord, women are always ſo tender-hearted. Why

you would not harbour rebels, would you? No certainly, anſwered the wife, and as for betraying her, come what will on't, nobody can blame us. It is what any body would do in our caſe.

While our politic landlord, who had not, we ſee, undeſervedly the reputation of great wiſdom among his neighbours, was engaged in debating this matter with himſelf, (for he paid little attention to the opinion of his wife) news arrived that the rebels had given the duke the ſlip, and had got a day's march towards London; and ſoon after arrived a famous Jacobite 'ſquire, who, with great joy in his countenance, ſhook the landlord by the hand, ſaying: All's our own, boy! ten thouſand honeſt Frenchmen are landed in Suffolk. Old England for ever! ten thouſand French, my brave lad! I am going to tap away directly.

This news determined the opinion of the wiſe man, and he reſolved to make his court to the young lady, when ſhe aroſe; for he had now, he ſaid, diſcovered that ſhe was no other than Madam Jenny Cameron herſelf.

CHAP. III.

A very ſhort chapter, in which however is a ſun, a moon, a ſtar, and an angel.

THE ſun (for he keeps very good hours at this time of the year) had been ſome time retired to reſt, when Sophia aroſe, greatly refreſhed by her ſleep; which, ſhort as it was, nothing but her extreme fatigue could have occaſioned; for though ſhe had told her maid, and perhaps herſelf too, that ſhe was perfectly eaſy when ſhe left Upton; yet it is certain her mind was a little affected with that malady which is attended with all the reſtleſs ſymptoms of a fever, and is perhaps the very diſtemper which phyſicians mean (if they mean any thing) by the fever on the ſpirits.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewiſe left her bed at the ſame time; and having ſummoned her maid, immediately dreſſed herſelf. She was really a very pretty woman, and had ſhe been in any other company but that of Sophia, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs. Honour of her own accord attended, (for her miſtreſs would not ſuffer her to be waked) and had equipped our heroine, the charms of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who had performed the office of the morning-ſtar, and had preceded greater glories,

ſhared the fate of that ſtar, and were totally eclipſed the moment thoſe glories ſhone forth.

Perhaps Sophia never looked more beautiful than ſhe did at this inſtant. We ought not therefore to condemn the maid of the inn for her hyperbole, who, when ſhe deſcended, after having lighted the fire, declared, and ratified it with an oath, that if ever there was an angel upon earth, ſhe was now above ſtairs.

Sophia had acquainted her couſin with her deſign to go to London; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick had agreed to accompany her; for the arrival of her huſband at Upton had put an end to her deſign of going to Bath, or to her aunt Weſtern. They had therefore no ſooner finiſhed their tea, than Sophia propoſed to ſet out, the moon then ſhining extremely bright, and as for the froſt, ſhe defied it; nor had ſhe any of thoſe apprehenſions which many young ladies would have felt at travelling by night; for ſhe had, as we have before obſerved, ſome little degree of natural courage; and this her preſent ſenſations, which bordered ſomewhat on deſpair, greatly encreaſed. Beſides, as ſhe had already travelled twice with ſafety, by the light of the moon, ſhe was the better emboldened to truſt to it a third time.

The diſpoſition of Mrs. Fitzpatrick was more timorous; for though the greater terrors had conquered the leſs, and the preſence of her huſband had driven her away at ſo unſeaſonable an hour from

Upton; yet being now arrived at a place where ſhe thought herſelf ſafe from his purſuit, theſe leſſer terrors of I know not what, operated ſo ſtrongly, that ſhe earneſtly entreated her couſin to ſtay till the next morning, and not expoſe herſelf to the dangers of travelling by night.

Sophia, who was yielding to an exceſs, when ſhe could neither laugh nor reaſon her couſin out of theſe apprehenſions, at laſt gave way to them. Perhaps, indeed, had ſhe known of her father's arrival at Upton, it might have been more difficult to have perſuaded her; for as to Jones, ſhe had, I am afraid, no great horror at the thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confeſs the truth, I believe ſhe rather wiſhed than feared it; though I might honeſtly enough have concealed this wiſh from the reader, as it was one of thoſe ſecret ſpontaneous emotions of the ſoul, to which the reaſon is often a ſtranger.

When our young ladies had determined to remain all that evening in their inn, they were attended by the landlady, who deſired to know what their ladyſhips would be pleaſed to eat. Such charms were there in the voice, in the manner, and in the affable deportment of Sophia, that ſhe raviſhed the landlady to the higheſt degree; and that good woman concluding that ſhe had attended Jenny Cameron, became in a moment a ſtaunch Jacobite, and wiſhed heartily well to the young pretender's cauſe, from the great ſweetneſs and affability with

which ſhe had been treated by his ſuppoſed miſtreſs.

The two couſins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal curioſity, to know what extraordinary accidents on both ſides occaſioned this ſo ſtrange and unexpected meeting. At laſt Mrs. Fitzpatrick, having obtained of Sophia a promiſe of communicating likewiſe in her turn, began to relate what the reader, if he is deſirous to know her hiſtory, may read in the enſuing chapter.

CHAP. IV.

The hiſtory of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

MRS. Fitzpatrick, after a ſilence of a few moments, fetching a deep ſigh, thus began:

It is natural to the unhappy to feel a ſecret concern in recollecting thoſe periods of their lives which have been moſt delightful to them. The remembrance of paſt pleaſures affects us with a kind of tender grief, like what we ſuffer for departed friends; and the ideas of both may be ſaid to haunt our imaginations.

For this reaſon, I never reflect without ſorrow on thoſe days (the happieſt far of my life) which we ſpent together, when both were under the care of my aunt Weſtern. Alas! why are Miſs Graveairs, and Miſs Giddy no more! You remember, I am

ſure, when we knew each other by no other names. Indeed you gave the latter appellation with too much cauſe. I have ſince experienced how much I deſerved it. You, my Sophia, was always my ſuperior in every thing, and I heartily hope you will be ſo in your fortune. I ſhall never forget the wiſe and matronly advice you once gave me, when I lamented being diſappointed of a ball, though you could not be then fourteen years old. — O my Sophy! how bleſt muſt have been my ſituation, when I could think ſuch a diſappointment a misfortune; and when indeed it was the greateſt I had ever known!

And yet, my dear Harriet, anſwered Sophia, it was then a ſerious matter with you. Comfort yourſelf therefore with thinking, that whatever you now lament may hereafter appear as trifling and contemptible as a ball would at this time.

Alas, my Sophia! replied the other lady, you yourſelf will think otherwiſe of my preſent ſituation; for greatly muſt that tender heart be altered, if my misfortunes do not draw many a ſigh, nay, many a tear, from you. The knowledge of this ſhould perhaps deter me from relating what I am convinced will ſo much affect you. — Here Mrs. Fitzpatrick ſtopt, till at the repeated entreaties of Sophia, ſhe thus proceeded:

Though you muſt have heard much of my marriage; yet, as matters may probably have been miſrepreſented, I will ſet out from the very commencement of my

unfortunate acquaintance with my preſent huſband; which was at Bath, ſoon after you left my aunt, and returned home to your father.

Among the gay young fellows, who were at this ſeaſon at Bath, Mr. Fitzpatrick was one. He was handſome, *dégagé*, extremely gallant, and in his dreſs exceeded moſt others. In ſhort, my dear, if you was unluckily to ſee him now, I could deſcribe him no better than by telling you he was the very reverſe of every thing which he is: for he hath ruſticated himſelf ſo long, that he is become an abſolute wild Iriſhman. But to proceed in my ſtory; the qualifications which he then poſſeſſed, ſo well recommended him, that though the people of quality at that time lived ſeparate from the reſt of the company, and excluded them from all their parties, Mr. Fitzpatrick found means to gain admittance. It was perhaps no eaſy matter to avoid him; for he required very little or no invitation; and as being handſome and genteel, he found it no very difficult matter to ingratiate himſelf with the ladies; ſo, he having frequently drawn his ſword, the men did not care publickly to affront him. Had it not been for ſome ſuch reaſon, I believe he would have been ſoon expelled by his own ſex; for ſurely he had no ſtrict title to be preferred to the Engliſh gentry; nor did they ſeem inclined to ſhew him any extraordinary favour. They all abuſed him behind his back, which might probably proceed from envy; for by the women he was well

received, and very particularly diſtinguiſhed by them.

My aunt, though no perſon of quality herſelf, as ſhe had always lived about the court, was enrolled in that party: for by whatever means you get into the polite circle, when you are once there, it is ſufficient merit for you that you are there. This obſervation, young as you was, you could ſcarce avoid making from my aunt, who was free, or reſerved, with all people, juſt as they had more or leſs of this merit.

And this merit, I believe, it was, which principally recommended Mr. Fitzpatrick to her favour. In which he ſo well ſucceeded, that he was always one of her private parties. Nor was he backward in returning ſuch diſtinction; for he ſoon grew ſo very particular in his behaviour to her, that the ſcandal club firſt began to take notice of it, and the better diſpoſed perſons made a match between them. For my own part, I confeſs, I made no doubt but that his deſigns were ſtrictly honourable, as the phraſe is; that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by way of marriage. My aunt was, I conceived, neither young enough nor handſome enough, to attract much wicked inclination; but ſhe had matrimonial charms in great abundance.

I was the more confirmed in this opinion from the extraordinary reſpect which he ſhewed to myſelf, from the firſt moment of our acquaintance. This I underſtood as an attempt to leſſen, if poſſible, that

diſinclination which my intereſt might be ſuppoſed to give me towards the match; and I know not but in ſome meaſure it had that effect: for as I was well contented with my own fortune, and of all people the leaſt a ſlave to intereſted views; ſo I could not be violently the enemy of a man with whoſe behaviour to me I was greatly pleaſed; and the more ſo, as I was the only object of ſuch reſpect; for he behaved at the ſame time to many women of quality without any reſpect at all.

Agreeable as this was to me, he ſoon changed it into another kind of behaviour, which was perhaps more ſo. He now put on much ſoftneſs and tenderneſs, and languiſhed and ſighed abundantly. At times, indeed, whether from art or nature I will not determine, he gave his uſual looſe to gaiety and mirth; but this was always in general company, and with other women; for even in a country-dance, when he was not my partner, he became grave; and put on the ſofteſt look imaginable, the moment he approached me. Indeed, he was in all things ſo very particular towards me, that I muſt have been blind not to have diſcovered it. And, and, and — And you was more pleaſed ſtill, my dear Harriet, cried Sophia. You need not be aſhamed, added ſhe ſighing; for ſure there are irreſiſtible charms in tenderneſs, which too many men are able to affect. True, anſwered her couſin, men, who in all other inſtances want common ſenſe, are very Machiavels

in the art of loving. I wiſh I did not know an inſtance. — Well, ſcandal now began to be as buſy with me as it had before been with my aunt; and ſome good ladies did not ſcruple to affirm, that Mr. Fitzpatrick had an intrigue with us both.

But what may ſeem aſtoniſhing, my aunt never ſaw, nor in the leaſt ſeemed to ſuſpect, that which was viſible enough, I believe, from both our behaviours. One would indeed think, that love quite puts out the eyes of an old woman. In fact, they ſo greedily ſwallow the addreſſes which are made to them, that, like an outrageous glutton, they are not a leiſure to obſerve what paſſes amongſt others at the ſame table. This I have obſerved in more caſes than my own; and this was ſo ſtrongly verified by my aunt, that, though ſhe often found us together at her return from the pump, the leaſt canting word of his, pretending impatience at her abſence, effectually ſmothered all ſuſpicion. One artifice ſucceeded with her to admiration. This was his treating me like a little child, and never calling me by any other name in her preſence, but that of pretty miſs. This indeed did him ſome diſſervice with your humble ſervant; but I ſoon ſaw through it, eſpecially as in her abſence he behaved to me, as I have ſaid, in a different manner. However, if I was not greatly diſobliged by a conduct of which I had diſcovered the deſign, I ſmarted very ſeverely for it: for my aunt really conceived me to be what her lover (as ſhe thought

him) called me, and treated me, in all reſpects, as a perfect infant. To ſay the truth, I wonder ſhe had not inſiſted on my again wearing leading-ſtrings.

At laſt, my lover (for ſo he was) thought proper, in a moſt ſolemn manner, to diſcloſe a ſecret which I had known long before. He now placed all the love which he had pretended to my aunt to my account. He lamented, in very pathetic terms, the encouragement ſhe had given him, and made a high merit of the tedious hours, in which he had undergone her converſation. — What ſhall I tell you, my dear Sophia? — Then I will confeſs the truth, I was pleaſed with my man, I was pleaſed with my conqueſt. To rival my aunt delighted me; to rival ſo many other women charmed me. In ſhort, I am afraid, I did not behave as I ſhould do, even upon the very firſt declaration. — I wiſh I did not almoſt give him poſitive encouragement before we parted.

The Bath now talked loudly, I might almoſt ſay, roared againſt me. Several young women affected to ſhun my acquaintance, not ſo much perhaps from any real ſuſpicion, as from a deſire of baniſhing me from a company, in which I too much engroſſed their favourite man. And here I cannot omit expreſſing my gratitude to the kindneſs intended me by Mr. Naſh; who took me one day aſide, and gave me advice, which if I had followed, I had been a happy woman. Child, ſays he, I am ſorry to ſee the familiarity which ſubſiſts between you and a

fellow who is altogether unworthy of you, and, I am afraid, will prove your ruin. As for your old ſtinking aunt, if it was to be no injury to you, and my pretty Sophy Weſtern, (I aſſure you I repeat his words) I ſhould be heartily glad that the fellow was in poſſeſſion of all that belongs to her. I never adviſe old women: for if they take into their heads to go to the devil, it is no more poſſible, than worth while, to keep them from him. Innocence, and youth, and beauty, are worthy a better fate, and I would ſave them from his clutches. Let me adviſe you therefore, dear child, never ſuffer this fellow to be particular with you again. — Many more things he ſaid to me, which I have now forgotten, and indeed I attended very little to them at that time: for inclination contradicted all he ſaid; and beſides, I could not be perſuaded, that women of quality would condeſcend to familiarity with ſuch a perſon as he deſcribed.

But I am afraid, my dear, I ſhall tire you with a detail of ſo many minute circumſtances. To be conciſe therefore, imagine me married; imagine me with my huſband, at the feet of my aunt; and then imagine the maddeſt woman in Bedlam in a raving fit, and your imagination will ſuggeſt to you no more than what really happened.

The very next day my aunt left the place, partly to avoid ſeeing Mr. Fitzpatrick or myſelf, and as much perhaps to avoid ſeeing any one elſe; for, though

though I am told ſhe hath ſince denied every thing ſtoutly, I believe ſhe was then a little confounded at her diſappointment. Since that time I have written to her many letters; but never could obtain an anſwer, which I muſt own ſits ſomewhat the heavier, as ſhe herſelf was, though undeſignedly, the occaſion of all my ſufferings: for had it not been under the colour of paying his addreſſes to her, Mr. Fitzpatrick would never have found ſufficient opportunities to have engaged my heart, which, in other circumſtances, I ſtill flatter myſelf would not have been an eaſy conqueſt to ſuch a perſon. Indeed, I believe, I ſhould not have erred ſo groſsly in my choice, if I had relied on my own judgment; but I truſted totally to the opinion of others, and very fooliſhly took the merit of a man for granted, whom I ſaw ſo univerſally well received by the women. What is the reaſon, my dear, that we, who have underſtandings, equal to the wiſeſt and greateſt of the other ſex, ſo often make choice of the ſillieſt fellows for companions and favourites? It raiſes my indignation to the higheſt pitch, to reflect on the numbers of women of ſenſe who have been undone by fools. Here ſhe pauſed a moment; but Sophia making no anſwer, ſhe proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

In which the hiſtory of Mrs. Fitzpatrick is continued.

WE remained at Bath no longer than a fortnight after our wedding: for as to any reconciliation with my aunt, there were no hopes; and of my fortune, not one farthing could be touched till I was at age, of which I now wanted more than two years. My huſband, therefore, was reſolved to ſet out for Ireland; againſt which I remonſtrated very earneſtly, and inſiſted on a promiſe which he had made me before our marriage, that I ſhould never take this journey againſt my conſent; and indeed I never intended to conſent to it; nor will any body, I believe, blame me for that reſolution; but this, however, I never mentioned to my huſband, and petitioned only for the reprieve of a month; but he had fixed the day, and to that day he obſtinately adhered.

The evening before our departure, as we were diſputing this point with great eagerneſs on both ſides, he ſtarted ſuddenly from his chair, and left me abruptly, ſaying, he was going to the rooms. He was hardly out of the houſe, when I ſaw a paper lying on the floor, which, I ſuppoſe, he had careleſsly pulled from his pocket, together with his handkerchief. This paper I took up, and finding it to be a letter,

I made no ſcruple to open and read it, and indeed I read it ſo often, that I can repeat it to you almoſt word for word. This then was the letter.

To Mr. Brian Fitzpatrick.

SIR,

Yours received, and am ſurpriſed you ſhould uſe me in this manner, as have never ſeen any of your caſh, unleſs for one linſey-woolſey coat, and your bill now is upwards of 150 *l.* Conſider, Sir, how often you have fobbed me off with your being ſhortly to be married to this lady, and t'other lady; but I can neither live on hopes or promiſes, nor will my wollen-draper take any ſuch in payment. You tell me you are ſecure of having either the aunt or the niece, and that you might have married the aunt before this, whoſe jointure you ſay is immenſe, but that you prefer the niece on account of her ready money. Pray, Sir, take a fool's advice for once, and marry the firſt you can get. You will pardon my offering my advice, as you know I ſincerely wiſh you well. Shall draw on you *per* next poſt, in favour of *Meſſieurs* John Drugget and company, at fourteen days, which doubt not your honouring, and am,

Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

SAM. COSGRAVE.

This was the letter word for word. Gueſs, my dear girl, gueſs how this letter affected me. You prefer the niece on account of her ready money! If every one of theſe words had been a dagger, I could with pleaſure have ſtabbed them into his heart; but I will not recount my frantic behaviour on the occaſion. I had pretty well ſpent my tears before his return home; but ſufficient remains of them appeared in my ſwollen eyes. He threw himſelf ſullenly into his chair, and for a long time we were both ſilent. At length in a haughty tone he ſaid: I hope, Madam, your ſervants have packed up all your things; for the coach will be ready by ſix in the morning. My patience was totally ſubdued by this provocation, and I anſwered: No, Sir, there is a letter ſtill remains unpacked; and then throwing it on the table, I fell to upbraiding him with the moſt bitter language I could invent.

Whether guilt, or ſhame, or prudence, reſtrained him, I cannot ſay; but though he is the moſt paſſionate of men, he exerted no rage on this occaſion. He endeavoured on the contrary to pacify me by the moſt gentle means. He ſwore the phraſe in the letter to which I principally objected, was not his, nor had he ever written any ſuch. He owned indeed the having mentioned his marriage, and that preference which he had given to myſelf, but denied with many oaths the having aſſigned any ſuch reaſon. And he excuſed the having mentioned any ſuch

matter at all, on account of the ſtraits he was in for money, ariſing, he ſaid, from his having too long neglected his eſtate in Ireland. And this, he ſaid, which he could not bear to diſcover to me, was the only reaſon of his having ſo ſtrenuouſly inſiſted on our journey. He then uſed ſeveral very endearing expreſſions, and concluded by a very fond careſs, and many violent proteſtations of love.

There was one circumſtance, which, though he did not appeal to it, had much weight with me in his favour, and that was the word jointure in the taylor's letter, whereas my aunt never had been married, and this Mr. Fitzpatrick well knew. — As I imagined therefore that the fellow muſt have inſerted this of his own head, or from hearſay, I perſuaded myſelf he might have ventured likewiſe on that odious line on no better authority. What reaſoning was this, my dear? Was I not an advocate rather than a judge? — But why do I mention ſuch a circumſtance as this, or appeal to it for the juſtification of my forgiveneſs? — In ſhort, had he been guilty of twenty times as much, half the tenderneſs and fondneſs which he uſed, would have prevailed on me to have forgiven him. I now made no farther objections to our ſetting out, which we did the next morning, and in a little more than a week, arrived at the ſeat of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Your curioſity will excuſe me from relating any occurrences which paſt during our journey: for it

would indeed be highly diſagreeable to travel it over again, and no leſs ſo to you to travel it over with me.

This ſeat, then, is an ancient manſion-houſe. If I was in one of thoſe merry humours, in which you have ſo often ſeen me, I could deſcribe it to you ridiculouſly enough. It looked as if it had been formerly inhabited by a gentleman. Here was room enough, and not the leſs room on account of the furniture: for indeed there was very little in it. An old woman, who ſeemed coeval with the building, and greatly reſembled her whom Chamont mentions in the Orphan, received us at the gate, and in a howl ſcarce human, and to me unintelligible, welcomed her maſter home. In ſhort, the whole ſcene was ſo gloomy and melancholy, that it threw my ſpirits into the loweſt dejection; which my huſband diſcerning, inſtead of relieving, increaſed by two or three malicious obſervations. There are good houſes, Madam, ſays he, as you find, in other places beſides England; but perhaps you had rather be in dirty lodgings at Bath.

Happy, my dear, is the woman, who in any ſtate of life, hath a cheerful good-natured companion to ſupport and comfort her; but why do I reflect on happy ſituations only to aggravate my own miſery! My companion, far from clearing up the gloom of ſolitude, ſoon convinced me, that I muſt have been wretched with him in any place, and in any condition.

In a word, he was a ſurly fellow, a character perhaps you have never ſeen: for indeed no woman ever ſees it exemplified, but in a father, a brother, or a huſband; and though you have a father, he is not of that character. This ſurly fellow had formerly appeared to me the very reverſe, and ſo he did ſtill to every other perſon. Good heaven! how is it poſſible for a man to maintain a conſtant lie in his appearance abroad and in company, and to content himſelf with ſhewing diſagreeable truth only at home! Here, my dear, they make themſelves amends for the uneaſy reſtraint which they put on their tempers in the world; for I have obſerved the more merry and gay and good-humoured my huſband hath at any time been in company, the more ſullen and moroſe he was ſure to become at our next private meeting. How ſhall I deſcribe his barbarity? To my fondneſs he was cold and inſenſible. My little comical ways, which you, my Sophy, and which others have called ſo agreeable, he treated with contempt. In my moſt ſerious moments he ſung and whiſtled; and whenever I was thoroughly dejected and miſerable, he was angry and abuſed me: for though he was never pleaſed with my good humour, nor aſcribed it to my ſatisfaction in him; yet my low ſpirits always offended him, and thoſe he imputed to my repentance of having, as he ſaid, married an Iriſhman.

You will eaſily conceive, my dear Graveairs, (I

aſk your pardon, I really forgot myſelf) that when a woman makes an imprudent match in the ſenſe of the world; that is, when ſhe is not an arrant proſtitute to pecuniary intereſt, ſhe muſt neceſſarily have ſome inclination and affection for her man. You will as eaſily believe that this affection may poſſibly be leſſened; nay, I do aſſure you, contempt will wholly eradicate it. This contempt I now began to entertain for my huſband, whom I now diſcovered to be — I muſt uſe the expreſſion — an arrant blockhead. Perhaps you will wonder I did not make this diſcovery long before; but women will ſuggeſt a thouſand excuſes to themſelves for the folly of thoſe they like: beſides, give me leave to tell you, it requires a moſt penetrating eye to diſcern a fool through the diſguiſes of gayety and good-breeding.

It will be eaſily imagined, that when I once deſpiſed my huſband, as I confeſs to you I ſoon did, I muſt conſequently diſlike his company; and indeed I had the happineſs of being very little troubled with it; for our houſe was now moſt elegantly furniſhed, our cellars well ſtocked, and dogs and horſes provided in great abundance. As my gentleman therefore entertained his neighbours with great hoſpitality; ſo his neighbours reſorted to him with great alacrity; and ſports and drinking conſumed ſo much of his time, that a ſmall part of his converſation, that is to ſay, of his ill-humours, fell to my ſhare.

Happy would it have been for me, if I could as eaſily have avoided all other diſagreeable company; but alas! I was confined to ſome which conſtantly tormented me; and the more, as I ſaw no proſpect of being relieved from them. Theſe companions were my own racking thoughts, which plagued, and in a manner haunted me night and day. In this ſituation I paſt through a ſcene, the horrors of which can neither be painted nor imagined. Think, my dear, figure, if you can, to yourſelf what I muſt have undergone. I became a mother by the man I ſcorned, hated, and deteſted. I went through all the agonies and miſeries of a lying-in, (ten times more painful in ſuch a circumſtance, than the worſt labour can be, when one endures it for a man one loves) in a deſert, or rather indeed a ſcene of riot and revel, without a friend, without a companion, or without any of thoſe agreeable circumſtances which often alleviate, and, perhaps, ſometimes more than compenſate the ſufferings of our ſex at that ſeaſon.

CHAP. VI.

In which the miſtake of the landlord throws Sophia into a dreadful conſternation.

MRS. Fitzpatrick was proceeding in her narrative, when ſhe was interrupted by the entrance of dinner, greatly to the concern of Sophia: for the misfortunes of her friend had raiſed her anxiety, and left her no

appetite, but what Mrs. Fitzpatrick was to ſatisfy by her relation.

The landlord now attended with a plate under his arm, and with the ſame reſpect in his countenance and addreſs, which he would have put on, had the ladies arrived in a coach and ſix.

The married lady ſeemed leſs affected with her own misfortunes than was her couſin: for the former eat very heartily, whereas the latter could hardly ſwallow a morſel. Sophia likewiſe ſhewed more concern and ſorrow in her countenance than appeared in the other lady; who having obſerved theſe ſymptoms in her friend, begged her to be comforted, ſaying: Perhaps all may yet end better than either you or I expect.

Our landlord thought he had now an opportunity to open his mouth, and was reſolved not to omit it. I am ſorry, Madam, cries he, that your ladyſhip can't eat; for to be ſure you muſt be hungry after ſo long faſting. I hope your ladyſhip is not uneaſy at any thing: for, as Madam there ſays, all may end better than any body expects. A gentleman who was here juſt now, brought excellent news; and perhaps ſome folks who have given other folks the ſlip, may get to London before they are overtaken; and if they do, I make no doubt, but they will find people who will be very ready to receive them.

All perſons under the apprehenſion of danger convert whatever they ſee and hear into the objects

of that apprehenſion. Sophia therefore immediately concluded from the foregoing ſpeech, that ſhe was known and purſued by her father. She was now ſtruck with the utmoſt conſternation, and for a few minutes deprived of the power of ſpeech; which ſhe no ſooner recovered, than ſhe deſired the landlord to ſend his ſervants out of the room, and then addreſſing herſelf to him, ſaid: I perceive, Sir, you know who we are; but I beſeech you — nay, I am convinced, if you have any compaſſion or goodneſs, you will not betray us.

I betray your ladyſhip! quoth the landlord; no; (and then he ſwore ſeveral very hearty oaths) I would ſooner be cut into ten thouſand pieces. I hate all treachery. I! I never betrayed any one in my life yet, and I am ſure I ſhall no begin with ſo ſweet a lady as your ladyſhip. All the world would very much blame me if I ſhould, ſince it will be in your ladyſhip's power ſo ſhortly to reward me. My wife can witneſs for me, I knew your ladyſhip the moment you came into the houſe: I ſaid it was your honour, before I lifted you from your horſe, and I ſhall carry the bruiſes I got in your ladyſhip's ſervice to the grave: but what ſignified that, as long as I ſaved your ladyſhip? To be ſure ſome people this morning would have thought of getting a reward; but no ſuch thought ever entered into my head. I would ſooner ſtarve than take any reward for betraying your ladyſhip.

I promiſe you, Sir, ſays Sophia, if it be ever in my power to reward you, you ſhall not loſe by your generoſity.

Alack-a-day, Madam! anſwered the landlord, in your ladyſhip's power! heaven put it as much into your will. I am only afraid your honour will forget ſuch a poor man as an inn-keeper; but if your ladyſhip ſhould not, I hope you will remember what reward I refuſed, — refuſed! that is, I would have refuſed, and to be ſure it may be called refuſing; for I might have had it certainly; and to be ſure you might have been in ſome houſes — but for my part, I would not methinks for the world have your ladyſhip wrong me ſo much, as to imagine I ever thought of betraying you, even before I heard the good news.

What news, pray? ſays Sophia, ſomething eagerly.

Hath not your ladyſhip heard it then? cries the landlord; nay, like enough: for I heard it only a few minutes ago; and if I had never heard it, may the devil fly away with me this inſtant, if I would have betrayed your honour; no, if I would, may I — Here he ſubjoined ſeveral dreadful imprecations, which Sophia at laſt interrupted, and begged to know what he meant by the news? — He was going to anſwer, when Mrs. Honour came running into the room, all pale and breathleſs, and cried out: Ma'am, we are all undone, all ruined,

they are come, they are come! Theſe words almoſt froze up the blood of Sophia; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick aſked Honour, who were come? — Who? anſwered ſhe, why, the French; ſeveral hundred thouſands of them are landed, and we ſhall be all murdered and raviſhed.

As a miſer, who hath in ſome well-built city a cottage, value twenty ſhillings, when at a diſtance he is alarmed with the news of a fire, turns pale and trembles at his loſs; but when he finds the beautiful palaces only are burnt, and his own cottage remains ſafe, he comes inſtantly to himſelf, and ſmiles at his good fortune: or as (for we diſlike ſomething in the former ſimile) the tender mother, when terrified with the apprehenſion that her darling boy is drowned, is ſtruck ſenſeleſs and almoſt dead with conſternation; but when ſhe is told that little maſter is ſafe, and the Victory only with twelve hundred brave men gone to the bottom, life and ſenſe again return, maternal fondneſs enjoys the ſudden relief from all its fears, and the general benevolence, which at another time would have deeply felt the dreadful cataſtrophe, lies faſt aſleep in her mind.

So Sophia, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general calamity of her country, found ſuch immediate ſatisfaction from the relief of thoſe terrors ſhe had of being overtaken by her father, that the arrival of the French ſcarce

made any impreſſion on her. She gently chid her maid for the fright into which ſhe had thrown her; and ſaid, ſhe was glad it was no worſe; for that ſhe had feared ſomebody elſe was come.

Ay, ay, quoth the landlord, ſmiling, her ladyſhip knows better things; ſhe knows the French are our very beſt friends, and come over hither only for our good. They are the people who are to make old England flouriſh again. I warrant her honour thought the duke was coming; and that was enough to put her into a fright. I was going to tell your ladyſhip the news. — His honour's majeſty, heaven bleſs him! hath given the duke the ſlip; and is marching as faſt as he can to London, and ten thouſand French are landed to join him on the road.

Sophia was not greatly pleaſed with this news, nor with the gentleman who related it; but as ſhe ſtill imagined he knew her, (for ſhe could not poſſibly have any ſuſpicion of the real truth) ſhe durſt not ſhew any diſlike. And now the landlord, having removed the cloth from the table, withdrew; but at his departure frequently repeated his hopes of being remembered hereafter.

The mind of Sophia was not at all eaſy under the ſuppoſition of being known at this houſe; for ſhe ſtill applied to herſelf many things which the landlord had addreſſed to Jenny Cameron; ſhe therefore ordered her maid to pump out of him by

what means he had become acquainted with her perſon, and who had offered him the reward for betraying her? She likewiſe ordered the horſes to be in readineſs by four in the morning, at which hour Mrs. Fitzpatrick promiſed to bear her company; and then compoſing herſelf as well as ſhe could, ſhe deſired that lady to continue her ſtory.

CHAP. VII.

In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her hiſtory.

WHILE Mrs. Honour, in purſuance of the commands of her miſtreſs, ordered a bowl of punch, and invited my landlord and landlady to partake of it, Mrs. Fitzpatrick thus went on with her relation.

Moſt of the officers who were quartered at a town in our neighbourhood were of my huſband's acquaintance. Among theſe was a lieutenant, a very pretty ſort of man, and who was married to a woman ſo agreeable both in her temper and converſation, that from our firſt knowing each other, which was ſoon after my lying-in, we were almoſt inſeparable companions; for I had the good fortune to make myſelf equally agreeable to her.

The lieutenant, who was neither a ſot nor a ſportſman, was frequently of our parties; indeed, he was very little with my huſband, and no more than good breeding conſtrained him to be, as he

lived almoſt conſtantly at our houſe. My huſband often expreſſed much diſſatisfaction at the lieutenant's preferring my company to his; he was very angry with me on that account, and gave me many a hearty curſe for drawing away his companions; ſaying, I ought to be d—ned for having ſpoiled one of the prettieſt fellows in the world, by making a milk-ſop of him.

You will be miſtaken, my dear Sophia, if you imagine that the anger of my huſband aroſe from my depriving him of a companion; for the lieutenant was not a perſon with whoſe ſociety a fool could be pleaſed: and if I ſhould admit the poſſibility of this, ſo little right had my huſband to place the loſs of his companion to me, that I am convinced it was my converſation alone which induced him ever to come to the houſe. No, child, it was envy, the worſt and moſt rancorous kind of envy, the envy of ſuperiority of underſtanding. The wretch could not bear to ſee my converſation preferred to his, by a man of whom he could not entertain the leaſt jealouſy. O my dear Sophy! you are a woman of ſenſe; if you marry a man, as is moſt probable you will, of leſs capacity than yourſelf, make frequent trials of his temper before marriage, and ſee whether he can bear to ſubmit to ſuch a ſuperiority. —— Promiſe me, Sophy, you will take this advice; for you will hereafter find its importance. It is very likely I ſhall never

marry

marry at all, anſwered Sophia; I think, at leaſt, I ſhall never marry a man in whoſe underſtanding I ſee any defects before marriage; and I promiſe you I would rather give up my own, than ſee any ſuch afterwards. — Give up your underſtanding! replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Oh fie, child, I will not believe ſo meanly of you. Every thing elſe I might myſelf be brought to give up; but never this. Nature would not have allotted this ſuperiority to the wife in ſo many inſtances, if ſhe had intended we ſhould all of us have ſurrendered it to the huſband. This indeed men of ſenſe never expect of us; of which the lieutenant I have juſt mentioned was one notable example; for though he had a very good underſtanding, he always acknowledged (as was really true) that his wife had a better. And this, perhaps, was one reaſon of the hatred my tyrant bore her.

Before he would be ſo governed by a wife, he ſaid, eſpecially ſuch an ugly b —, (for indeed ſhe was not a regular beauty, but very agreeable and extremely genteel) he would ſee all the women upon earth at the devil, which was a very uſual phraſe with him. He ſaid, he wondered what I could ſee in her to be ſo charmed with her company; ſince this woman, ſays he, hath come among us, there is an end of your beloved reading, which you pretended to like ſo much, that you could not afford time to return the viſits of the ladies, in this

country; and I muſt confeſs I had been guilty of a little rudeneſs this way; for the ladies there are at leaſt no better than the mere country ladies here; and I think I need make no other excuſe to you for declining any intimacy with them.

This correſpondence however continued a whole year, even all the while the lieutenant was quartered in that town; for which I was contented to pay the tax of being conſtantly abuſed in the manner above-mentioned, by my huſband; I mean when he was at home; for he was frequently abſent a month at a time at Dublin, and once made a journey of two months to London; in all which journies I thought it a very ſingular happineſs that he never once deſired my company; nay, by his frequent cenſures on men who could not travel, as he phraſed it, without a wife tied up to their tail, he ſufficiently intimated, that, had I been never ſo deſirous of accompanying him, my wiſhes would have been in vain; but heaven knows, ſuch wiſhes were very far from my thoughts.

At length my friend was removed from me, and I was again left to my ſolitude, to the tormenting converſation with my own reflections, and to apply to books for my only comfort. I now read almoſt all day long. — How many books do you think I read in three months? I can't gueſs indeed, couſin, anſwered Sophia. — Perhaps half a ſcore. Half a ſcore! half a thouſand, child, anſwered the other.

I read a good deal in Daniel's Engliſh Hiſtory of France; a great deal in Plutarch's Lives; the Atalantis, Pope's Homer, Dryden's Plays, Chillingworth, the counteſs D'Aulnoy, and Locke's Human Underſtanding.

During this interval, I wrote three very ſupplicating, and, I thought, moving letters to my aunt; but as I received no anſwer to any of them, my diſdain would not ſuffer me to continue my application. — Here ſhe ſtopt, and looking earneſtly at Sophia, ſaid: Methinks, my dear, I read ſomething in your eyes which reproaches me of a neglect in another place, where I ſhould have met with a kinder return. Indeed, dear Harriet, anſwered Sophia, your ſtory is an apology for any neglect; but indeed I feel that I have been guilty of a remiſsneſs, without ſo good an excuſe — Yet, pray proceed; for I long, though I tremble, to hear the end.

Thus then Mrs. Fitzpatrick reſumed her narrative: My huſband now took a ſecond journey to England, where he continued upwards of three months. During the greater part of this time, I led a life which nothing but having led a worſe, could make me think tolerable; for perfect ſolitude can never be reconciled to a ſocial mind, like mine, but when it relieves you from the company of thoſe you hate What added to my wretchedneſs, was the loſs of my little infant: not that I pretend to have had for it that extravagant tenderneſs of which I believe

I might have been capable under other circumſtances; but I reſolved in every inſtance, to diſcharge the duty of the tendereſt mother; and this care prevented me from feeling the weight of that heavieſt of all things, when it can be at all ſaid to lie heavy on our hands.

I had ſpent full ten weeks almoſt entirely by myſelf, having ſeen no-body all that time, except my ſervants, and a very few viſitors, when a young lady, a relation to my huſband, came from a diſtant part of Ireland to viſit me. She had ſtaid once before a week at my houſe, and then I gave her a preſſing invitation to return; for ſhe was a very agreeable woman, and had improved good natural parts by a proper education. Indeed ſhe was to me a moſt welcome gueſt.

A few days after her arrival, perceiving me in very low ſpirits, without enquiring the cauſe, which indeed ſhe very well knew, the young lady fell to compaſſionating my caſe. She ſaid, though politeneſs had prevented me from complaining to my huſband's relations of his behaviour; yet they all were very ſenſible of it, and felt great concern upon that account; but none more than herſelf: and after ſome more general diſcourſe on this head, which I own I could not forbear countenancing; at laſt, after much previous precaution, and enjoined concealment, ſhe communicated to me, as a profound ſecret — that my huſband kept a miſtreſs.

You will certainly imagine, I heard this news with the utmoſt inſenſibility. — Upon my word, if you do, your imagination will miſlead you. Contempt had not ſo kept down my anger to my huſband, but that hatred roſe again on this occaſion. What can be the reaſon of this? Are we ſo abominably ſelfiſh, that we can be concerned at others having poſſeſſion even of what we deſpiſe? Or are we not rather abominably vain, and is not this the greateſt injury done to our vanity? What think you, Sophia?

I don't know, indeed, anſwered Sophia; I have never troubled myſelf with any of theſe deep contemplations; but I think the lady did very ill in communicating to you ſuch a ſecret.

And yet, my dear, this conduct is natural, replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; and when you have ſeen and read as much as myſelf, you will acknowledge it to be ſo.

I am ſorry to hear it is natural, returned Sophia; for I want neither reading nor experience to convince me, that it is very diſhonourable and very ill-natured: nay, it is ſurely as ill-bred to tell a huſband or wife of the faults of each other, as to tell them of their own.

Well, continued Mrs. Fitzpatrick, my huſband at laſt returned; and if I am thoroughly acquainted with my own thoughts, I hated him now more than ever; but I deſpiſed him rather leſs: for certainly nothing ſo much weakens our contempt, as an injury done to our pride or our vanity.

He now aſſumed a carriage to me, ſo very different from what he had lately worn, and ſo nearly reſembling his behaviour the firſt week of our marriage, that had I now had any ſpark of love remaining, he might, poſſibly, have rekindled my fondneſs for him. But though hatred may ſucceed to contempt, and may, perhaps, get the better of it, love, I believe, cannot. The truth is, the paſſion of love is too reſtleſs to remain contented, without the gratification which it receives from its object: and one can no more be inclined to love without loving, than we can have eyes without ſeeing. When a huſband, therefore, ceaſes to be the object of this paſſion, it is moſt probable ſome other man — I ſay, my dear, if your huſband grows indifferent to you — if you once come to deſpiſe him — I ſay, — that is, — if you have the paſſion of love in you — Lud! I have bewildered myſelf ſo, — but one is apt, in theſe abſtracted conſiderations, to loſe the concatenation of ideas, as Mr. Locke ſays. — In ſhort, the truth is — in ſhort, I ſcarce know what it is; but, as I was ſaying, my huſband returned, and his behaviour, at firſt, greatly ſurpriſed me; but he ſoon acquainted me with the motive, and taught me to account for it. In a word, then, he had ſpent and loſt all the ready money of my fortune; and as he could mort-gage his own eſtate no deeper, he was now deſirous to ſupply himſelf with caſh for his extravagance, by ſelling a little eſtate of mine, which

he could not do without my aſſiſtance; and to obtain this favour was the whole and ſole motive of all the fondneſs which he now put on.

With this I peremptorily refuſed to comply. I told him, and I told him truly, that had I been poſſeſſed of the Indies at our firſt marriage, he might have commanded it all: for it had been a conſtant maxim with me, that where a woman diſpoſes of her heart, ſhe ſhould always depoſit her fortune; but as he had been ſo kind, long ago, to reſtore the former into my poſſeſſion, I was reſolved likewiſe to retain what little remained of the latter.

I will not deſcribe to you the paſſion into which theſe words, and the reſolute air in which they were ſpoken, threw him: nor will I trouble you with the whole ſcene which ſucceeded between us. Out came, you may be well aſſured, the ſtory of the miſtreſs; and out it did come, with all the embelliſhments which anger and diſdain could beſtow upon it.

Mr. Fitzpatrick ſeemed a little thunderſtruck with this, and more confuſed than I had ſeen him; though his ideas are always confuſed enough, heaven knows. He did not, however, endeavour to exculpate himſelf; but took a method which almoſt equally confounded me. What was this but recrimination! He affected to be jealous; — he may, for ought I know, be inclined enough to jealouſy in his natural temper: nay, he muſt have had it from nature, or the devil

muſt have put it into his head; for I defy all the world to caſt a juſt aſperſion on my character: nay, the moſt ſcandalous tongues have never dared to cenſure my reputation. My fame, I thank heaven, hath been always as ſpotleſs as my life; and let falſhood itſelf accuſe that, if it dare. No, my dear Graveairs, however provoked, however ill-treated, however injured in my love, I have firmly reſolved never to give the leaſt room for cenſure on this account. — And yet, my dear, there are ſome people ſo malicious, ſome tongues ſo venomous, that no innocence can eſcape them. The moſt undeſigned word, the moſt accidental look, the leaſt familiarity, the moſt innocent freedom, will be miſconſtrued, and magnified into I know not what, by ſome people. But I deſpiſe, my dear Graveairs, I deſpiſe all ſuch ſlander. No ſuch malice, I aſſure you, ever gave me an uneaſy moment. No, no, I promiſe you I am above all that. — But where was I? O let me ſee, I told you my huſband was jealous — And of whom, pray? — Why of whom but the lieutenant I mentioned to you before? He was obliged to reſort above a year and more back, to find any object for this unaccountable paſſion, if indeed he really felt any ſuch, and was not an arrant counterfeit, in order to abuſe me.

But I have tired you already with too many particulars. I will now bring my ſtory to a very ſpeedy concluſion. In ſhort, then, after many ſcenes

very unworthy to be repeated, in which my couſin engaged ſo heartily on my ſide, that Mr. Fitzpatrick at laſt turned her out of doors; when he found I was neither to be ſoothed nor bullied into compliance, he took a very violent method indeed. Perhaps you will conclude he beat me; but this, though he hath approached very near to it, he never actually did. He confined me to my room, without ſuffering me to have either pen, ink, paper, or book; and a ſervant every day made my bed, and brought me my food.

When I had remained a week under this impriſonment, he made me a viſit, and, with the voice of a ſchool-maſter, or, what is often much the ſame, of a tyrant, aſked me, if I would yet comply? I anſwered very ſtoutly, that I would die firſt. Then ſo you ſhall, and be d — ned, cries he: for you ſhall never go alive out of this room.

Here I remained a fortnight longer; and, to ſay the truth, my conſtancy was almoſt ſubdued, and I began to think of ſubmiſſion; when one day, in the abſence of my huſband, who was gone abroad for ſome ſhort time, by the greateſt good fortune in the world, an accident happened. — I — at a time when I began to give way to the utmoſt deſpair — every thing would be excuſable at ſuch a time — at that very time I received — But it would take up an hour to tell you all particulars. — In one word, then, (for I will not tire you with circumſtances) gold,

the common key to all padlocks, opened my door, and ſet me at liberty.

I now made haſte to Dublin, where I immediately procured a paſſage to England; and was proceeding to Bath, in order to throw myſelf into the protection of my aunt, or of your father, or of any relation who would afford it me. My huſband overtook me laſt night, at the inn where I lay, and which you left a few minutes before me; but I had the good luck to eſcape him, and to follow you.

And thus, my dear, ends my hiſtory: a tragical one, I am ſure, it is to myſelf; but, perhaps, I ought rather to apologize to you for its dulneſs.

Sophia heaved a deep ſigh, and anſwered: Indeed, Harriet, I pity you from my ſoul! — But what could you expect? Why, why, would you marry an Iriſhman?

Upon my word, replied her couſin, your cenſure is unjuſt. There are, among the Iriſh, men of as much worth and honour, as any among the Engliſh: nay, to ſpeak the truth, generoſity of ſpirit is rather more common among them. I have known ſome examples there too of good huſbands; and, I believe, theſe are not very plenty in England. Aſk me, rather, what I could expect when I married a fool? and I will tell you a ſolemn truth; I did not know him to be ſo. — Can no man, ſaid Sophia, in a very low and altered voice, do you think, make a bad huſband, who is not a fool? That, anſwered

the other, is too general a negative; but none, I believe, ſo likely as a fool to prove ſo. Among my acquaintance, the ſillieſt fellows are the worſt huſbands; and I will venture to aſſert, as a fact, that a man of ſenſe rarely behaves very ill to a wife, who deſerves very well.

CHAP. VIII.

A dreadful alarm in the inn, with the arrival of an unexpected friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

SOPHIA now, at the deſire of her couſin, related — not what follows, but what hath gone before in this hiſtory: for which reaſon the reader will, I ſuppoſe, excuſe me, for not repeating it over again.

One remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her narrative, namely, that ſhe made no more mention of Jones, from the beginning to the end, than if there had been no ſuch perſon alive. This I will neither endeavour to account for, nor to excuſe. Indeed, if this may be called a kind of diſhoneſty, it ſeems the more inexcuſable, from the apparent openneſs and explicit ſincerity of the other lady. — But ſo it was.

Juſt as Sophia arrived at the concluſion of her ſtory, there arrived in the room where the two ladies were ſitting, a noiſe, not unlike, in loudneſs, to that

of a pack of hounds juſt let out from their kennel; nor, in ſhrillneſs, to cats, when caterwauling; or, to ſcreech-owls; or indeed, more like (for what animal can reſemble a human voice?) to thoſe ſounds, which, in the pleaſant manſions of that gate, which ſeems to derive its name from a duplicity of tongues, iſſue from the mouths, and ſometimes from the noſtrils of thoſe fair river-nymphs, ycleped of old the Naïades; in the vulgar tongue tranſlated oyſter-wenches: for when, inſtead of the ancient libations of milk and honey and oil, the rich diſtillation from the juniper-berry, or perhaps, from malt, hath, by the early devotion of their votaries, been poured forth in great abundance, ſhould any daring tongue with unhallowed licenſe prophane, *i. e.* depreciate, the delicate fat Milton oyſter, the plaice ſound and firm, the flounder as much alive as when in the water, the ſhrimp as big as a prawn, the fine cod alive but a few hours ago, or any other of the various treaſures, which thoſe water-deities, who fiſh the ſea and rivers, have committed to the care of the nymphs, the angry Naïades lift up their immortal voices, and the prophane wretch is ſtruck deaf for his impiety.

Such was the noiſe, which now burſt from one of the rooms below; and ſoon the thunder, which long had rattled at a diſtance, began to approach nearer and nearer, 'till having aſcended by degrees up ſtairs, it at laſt entered the apartment where the ladies were. In ſhort, to drop all metaphor and figure, Mrs.

Honour having ſcolded violently below ſtairs, and continued the ſame all the way up, came in to her miſtreſs in a moſt outrageous paſſion, crying out: What doth your la'ſhip think? Would you imagine, that this impudent villain, the maſter of this houſe, hath had the impudence to tell me, nay, to ſtand it out to my face, that your la'ſhip is that naſty, ſtinking wh—re, (Jenny Cameron they call her) that runs about the country with the pretender? Nay, the lying, ſaucy villain, had the aſſurance to tell me, that your la'ſhip had owned yourſelf to be ſo: but I have clawed the raſcal; I have left the marks of my nails in his impudent face. My lady! ſays I, you ſaucy ſcoundrel: my lady is meat for no pretenders. She is a young lady of as good faſhion, and family, and fortune, as any in Somerſetſhire. Did you never hear of the great 'ſquire Weſtern, ſirrah? She is his only daughter; ſhe is, — and heireſs to all his great eſtate. My lady to be called a naſty Scotch wh — re by ſuch a varlet! — To be ſure, I wiſh I had knocked his brains out with the punch-bowl.

The principal uneaſineſs with which Sophia was affected on this occaſion, Honour had herſelf cauſed, by having in her paſſion diſcovered who ſhe was. However, as this miſtake of the landlord ſufficiently accounted for thoſe paſſages which Sophia had before miſtaken, ſhe acquired ſome eaſe on that account; nor could ſhe, upon the whole, forbear ſmiling

This enraged Honour, and ſhe cried: Indeed, Ma'am, I did not think your la'ſhip would have made a laughing matter of it. To be called whore by ſuch an impudent low raſcal. Your la'ſhip may be angry with me, for ought I know, for taking your part, ſince proffered ſervice, they ſay, ſtinks; but to be ſure I could never bear to hear a lady of mine called whore.— Nor will I bear it. I am ſure your la'ſhip is as virtuous a lady as ever ſat foot on Engliſh ground, and I will claw any villain's eyes out who dares for to offer to preſume for to ſay the leaſt word to the contrary. No body ever could ſay the leaſt ill of the character of any lady that ever I waited upon.

Hinc illæ lachrymæ; in plain truth, Honour had as much love for her miſtreſs as moſt ſervants have, that is to ſay — But beſides this, her pride obliged her to ſupport the character of the lady ſhe waited on; for ſhe thought her own was in a very cloſe manner connected with it. In proportion as the character of her miſtreſs was raiſed, hers likewiſe, as ſhe conceived, was raiſed with it; and, on the contrary, ſhe thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

On this ſubject, reader, I muſt ſtop a moment to tell thee a ſtory. The famous Nell Gwynn, ſtepping one day from a houſe where ſhe had made a ſhort viſit, into her coach, ſaw a great mob aſſembled, and her footman all bloody and dirty; the fellow

being aſked by his miſtreſs, the reaſon of his being in that condition, anſwered: I have been fighting, Madam, with an impudent raſcal who called your ladyſhip a wh—re. You blockhead, replied Mrs. Gwynn, at this rate you muſt fight every day of your life; why, you fool, all the world knows it. Do they? cries the fellow, in a muttering voice, after he had ſhut the coach-door, they ſhan't call me a whore's footman for all that.

Thus the paſſion of Mrs. Honour appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwiſe accounted for; but, in reality, there was another cauſe of her anger; for which we muſt beg leave to remind our reader of a circumſtance mentioned in the above ſimile. There are indeed certain liquors, which being applied to our paſſions, or to fire, produce effects the very reverſe of thoſe produced by water, as they ſerve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguiſh. Among theſe, the generous liquor called punch is one. It was not therefore without reaſon, that the learned Dr. Cheney uſed to call drinking punch, pouring liquid fire down your throat.

Now Mrs. Honour had unluckily poured ſo much of this liquid fire down her throat, that the ſmoke of it began to aſcend into her pericranium, and blinded the eyes of reaſon, which is there ſuppoſed to keep her reſidence, while the fire itſelf from the ſtomach eaſily reached the heart, and there inflamed the noble paſſion of pride. So that upon

the whole, we ſhall ceaſe to wonder at the violent rage of the waiting-woman; though at firſt ſight we muſt confeſs the cauſe ſeems inadequate to the effect.

Sophia, and her couſin both, did all in their power to extinguiſh theſe flames, which had roared ſo loudly all over the houſe. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the metaphor one ſtep farther, the fire having conſumed all the fuel which the language affords, to wit, every reproachful term in it, at laſt went out of its own accord.

But though tranquillity was reſtored above ſtairs, it was not ſo below; where my landlady highly reſenting the injury done to the beauty of her huſband, by the fleſh-ſpades of Mrs. Honour, called aloud for revenge and juſtice. As to the poor man who had principally ſuffered in the engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the blood which he loſt, might have cooled his anger: for the enemy had not only applied her nails to his cheeks, but likewiſe her fiſt to his noſtrils, which lamented the blow with tears of blood in great abundance. To this we may add reflections on his miſtake; but indeed nothing ſo effectually ſilenced his reſentment, as the manner in which he now diſcovered his error: for as to the behaviour of Mrs. Honour, it had the more confirmed him in his opinion; but he was now aſſured by a perſon of great figure, and who was attended by a great equipage, that one of the ladies was a woman

woman of faſhion, and his intimate acquaintance.

By the orders of this perſon, the landlord now aſcended, and acquainted our fair travellers, that a great gentleman below deſired to do them the honour of waiting on them. Sophia turned pale, and trembled at this meſſage, though the reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithſtanding the landlord's blunder, to have come from her father; but fear hath the common fault of a juſtice of peace, and is apt to conclude haſtily from every ſlight circumſtance, without examining the evidence on both ſides.

To eaſe the reader's curioſity, therefore, rather than his apprehenſions, we proceed to inform him, that an Iriſh peer had arrived very late that evening at the inn in his way to London. This nobleman having ſallied from his ſupper at the hurricane before commemorated, had ſeen the attendant of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and upon a ſhort enquiry, was informed, that her lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted, was above. This information he had no ſooner received, than he addreſſed himſelf to the landlord, pacified him, and ſent him up ſtairs, with compliments rather civiller than thoſe which were delivered.

It may perhaps be wondered at, that the waiting-woman herſelf was not the meſſenger employed on this occaſion; but we are ſorry to ſay, ſhe was not at preſent qualified for that, or indeed for any other office. The rum (for ſo the landlord choſe to call

the diſtillation from malt) had baſely taken the advantage of the fatigue which the poor woman had undergone, and had made terrible depredations on her noble faculties, at a time when they were very unable to reſiſt the attack.

We ſhall not deſcribe this tragical ſcene too fully; but we thought ourſelves obliged by that hiſtoric integrity which we profeſs, ſhortly to hint a matter which we would otherwiſe have been glad to have ſpared. Many hiſtorians indeed, for want of this integrity, or of diligence, to ſay no worſe, often leave the reader to find out theſe little circumſtances in the dark, and ſometimes to his great confuſion and perplexity.

Sophia was very ſoon eaſed of her cauſeleſs fright by the entry of the noble peer, who was not only an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but in reality a very particular friend of that lady. To ſay truth, it was by his aſſiſtance, that ſhe had been enabled to eſcape from her huſband; for this nobleman had the ſame gallant diſpoſition with thoſe renowned knights, of whom we read in heroic ſtory, and had delivered many an impriſoned nymph from durance. He was indeed as bitter an enemy to the ſavage authority too often exerciſed by huſbands and fathers, over the young and lovely of the other ſex, as ever knight-errant was to the barbarous power of enchanters: nay, to ſay truth, I have often ſuſpected hat thoſe very enchanters with which romance every

where abounds, were in reality no other than the huſbands of thoſe days; and matrimony itſelf was perhaps the enchanted caſtle in which the nymphs were ſaid to be confined.

This nobleman had an eſtate in the neighbourhood of Fitzpatrick, and had been for ſome time acquainted with the lady. No ſooner therefore did he hear of her confinement, than he earneſtly applied himſelf to procure her liberty; which he preſently effected, not by ſtorming the caſtle, according to the example of ancient heroes, but by corrupting the governor, in conformity with the modern art of war; in which craft is held to be preferable to valour, and gold is found to be more irreſiſtible than either lead or ſteel.

This circumſtance, however, as the lady did not think it material enough to relate to her friend, we would not at that time impart it to the reader. We rather choſe to leave him a while under a ſuppoſition, that ſhe had found, or coined, or by ſome very extraordinary, perhaps ſupernatural means, had poſſeſſed herſelf of the money with which ſhe had bribed her keeper, than to interrupt her narrative by giving a hint of what ſeemed to her of too little importance to be mentioned.

The peer, after a ſhort converſation, could not forbear expreſſing ſome ſurpriſe at meeting the lady in that place; nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined ſhe had been gone to Bath. Mrs.

Fitzpatrick very freely anſwered, that ſhe had been prevented in her purpoſe by the arrival of a perſon ſhe need not mention. In ſhort, ſays ſhe, I was overtaken by my huſband (for I need not affect to conceal what the world knows too well already.) I had the good fortune to eſcape in a moſt ſurpriſing manner, and am now going to London with this young lady, who is a near relation of mine, and who hath eſcaped from as great a tyrant as my own.

His lordſhip concluding that this tyrant was likewiſe a huſband, made a ſpeech full of compliments to both the ladies, and as full of invectives againſt his own ſex; nor indeed did he avoid ſome oblique glances at the matrimonial inſtitution itſelf, and at the unjuſt powers given by it to man over the more ſenſible, and more meritorious part of the ſpecies. He ended his oration with an offer of his protection, and of his coach and ſix, which was inſtantly accepted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and at laſt, upon her perſuaſions, by Sophia.

Matters being thus adjuſted, his lordſhip took his leave, and the ladies retired to reſt, where Mrs. Fitzpatrick entertained her couſin with many high encomiums on the character of the noble peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great fondneſs for his wife; ſaying, ſhe believed he was almoſt the only perſon of high rank, who was entirely conſtant to the marriage-bed. Indeed, added ſhe, my dear Sophy,

that is a very rare virtue amongſt men of condition. Never expect it when you marry; for, believe me, if you do, you will certainly be deceived.

A gentle ſigh ſtole from Sophia at theſe words, which perhaps contributed to form a dream of no very pleaſant kind; but as ſhe never revealed this dream to any one, ſo the reader cannot expect to ſee it related here.

CHAP. IX.

The morning introduced in ſome pretty writing. A ſtage-coach. The civility of chambermaids. The heroic temper of Sophia. Her generoſity. The return to it. The departure of the company, and their arrival at London; with ſome remarks for the uſe of travellers.

THOSE members of the ſociety, who are born to furniſh the bleſſings of life, now began to light their candles, in order to purſue their daily labours, for the uſe of thoſe who are born to enjoy theſe bleſſings. The ſturdy hind now attends the levee of his fellow-labourer the ox; the cunning artificer, the diligent mechanic, ſpring from their hard mattreſs; and now the bonny houſe-maid begins to repair the diſordered drum-room, while the riotous authors of that diſorder, in broken interrupted

ſlumbers, tumble and toſs, as if the hardneſs of down diſquieted their repoſe.

In ſimple phraſe, the clock had no ſooner ſtruck ſeven, than the ladies were ready for their journey; and at their deſire, his lordſhip and his equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a matter of ſome difficulty aroſe; and this was, how his lordſhip himſelf ſhould be conveyed: for though in ſtage-coaches, where paſſengers are properly conſidered as ſo much luggage, the ingenious coachman ſtows half a dozen with perfect eaſe into the place of four: for well he contrives that the fat hoſteſs, or well-fed alderman, may take up no more room than the ſlim miſs, or taper maſter; it being the nature of guts, when well ſqueezed, to give way, and to lie in a narrow compaſs; yet in theſe vehicles which are called, for diſtinction-ſake, gentlemen's coaches, though they are often larger than the others, this method of packing is never attempted.

His lordſhip would have put a ſhort end to the difficulty, by very gallantly deſiring to mount his horſe; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means conſent to it. It was therefore concluded that the Abigails ſhould by turns relieve each other on one of his lordſhip's horſes, which was preſently equipped with a ſide ſaddle for that purpoſe.

Every thing being ſettled at the inn, the ladies diſcharged their former guides, and Sophia made a

preſent to the landlord, partly to repair the bruiſe which he had received under herſelf, and partly on account of what he had ſuffered under the hands of her enraged waiting-woman. And now Sophia firſt diſcovered a loſs which gave her ſome uneaſineſs; and this was of the hundred pound bank-bill which her father had given her at their laſt meeting; and which, within a very inconſiderable trifle, was all the treaſure ſhe was at preſent worth. She ſearched every where, and ſhook, and tumbled all her things to no purpoſe; the bill was not to be found: and ſhe was at laſt fully perſuaded that ſhe had loſt it from her pocket, when ſhe had the misfortune of tumbling from her horſe in the dark lane, as before recorded: a fact that ſeemed the more probable, as ſhe now recollected ſome diſcompoſure in her pockets which had happened at that time, and the great difficulty with which ſhe had drawn forth her handkerchief the very inſtant before her fall, in order to relieve the diſtreſs of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Misfortunes of this kind, whatever inconveniences they may be attended with, are incapable of ſubduing a mind in which there is any ſtrength, without the aſſiſtance of avarice. Sophia therefore, though nothing could be worſe timed than this accident, at ſuch a ſeaſon, immediately got the better of her concern, and with her wonted ſerenity and cheerfulneſs of countenance, returned to her company. His lordſhip conducted the ladies into the vehicle, as he did

likewiſe Mrs. Honour, who, after many civilities, and more dear Ma'ams, at laſt yielded to the well-bred importunities of her ſiſter Abigail, and ſubmitted to be complimented with the firſt ride in the coach; in which indeed ſhe would afterwards have been contented to have purſued her whole journey, had not her miſtreſs, after ſeveral fruitleſs intimations, at length forced her to take her turn on horſeback.

The coach now having received its company, began to move forwards, attended by many ſervants, and by two led captains, who had before rode with his lordſhip, and who would have been diſmiſſed from the vehicle upon a much leſs worthy occaſion, than was this of accommodating two ladies. In this they acted only as gentlemen; but they were ready at any time to have performed the office of a footman, or indeed would have condeſcended lower, for the honour of his lordſhip's company, and for the convenience of his table.

My landlord was ſo pleaſed with the preſent he had received from Sophia, that he rather rejoiced in than regretted his bruiſe, or his ſcratches. The reader will perhaps be curious to know the *Quantum* of this preſent; but we cannot ſatisfy his curioſity. Whatever it was, it ſatisfied the landlord for his bodily hurt; but he lamented he had not known before how little the lady valued her money: For to be ſure, ſays he, one might have charged every article double, and ſhe would have made no cavil at the reckoning.

His wife, however, was far from drawing this concluſion; whether ſhe really felt any injury done to her huſband more than he did himſelf, I will not ſay; certain it is, ſhe was much leſs ſatisfied with the generoſity of Sophia. Indeed, cries ſhe, my dear, the lady knows better how to diſpoſe of her money than you imagine. She might very well think we ſhould not put up ſuch a buſineſs without ſome ſatisfaction, and the law would have coſt her an infinite deal more than this poor little matter, which I wonder you would take. You are always ſo bloodily wiſe, quoth the huſband: it would have coſt her more, would it? doſt fancy I don't know that as well as thee? but would any of that more, or ſo much, have come into our pockets? Indeed, if ſon Tom the lawyer had been alive, I could have been glad to have put ſuch a pretty buſineſs into his hands. He would have got a good picking out of it; but I have no relation now who is a lawyer, and why ſhould I go to law for the benefit of ſtrangers? Nay, to be ſure, anſwered ſhe, you muſt know beſt. I believe I do, replied he. I fancy when money is to be got, I can ſmell it out as well as another. Every body, let me tell you, would not have talked people out of this. Mind that, I ſay; every body would not have cajoled this out of her, mind that. The wife then joined in the applauſe of her huſband's ſagacity; and thus ended the ſhort dialogue between them on this occaſion.

We will therefore take our leave of theſe good people, and attend his lordſhip and his fair companions, who made ſuch good expedition, that they performed a journey of ninety miles in two days, and on the ſecond evening arrived in London, without having encountered any one adventure on the road worthy the dignity of this hiſtory to relate. Our pen, therefore, ſhall imitate the expedition which it deſcribes, and our hiſtory ſhall keep pace with the travellers who are its ſubject. Good writers will indeed do well to imitate the ingenious traveller in this inſtance, who always proportions his ſtay at any place, to the beauties, elegancies, and curioſities which it affords. At Eſhur, at Stowe, at Wilton, at Eſtbury, and at Prior's Park, days are too ſhort for the raviſhed imagination; while we admire the wonderous power of art in improving nature. In ſome of theſe, art chiefly engages our admiration; in others, nature and art contend for our applauſe; but in the laſt, the former ſeems to triumph. Here nature appears in her richeſt attire, and art dreſſed with the modeſteſt ſimplicity, attends its benignant miſtreſs. Here nature indeed pours forth the choiceſt treaſures which ſhe hath laviſhed on this world: and here human nature preſents you with an object which can be exceeded only in the other.

The ſame taſte, the ſame imagination, which luxuriouſly riots in theſe elegant ſcenes, can be amuſed with objects of far inferior note. The woods, the

rivers, the lawns of Devon and of Dorſet, attract the eye of the ingenious traveller, and retard his pace, which delay he afterwards compenſates by ſwiftly ſcouring over the gloomy heath of Bagſhot, or that pleaſant plain which extends itſelf weſtward from Stock-bridge, where no other object than one ſingle tree only in ſixteen miles preſents itſelf to the view, unleſs the clouds, in compaſſion to our tired ſpirits, kindly open their variegated manſions to our proſpect.

Not ſo travels the money-meditating tradeſman, the ſagacious juſtice, the dignified doctor, the warm-clad grazier, with all the numerous offspring of wealth and dulneſs. On they jog, with equal pace, through the verdant meadows, or over the barren heath, their horſes meaſuring four miles and a half *per* hour with the utmoſt exactneſs; the eyes of the beaſt and of his maſter being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the ſame objects in the ſame manner. With equal rapture the good rider ſurveys the proudeſt boaſts of the architect, and thoſe fair buildings with which ſome unknown name hath adorned the rich cloathing-town; where heaps of bricks are piled up as a kind of monument, to ſhew that heaps of money have been piled there before.

And now, reader, as we are in haſte to attend our heroine, we will leave to thy ſagacity to apply all this to the Bœotian writers, and to thoſe authors

who are their oppoſites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our aid. Beſtir thyſelf therefore on this occaſion; for though we will always lend thee proper aſſiſtance in difficult places, as we do not, like ſome others, expect thee to uſe the arts of divination to diſcover our meaning; yet we ſhall not indulge thy lazineſs where nothing but thy own attention is required: for thou art highly miſtaken if thou doſt imagine that we intended, when we began this great work, to leave thy ſagacity nothing to do; or that, without ſometimes exerciſing this talent, thou wilt be able to travel through our pages with any pleaſure or profit to thyſelf.

CHAP. X.

Containing a hint or two concerning virtue, and a few more concerning ſuſpicion.

OUR company being arrived at London, were ſet down at his lordſhip's houſe, where, while they refreſhed themſelves after the fatigue of their journey, ſervants were diſpatched to provide a lodging for the two ladies; for as her ladyſhip was not then in town, Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means conſent to accept a bed in the manſion of the peer.

Some will perhaps condemn this extraordinary

delicacy, as I may call it, of virtue, as too nice and ſcrupulous; but we muſt make allowances for her ſituation, which muſt be owned to have been very tickliſh; and when we conſider the malice of cenſorious tongues, we muſt allow, if it was a fault, the fault was an exceſs on the right ſide, and which every woman who is in the ſelf-ſame ſituation will do well to imitate. The moſt formal appearance of virtue, when it is only an appearance, may, perhaps, in very abſtracted conſiderations, ſeem to be rather leſs commendable than virtue itſelf without this formality; but it will, however, be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is neceſſary, unleſs in ſome very particular caſes, for every woman to ſupport either the one or the other.

A lodging being prepared, Sophia accompanied her couſin for that evening; but reſolved early in the morning to enquire after the lady, into whoſe protection, as we have formerly mentioned, ſhe had determined to throw herſelf, when ſhe quitted her father's houſe. And this ſhe was the more eager in doing, from ſome obſervations ſhe had made during her journey in the coach.

Now as we would by no means fix the odious character of ſuſpicion on Sophia, we are almoſt afraid to open to our reader the conceits which filled her mind concerning Mrs. Fitzpatrick; of whom ſhe certainly entertained at preſent ſome doubts; which, as they are very apt to enter into the boſoms of

the worſt of people, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have firſt ſuggeſted a word or two to our reader touching ſuſpicion in general.

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two degrees. The firſt of theſe I chuſe to derive from the heart, as the extreme velocity of its diſcernment ſeems to denote ſome previous inward impulſe, and the rather, as this ſuperlative degree often forms its own objects; ſees what is not, and always more than really exiſts. This is that quick-ſighted penetration, whoſe hawk's eyes no ſymptom of evil can eſcape; which obſerves not only upon the actions, but upon the words and looks of men; and as it proceeds from the heart of the obſerver, ſo it dives into the heart of the obſerved, and there eſpies evil, as it were, in the firſt embryo; nay, ſometimes, before it can be ſaid to be conceived. An admirable faculty, if it were infallible; but as this degree of perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal being; ſo from the fallibility of ſuch acute diſcernment have ariſen many ſad miſchiefs and moſt grievous heart-achs to innocence and virtue. I cannot help therefore regarding this vaſt quick-ſightedneſs into evil, as a vicious exceſs, and as a very pernicious evil in itſelf. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad heart, for the reaſons I have above mentioned, and for one more, namely, becauſe I never knew it the property of a good one.

Now from this degree of ſuſpicion I entirely and abſolutely acquit Sophia.

A ſecond degree of this quality ſeems to ariſe from the head. This is indeed no other than the faculty of ſeeing what is before your eyes, and of drawing concluſions from what you ſee. The former of theſe is unavoidable by thoſe who have any eyes, and the latter is perhaps no leſs certain and neceſſary a conſequence of our having any brains. This is altogether as bitter an enemy to guilt, as the former is to innocence; nor can I ſee it in an unamiable light, even though, through human fallibility, it ſhould be ſometimes miſtaken. For inſtance, if a huſband ſhould accidentally ſurpriſe his wife in the lap or in the embraces of ſome of thoſe pretty young gentlemen who profeſs the art of cuckold-making, I ſhould not highly, I think, blame him for concluding ſomething more than what he ſaw, from the familiarities which he really had ſeen, and which we are at leaſt favourable enough to, when we call them innocent freedoms. The reader will eaſily ſuggeſt great plenty of inſtances to himſelf; I ſhall add but one more, which, however unchriſtian it may be thought by ſome, I cannot help eſteeming to be ſtrictly juſtifiable; and this is a ſuſpicion that a man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is poſſible for one who hath been a villain once, to act the ſame part again. And to confeſs the truth, of this degree of ſuſpicion, I

believe Sophia was guilty. From this degree of ſuſpicion ſhe had, in fact, conceived an opinion, that her couſin was really not better than ſhe ſhould be.

The caſe, it ſeems, was this: Mrs. Fitzpatrick wiſely conſidered, that the virtue of a young lady is, in the world, in the ſame ſituation with a poor hare, which is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its enemies: for it can hardly meet any other. No ſooner therefore was ſhe determined to take the firſt opportunity of quitting the protection of her huſband, than ſhe reſolved to caſt herſelf under the protection of ſome other man; and whom could ſhe ſo properly chuſe to be her guardian as a perſon of quality, of fortune, of honour; and who, beſides a gallant diſpoſition, which inclines men to knight-errantry, that is, to be the champions of ladies in diſtreſs, had often declared a violent attachment to herſelf, and had already given her all the inſtances of it in his power?

But as the law hath fooliſhly omitted this office of vice-huſband, or guardian to an eloped lady; and as malice is apt to denominate him by a more diſagreeable appellation; it was concluded that his lordſhip ſhould perform all ſuch kind offices to the lady in ſecret, and without publickly aſſuming the character of her protector. Nay, to prevent any other perſon from ſeeing him in this light, it was agreed that the lady ſhould proceed directly to Bath:

and

and that his lordſhip ſhould firſt go to London, and thence ſhould go down to that place, by the advice of his phyſicians.

Now all this Sophia very plainly underſtood, not from the lips or behaviour of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but from the peer, who was infinitely leſs expert at retaining a ſecret, than was the good lady; and perhaps the exact ſecrecy which Mrs. Fitzpatrick had obſerved on this head in her narrative, ſerved not a little to heighten thoſe ſuſpicions which were now riſen in the mind of her couſin.

Sophia very eaſily found out the lady ſhe ſought; for, indeed, there was not a chairman in town to whom her houſe was not perfectly well known; and as ſhe received, in return of her firſt meſſage, a moſt preſſing invitation, ſhe immediately accepted it. Mrs. Fitzpatrick indeed did not deſire her couſin to ſtay with her with more earneſtneſs than civility required. Whether ſhe had diſcerned and reſented the ſuſpicion above-mentioned, or from what other motive it aroſe, I cannot ſay; but certain it is, ſhe was full as deſirous of parting with Sophia, as Sophia herſelf could be of going.

The young lady, when ſhe came to take leave of her couſin, could not avoid giving her a ſhort hint of advice. She begged her, for heaven's ſake, to take care of herſelf, and to conſider in how dangerous a ſituation ſhe ſtood; adding, ſhe hoped ſome method would be found of reconciling her

to her huſband. You muſt remember, my dear, ſays ſhe, the maxim which my aunt Weſtern hath ſo often repeated to us both; That whenever the matrimonial alliance is broke, and war declared between huſband and wife, ſhe can hardly make a diſadvantageous peace for herſelf on any conditions. Theſe are my aunt's very words, and ſhe hath had a great deal of experience in the world. Mrs. Fitzpatrick anſwered with a contemptuous ſmile: Never fear me, child, take care of yourſelf; for you are younger than I. I will come and viſit you in a few days; but, dear Sophy, let me give you one piece of advice: leave the character of Graveairs in the country; for, believe me, it will ſit very aukwardly upon you in this town.

Thus the two couſins parted, and Sophia repaired directly to lady Bellaſton, where ſhe found a moſt hearty, as well as a moſt polite welcome. The lady had taken a great fancy to her when ſhe had ſeen her formerly with her aunt Weſtern. She was indeed extremely glad to ſee her, and was no ſooner acquainted with the reaſons which induced her to leave the 'ſquire and fly to London, than ſhe highly applauded her ſenſe and reſolution; and after expreſſing the higheſt ſatisfaction in the opinion which Sophia had declared ſhe entertained of her ladyſhip, by chuſing her houſe for an aſylum, ſhe promiſed her all the protection which it was in her power to give.

As we have now brought Sophia into ſafe hands,

the reader will, I apprehend, be contented to depoſit her there a while, and to look a little after other perſonages, and particularly poor Jones, whom we have left long enough to do penance for his paſt offences, which, as is the nature of vice, brought ſufficient puniſhment upon him themſelves.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XII.

Containing the ſame individual time with the former.

CHAP. I.

Shewing what is to be deemed plagiariſm in a modern author, and what is to be conſidered as a lawful prize.

THE learned reader muſt have obſerved, that in the courſe of this mighty work, I have often tranſlated paſſages out of the beſt ancient authors, without quoting the original, or without taking the leaſt notice of the book from whence they were borrowed.

This conduct in writing is placed in a very proper light by the ingenious Abbé Bannier, in his preface to his Mythology, a work of great erudition, and of equal judgment. It will be eaſy, ſays he, for

the reader to obſerve, that I have frequently had greater regard to him, than to my own reputation; for an author certainly pays him a conſiderable compliment, when for his ſake he ſuppreſſes learned quotations that come in his way, and which would have coſt him but the bare trouble of tranſcribing.

To fill up a work with theſe ſcraps may indeed be conſidered as a downright cheat on the learned world, who are by ſuch means impoſed upon to buy a ſecond time in fragments and by retail what they have already in groſs, if not in their memories, upon their ſhelves; and it is ſtill more cruel upon the illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of uſe to them. A writer who intermixes great quantity of Greek and Latin with his works, deals by the ladies and fine gentlemen in the ſame paultry manner with which they are treated by the auctioneers, who often endeavour ſo to confound and mix up their lots, that, in order to purchaſe the commodity you want, you are obliged at the ſame time to purchaſe that which will do you no ſervice.

And yet, as there is no conduct ſo fair and diſintereſted, but that it may be miſunderſtood by ignorance, and miſrepreſented by malice, I have been ſometimes tempted to preſerve my own reputation, at the expence of my reader, and to tranſcribe the original, or at leaſt to quote chapter and verſe, whenever I have made uſe either of the thought or

expreſſion of another. I am indeed in ſome doubt that I have often ſuffered by the contrary method; and that by ſuppreſſing the original author's name, I have been rather ſuſpected of plagiariſm, than reputed to act from the amiable motive above aſſigned by that juſtly celebrated Frenchman.

Now, to obviate all ſuch imputations for the future, I do here confeſs and juſtify the fact. The ancients may be conſidered as a rich common, where every perſon who hath the ſmalleſt tenement in Parnaſſus, hath a free right to fatten his muſe. Or, to place it in a clearer light, we moderns are to the ancients what the poor are to the rich. By the poor here I mean that large and venerable body, which, in Engliſh, we call the mob. Now, whoever hath had the honour to be admitted to any degree of intimacy with this mob, muſt well know that it is one of their eſtabliſhed maxims, to plunder and pillage their rich neighbours without any reluctance; and that this is held to be neither ſin nor ſhame among them. And ſo conſtantly do they abide and act by this maxim, that in every pariſh almoſt in the kingdom, there is a kind of confederacy ever carrying on againſt a certain perſon of opulence called the 'ſquire, whoſe property is conſidered as free-booty by all his poor neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no manner of guilt in ſuch depredations, look upon it as a point of honour and moral obligation to conceal and to preſerve

each other from puniſhment on all ſuch occaſions.

In like manner are the ancients, ſuch as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the reſt, to be eſteemed among us writers, as ſo many wealthy 'ſquires, from whom we the poor of Parnaſſus, claim an immemorial cuſtom of taking whatever we can come at. This liberty I demand, and this I am as ready to allow again to my poor neighbours in their turn. All I profeſs, and all I require from my brethren, is to maintain the ſame ſtrict honeſty among ourſelves, which the mob ſhew to one another. To ſteal from one another, is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be ſtrictly ſtiled defrauding the poor (ſometimes perhaps thoſe who are poorer than ourſelves) or, to ſet it under the moſt opprobrious colours, robbing the ſpital.

Since, therefore, upon the ſtricteſt examination, my own conſcience cannot lay any ſuch pitiful theft to my charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former accuſation; nor ſhall I ever ſcruple to take to myſelf any paſſage which I ſhall find in an ancient author to my purpoſe, without ſetting down the name of the author from whence it was taken. Nay, I abſolutely claim a property in all ſuch ſentiments the moment they are tranſcribed into my writings, and I expect all readers henceforwards to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This claim, however, I deſire to be allowed me only on condition that I preſerve ſtrict honeſty towards my poor

brethren, from whom if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are poſſeſſed, I ſhall never fail to put their mark upon it, that it may be at all times ready to be reſtored to the right owner.

The omiſſion of this was highly blameable in one Mr. Moore, who having formerly borrowed ſome lines of Pope and company, took the liberty to tranſcribe ſix of them into his play of the Rival Modes. Mr. Pope, however, very luckily found them in the ſaid play, and laying violent hands on his own property, transferred it back again into his own works; and for a further puniſhment, impriſoned the ſaid Moore in the loathſome dungeon of the Dunciad, where his unhappy memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper puniſhment for ſuch his unjuſt dealings in the poetical trade.

CHAP. II.

In which, though the 'ſquire doth not find his daughter, ſomething is found, which puts an end to his purſuit.

THE hiſtory now returns to the inn at Upton, whence we ſhall firſt trace the footſteps of 'ſquire Weſtern; for as he will ſoon arrive at an end of his journey, we ſhall have then full leiſure to attend our hero.

The reader may be pleaſed to remember, that

the ſaid 'ſquire departed from the inn in great fury, and in that fury he purſued his daughter. The hoſtler having informed him that ſhe had croſſed the Severn, he likewiſe paſt that river with his equipage, and rode full ſpeed, vowing the utmoſt vengeance againſt poor Sophia, if he ſhould but overtake her.

He had not gone far before he arrived at a croſs-way. Here he called a ſhort council of war, in which, after hearing different opinions, he at laſt gave the direction of his purſuit to fortune, and ſtruck directly into the Worceſter road.

In this road he proceeded about two miles, when he began to bemoan himſelf moſt bitterly, frequently crying out: What pity is it! Sure never was ſo unlucky a dog as myſelf! and then burſt forth a volley of oaths and execrations.

The parſon attempted to adminiſter comfort to him on this occaſion. Sorrow not, Sir, ſays he, like thoſe without hope. Howbeit we have not yet been able to overtake young madam, we may account it ſome good fortune, that we have hitherto traced her courſe aright. Peradventure ſhe will ſoon be fatigated with her journey, and will tarry in ſome inn, in order to renovate her corporeal functions; and in that caſe, in all moral certainty, you will very briefly be *compos voti.*

Pogh! D — n the ſlut, anſwered the 'ſquire, I am lamenting the loſs of ſo fine a morning for

hunting. It is confounded hard to loſe one of the beſt ſcenting days, in all appearance, which hath been this ſeaſon, and eſpecially after ſo long a froſt.

Whether fortune, who now and then ſhews ſome compaſſion in her wantoneſt tricks, might not take pity of the 'ſquire; and as ſhe had determined not to let him overtake his daughter, might not reſolve to make him amends ſome other way, I will not aſſert; but he had hardly uttered the words juſt before commemorated, and two or three oaths at their heels, when a pack of hounds began to open their melodious throats at a ſmall diſtance from them, which the 'ſquire's horſe and his rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their ears, and the 'ſquire crying: She's gone, ſhe's gone! Damn me, if ſhe is not gone! inſtantly clapped ſpurs to the beaſt, who little needed it, having indeed the ſame inclination with his maſter; and now the whole company croſſing into a corn-field, rode directly towards the hounds, with much hallowing and hooping, while the poor parſon, bleſſing himſelf, brought up the rear.

Thus fable reports that the fair Grimalkin, whom Venus, at the deſire of a paſſionate lover, converted from a cat into a fine woman, no ſooner perceived a mouſe, than mindful of her former ſport, and ſtill retaining her priſtine nature, ſhe leaped from the bed of her huſband to purſue the little animal.

What are we to underſtand by this? Not that

the bride was diſpleaſed with the embraces of her amorous bridegroom: for though ſome have remarked that cats are ſubject to ingratitude; yet women and cats too will be pleaſed and purr on certain occaſions. The truth is, as the ſagacious Sir Roger L'Eſtrange obſerves, in his deep reflections, that, If we ſhut nature out at the door, ſhe will come in at the window; and that puſs, though a madam, will be a mouſer ſtill. In the ſame manner, we are not to arraign the 'ſquire of any want of love for his daughter; for in reality he had a great deal: we are only to conſider that he was a 'ſquire and a ſportſman, and then we may apply the fable to him, and the judicious reflections likewiſe.

The hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the 'ſquire purſued over hedge and ditch, with all his uſual vociferation and alacrity, and with all his uſual pleaſure; nor did the thoughts of Sophia ever once intrude themſelves to allay the ſatisfaction he enjoyed in the chace, which, he ſaid, was one of the fineſt he ever ſaw, and which, he ſwore, was very well worth going fifty miles for. As the 'ſquire forgot his daughter, the ſervants, we may eaſily believe, forgot their miſtreſs; and the parſon, after having expreſſed much aſtoniſhment in Latin to himſelf, at length likewiſe abandoned all farther thoughts of the young lady, and jogging on at a diſtance behind, began to meditate a portion of doctrine for the enſuing ſunday.

The 'ſquire who owned the hounds, was highly pleaſed with the arrival of his brother 'ſquire and ſportſman: for all men approve merit in their own way, and no man was more expert in the field than Mr. Weſtern, nor did any other better know how to encourage the dogs with his voice, and to animate the hunt with his holla.

Sportſmen, in the warmth of a chace are too much engaged to attend to any manner of ceremony; nay, even to the offices of humanity: for if any of them meet with an accident by tumbling into a ditch, or into a river, the reſt paſs on regardleſs, and generally leave him to his fate; during this time, therefore, the two 'ſquires, though often cloſe to each other, interchanged not a ſingle word. The maſter of the hunt, however, often ſaw and approved the great judgment of the ſtranger in drawing the dogs when they were at a fault, and hence conceived a very high opinion of his underſtanding, as the number of his attendants inſpired no ſmall reverence to his quality. As ſoon, therefore, as the ſport was ended by the death of the little animal which had occaſioned it, the two 'ſquires met, and in all 'ſquire-like greeting, ſaluted each other.

The converſation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an appendix, or on ſome other occaſion; but as it no wiſe concerns this hiſtory, we cannot prevail on ourſelves to give it a place here. It concluded with a ſecond chace,

and that with an invitation to dinner. This being accepted, was followed by a hearty bout of drinking, which ended in as hearty a nap on the part of 'ſquire Weſtern.

Our 'ſquire was by no means a match, either for his hoſt, or for parſon Supple, at his cups that evening; for which the violent fatigue of mind as well as body that he had undergone, may very well account, without the leaſt derogation from his honour. He was, indeed, according to the vulgar phraſe, whiſtle-drunk; for before he had ſwallowed the third bottle, he became ſo entirely over-powered, that though he was not carried off to bed till long after, the parſon conſidered him as abſent; and having acquainted the other 'ſquire with all relating to Sophia, he obtained his promiſe of ſeconding thoſe arguments which he intended to urge the next morning for Mr. Weſtern's return.

No ſooner, therefore, had the good 'ſquire ſhaken off his evening, and began to call for his morning draught, and to ſummon his horſes in order to renew his purſuit, than Mr. Supple began his diſſuaſives, which the hoſt ſo ſtrongly ſeconded, that they, at length, prevailed, and Mr. Weſtern agreed to return home; being principally moved by one argument, viz. that he knew not which way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his daughter, inſtead of towards her. He then took leave of his brother ſportſman, and

expreſſing great joy that the froſt was broken (which might perhaps be no ſmall motive to his haſtening home) ſet forwards, or rather backwards, for Somerſetſhire; but not before he had firſt diſpatched part of his retinue in queſt of his daughter, after whom he likewiſe ſent a volley of the moſt bitter execrations which he could invent.

CHAP. III.

The departure of Jones from Upton, with what paſt between him and Partridge on the road.

AT length we are once more come to our hero; and to ſay truth, we have been obliged to part with him ſo long, that conſidering the condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at preſent in that ſituation in which prudent people uſually deſiſt from enquiring any farther after their friends, leſt they ſhould be ſhocked by hearing ſuch friends had hanged themſelves.

But, in reality, if we have not all the virtues, I will boldly ſay, neither have we all the vices of a prudent character; and though it is not eaſy to conceive circumſtances much more miſerable than thoſe of poor Jones at preſent, we ſhall return to him, and attend upon him with the ſame diligence

as if he was wantoning in the brighteſt beams of fortune.

Mr. Jones then, and his companion Partridge, left the inn a few minutes after the departure of 'ſquire Weſtern, and purſued the ſame road on foot; for the hoſtler told them, that no horſes were by any means to be at that time procured at Upton. On they marched with heavy hearts; for though their diſquiet proceeded from very different reaſons, yet diſpleaſed they were both; and if Jones ſighed bitterly, Partridge grunted altogether as ſadly at every ſtep.

When they came to the croſs-roads where the 'ſquire had ſtopt to take counſel, Jones ſtopt likewiſe, and turning to Partridge, aſked his opinion, which track they ſhould purſue? Ah, Sir, anſwered Partridge, I wiſh your honour would follow my advice. Why ſhould I not? replied Jones, for it is now indifferent to me whither I go, or what becomes of me? My advice then, ſaid Partridge, is that you immediately face about and return home: for who that hath ſuch a home to return to, as your honour, would travel thus about the country like a vagabond? I aſk pardon, *ſed vox ea ſola reperta eſt.*

Alas! cries Jones, I have no home to return to; — but if my friend, my father, would receive me, could I bear the country from which Sophia is flown — Cruel Sophia! Cruel! No. Let me blame

myſelf — No, let me blame thee. D — nation ſeize thee, fool, blockhead! thou haſt undone me, and I will tear thy ſoul from thy body. — At which words, he laid violent hands on the collar of poor Partridge, and ſhook him more heartily than an ague fit, or his own fears had ever done before.

Partridge fell trembling on his knees, and begged for mercy, vowing he had meant no harm — when Jones, after ſtaring wildly on him for a moment, quitted his hold; and diſcharged a rage on himſelf, that had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an end to his being, which indeed the very apprehenſion of it had almoſt effected.

We would beſtow ſome pains here in minutely deſcribing all the mad pranks which Jones played on this occaſion, could we be well aſſured that the reader would take the ſame pains in peruſing them; but as we are apprehenſive that after all the labour which we ſhould employ in painting this ſcene, the ſaid reader would be very apt to ſkip it entirely over, we have ſaved ourſelves that trouble. To ſay the truth, we have, from this reaſon alone, often done great violence to the luxuriance of our genius, and have left many excellent deſcriptions out of our work, which would otherwiſe have been in it. And this ſuſpicion, to be honeſt, ariſes, as is generally the caſe, from our own wicked heart; for we have, ourſelves, been very often moſt horridly

given

given to jumping, as we have run through the pages of voluminous hiſtorians.

Suffice it then ſimply to ſay, that Jones, after having played the part of a madman for many minutes, came, by degrees, to himſelf; which no ſooner happened, than turning to Partridge, he very earneſtly begged his pardon for the attack he had made on him in the violence of his paſſion; but concluded, by deſiring him never to mention his return again; for he was reſolved never to ſee that country any more.

Partridge eaſily forgave, and faithfully promiſed to obey the injunction now laid upon him. And then Jones very briſkly cried out: Since it is abſolutely impoſſible for me to purſue any farther the ſteps of my angel — I will purſue thoſe of glory. Come on, my brave lad, now for the army: — It is a glorious cauſe, and I would willingly ſacrifice my life in it, even though it was worth my preſerving. And ſo ſaying, he immediately ſtruck into the different road from that which the 'ſquire had taken, and, by mere chance, purſued the very ſame through which Sophia had before paſſed.

Our travellers now marched a full mile, without ſpeaking a ſyllable to each other, though Jones, indeed, muttered many things to himſelf. As to Partridge, he was profoundly ſilent: for he was not, perhaps, perfectly recovered from his former fright; beſides, he had apprehenſions of provoking his

friend to a ſecond fit of wrath; eſpecially as he now began to entertain a conceit, which may not, perhaps, create any great wonder in the reader. In ſhort, he began now to ſuſpect that Jones was abſolutely out of his ſenſes.

At length, Jones being weary of ſoliloquy, addreſſed himſelf to his companion, and blamed him for his taciturnity: for which the poor man very honeſtly accounted, from his fear of giving offence. And now this fear being pretty well removed, by the moſt abſolute promiſes of indemnity, Partridge again took the bridle from his tongue; which, perhaps, rejoiced no leſs at regaining its liberty, than a young colt, when the bridle is ſlipt from his neck, and he is turned looſe into the paſtures.

As Partridge was inhibited from that topic which would at firſt have ſuggeſted itſelf, he fell upon that which was next uppermoſt in his mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. Certainly, Sir, ſays he, that could never be a man, who dreſſes himſelf, and lives after ſuch a ſtrange manner, and ſo unlike other folks. Beſides, his diet, as the old woman told me, is chiefly upon herbs, which is a fitter food for a horſe than a chriſtian: nay, landlord at Upton ſays, that the neighbours thereabouts have very fearful notions about him. It runs ſtrangely in my head, that it muſt have been ſome ſpirit, who, perhaps, might be ſent to forewarn us: and who knows, but all that

matter which he told us, of his going to fight, and of his being taken priſoner, and of the great danger he was in of being hanged, might be intended as a warning to us, conſidering what we are going about: beſides, I dreamt of nothing all laſt night, but of fighting; and methought the blood ran out of my noſe, as liquor out of a tap. Indeed, Sir,

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Thy ſtory, Partridge, anſwered Jones, is almoſt as ill applied as thy Latin. Nothing can be more likely to happen than death to men who go into battle. Perhaps we ſhall both fall in it, — and what then? What then! replied Partridge. Why then there is an end of us, is there not? When I am gone, all is over with me. What matters the cauſe to me, or who gets the victory, if I am killed? I ſhall never enjoy any advantage from it. What are all the ringing of bells, and bonfires, to one that is ſix foot under ground? There will be an end of poor Partridge. And an end of poor Partridge, cries Jones, there muſt be one time or other. If you love Latin, I will repeat you ſome fine lines out of Horace, which would inſpire courage into a coward.

Dulce & decorum eſt pro patriâ mori.
Mors & fugacem perſequitur virum
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

I wiſh you would conſtrue them, cries Partridge; for Horace is a hard author, and I cannot underſtand as you repeat them.

I will repeat you a bad imitation, or rather paraphraſe of my own, ſaid Jones; for I am but an indifferent poet.

> Who would not die in his dear country's cauſe?
> Since, if baſe fear his daſtard ſtep withdraws,
> From death he cannot fly: — One common grave
> Receives, at laſt, the coward and the brave.

That's very certain, cries Partridge. Ay, ſure, *Mors omnibus communis*: but there is a great difference between dying in one's bed a great many years hence, like a good chriſtian, with all our friends crying about us, and being ſhot to-day or to-morrow, like a mad dog; or, perhaps, hacked in twenty pieces with a ſword, and that too before we have repented of all our ſins. Oh! Lord have mercy upon us! To be ſure, the ſoldiers are a wicked kind of people. I never loved to have any thing to do with them. I could hardly bring myſelf ever to look upon them as chriſtians. There is nothing but curſing and ſwearing among them. I wiſh your honour would repent: I heartily wiſh you would repent, before it is too late; and not think of going among them. — Evil communication corrupts good manners. That is my principal reaſon. For as for that matter, I am no more afraid than another man, not I; as to

matter of that. I know all human fleſh muſt die; but yet a man may live many years for all that. Why I am a middle-aged man now, and yet I may live a great number of years. I have read of ſeveral who have lived to be above a hundred, and ſome a great deal above a hundred. Not that I hope, I mean that I promiſe myſelf, to live to any ſuch age as that neither. — But if it be only to eighty or ninety: heaven be praiſed, that is a great ways off yet; and I am not afraid of dying then, no more than another man: but, ſurely, to tempt death before a man's time is come, ſeems to me downright wickedneſs and preſumption. Beſides, if it was to do any good indeed; but let the cauſe be what it will, what mighty matter of good can two people do? and, for my part, I underſtand nothing of it. I never fired off a gun above ten times in my life; and then it was not charged with bullets. And for the ſword, I never learned to fence, and know nothing of the matter. And then there are thoſe cannons, which certainly it muſt be thought the higheſt preſumption to go in the way of: and no body but a madman — I aſk pardon: upon my ſoul, I meant no harm; I beg I may not throw your honour into another paſſion.

Be under no apprehenſion, Partridge, cries Jones; I am now ſo well convinced of thy cowardice, that thou couldſt not provoke me on any account. Your honour, anſwered he, may call me a coward, or any thing elſe you pleaſe. If loving to ſleep in a whole

ſkin makes a man a coward, *non immunes ab illis malis ſumus.* I never read in my grammar, that a man can't be a good man without fighting. *Vir bonus eſt quis? Qui conſulta patrum, qui leges juraque ſervat.* Not a word of fighting; and I am ſure the ſcripture is ſo much againſt it, that a man ſhall never perſuade me he is a good chriſtian, while he ſheds chriſtian blood.

CHAP. IV.

The adventure of a beggar-man.

JUST as Partridge had uttered that good and pious doctrine, with which the laſt chapter concluded, they arrived at another croſs-way, when a lame fellow in rags aſked them for alms; upon which Partridge gave him a ſevere rebuke, ſaying, every pariſh ought to keep their own poor. Jones then fell a laughing, and aſked Partridge, if he was not aſhamed, with ſo much charity in his mouth, to have no charity in his heart? Your religion, ſays he, ſerves you only for an excuſe for your faults, but is no incentive to your virtue. Can any man who is really a chriſtian abſtain from relieving one of his brethren in ſuch a miſerable condition? And at the ſame time putting his hand in his pocket, he gave the poor object a ſhilling.

Maſter, cries the fellow, after thanking him, I have

a curious thing here in my pocket, which I found about two miles off, if your worſhip will pleaſe to buy it. I ſhould not venture to pull it out to every one; but as you are ſo good a gentleman, and ſo kind to the poor, you won't ſuſpect a man of being a thief only becauſe he is a poor. He then pulled out a little gilt pocket-book, and delivered it into the hands of Jones.

Jones preſently opened it, and (gueſs, reader, what he felt) ſaw in the firſt page the words Sophia Weſtern, written by her own fair hand. He no ſooner read the name, than he preſt it cloſe to his lips: nor could he avoid falling into ſome very frantic raptures, notwithſtanding his company; but, perhaps, theſe very raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While Jones was kiſſing and mumbling the book, as if he had an excellent brown buttered cruſt in his mouth, or as if he had really been a bookworm, or an author, who had nothing to eat but his own works, a piece of paper fell from its leaves to the ground, which Partridge took up, and delivered to Jones, who preſently perceived it to be a bank-bill. It was, indeed, the very bill which Weſtern had given his daughter, the night before her departure; and a Jew would have jumped to purchaſe it at five ſhillings leſs than 100 *l.*

The eyes of Partridge ſparkled at this news, which Jones now proclaimed aloud; and ſo did (though

with ſomewhat a different aſpect) thoſe of the poor fellow who had found the book; and who (I hope from a principle of honeſty) had never opened it: but we ſhould not deal honeſtly by the reader, if we omitted to inform him of a circumſtance, which may be here a little material, viz. that the fellow could not read.

Jones, who had felt nothing but pure joy and tranſport from the finding the book, was affected with a mixture of concern at this new diſcovery: for his imagination inſtantly ſuggeſted to him, that the owner of the bill might poſſibly want it, before he ſhould be able to convey it to her. He then acquainted the finder, that he knew the lady to whom the book belonged, and would endeavour to find her out as ſoon as poſſible, and return it to her.

The pocket-book was a late preſent from Mrs. Weſtern to her niece: it had coſt five and twenty ſhillings, having been bought of a celebrated toyman; but the real value of the ſilver, which it contained in its claſp, was about 18 *d.* and that price the ſaid toyman, as it was altogether as good as when it firſt iſſued from his ſhop, would now have given for it. A prudent perſon would, however, have taken proper advantage of the ignorance of this fellow, and would not have offered more than a ſhilling, or perhaps ſix-pence, for it; nay, ſome perhaps would have given nothing, and left the fellow to his action of trover, which ſome learned

ſerjeants may doubt whether he could, under theſe circumſtances, have maintained.

Jones, on the contrary, whoſe character was on the outſide of generoſity, and may perhaps not very unjuſtly have been ſuſpected of extravagance, without any heſitation, gave a guinea in exchange for the book. The poor man, who had not for a long time before been poſſeſſed of ſo much treaſure, gave Mr. Jones a thouſand thanks, and diſcovered little leſs of tranſport in his muſcles, than Jones had before ſhewn, when he had firſt read the name of Sophia Weſtern.

The fellow very readily agreed to attend our travellers to the place where he had found the pocket-book. Together, therefore, they proceeded directly thither; but not ſo faſt as Mr. Jones deſired; for his guide unfortunately happened to be lame, and could not poſſibly travel faſter than a mile an hour. As this place, therefore, was at above three miles diſtance, though the fellow had ſaid otherwiſe, the reader need not be acquainted how long they were in walking it.

Jones opened the book a hundred times during their walk, kiſſed it as often, talked much to himſelf, and very little to his companions. At all which the guide expreſt ſome ſigns of aſtoniſhment to Partridge; who more than once ſhook his head, and cry'd: Poor gentleman!

Orandum eſt ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.

At length they arrived at the very ſpot where Sophia unhappily dropt the pocket-book, and where the fellow had as happily found it. Here Jones offered to take leave of his guide, and to improve his pace; but the fellow, in whom that violent ſurpriſe and joy which the firſt receipt of the guinea had occaſioned, was now conſiderably abated, and who had now had ſufficient time to recollect himſelf, put on a diſcontented look, and ſcratching his head, ſaid, he hoped his worſhip would give him ſomething more. Your worſhip, ſaid he, will, I hope, take it into your conſideration, that if I had not been honeſt I might have kept the whole. And, indeed, this the reader muſt confeſs to have been true. If the paper there, ſaid he, be worth 100 *l.* I am ſure the finding it deſerves more than a guinea. Beſides, ſuppoſe your worſhip ſhould never ſee the lady, nor give it her — and though your worſhip looks and talks very much like a gentleman, yet I have only your worſhip's bare word: and, certainly, if the right owner ben't to be found, it all belongs to the firſt finder. I hope your worſhip will conſider all theſe matters. I am but a poor man, and therefore don't deſire to have all; but it is but reaſonable I ſhould have my ſhare. Your worſhip looks like a good man, and, I hope, will conſider my honeſty: for I might have kept every farthing, and no-body ever the wiſer. I promiſe thee, upon my honour, cries Jones, that I know the right owner, and will

reſtore it to her. Nay, your worſhip, anſwered the fellow, may do as you pleaſe as to that: if you will but give me my ſhare, that is one half of the money; your honour may keep the reſt yourſelf, if you pleaſe; and concluded with ſwearing, by a very vehement oath, that he would never mention a ſyllable of it to any man living.

Lookee, friend, cries Jones, the right owner ſhall certainly have again all that ſhe loſt; and as for any farther gratuity, I really cannot give it you at preſent; but let me know your name, and where you live, and it is more than poſſible, you may hereafter have further reaſon to rejoice at this morning's adventure.

I don't know what you mean by venture, cries the fellow; it ſeems I muſt venture whether you will return the lady her money or no: but I hope your worſhip will conſider — Come, come, ſaid Partridge, tell his honour your name, and where you may be found; I warrant you will never repent having put the money into his hands. The fellow ſeeing no hopes of recovering the poſſeſſion of the pocket-book, at laſt complied in giving in his name and place of abode, which Jones writ upon a piece of paper with the pencil of Sophia; and then placing the paper in the ſame page where ſhe had writ her name, he cried out: There, friend, you are the happieſt man alive; I have joined your name to that of an angel. I don't know any thing about angels, anſwered the fellow; but I wiſh you would give me

a little more money, or elſe return me the pocket-book. Partridge now waxed wroth: he called the poor cripple by ſeveral vile and opprobrious names, and was abſolutely proceeding to beat him, but Jones would not ſuffer any ſuch thing; and now telling the fellow, he would certainly find ſome opportunity of ſerving him, Mr. Jones departed as faſt as his heels would carry him; and Partridge, into whom the thoughts of the hundred pound had infuſed new ſpirits, followed his leader; while the man, who was obliged to ſtay behind, fell to curſing them both, as well as his parents: For had they, ſays he, ſent me to charity-ſchool to learn to write and read and caſt accounts, I ſhould have known the value of theſe matters as well as other people.

CHAP. V.

Containing more adventures which Mr. Jones and his companion met on the road.

OUR travellers now walked ſo faſt, that they had very little time or breath for converſation; Jones meditating all the way on Sophia, and Partridge on the bank-bill, which, though it gave him ſome pleaſure, cauſed him at the ſame time to repine at fortune, which, in all his walks, had never given him ſuch an opportunity of ſhewing his honeſty. They

had proceeded above three miles, when Partridge, being unable any longer to keep up with Jones, called to him, and begged him a little to ſlacken his pace: with this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for ſome time loſt the footſteps of the horſes, which the thaw had enabled him to trace for ſeveral miles, and he was now upon a wide common where were ſeveral roads.

He here therefore ſtopt to conſider which of theſe roads he ſhould purſue, when on a ſudden they heard the noiſe of a drum that ſeemed at no great diſtance. This ſound preſently alarmed the fears of Partridge, and he cried out: Lord have mercy upon us all; they are certainly a-coming! Who is coming? cries Jones; for fear had long ſince given place to ſofter ideas in his mind; and ſince his adventure with the lame man, he had been totally intent on purſuing Sophia, without entertaining one thought of any enemy. Who! cries Partridge, why the rebels: but why ſhould I call them rebels? they may be very honeſt gentlemen, for any thing I know to the contrary. The devil take him that affronts them, I ſay. I am ſure, if they have nothing to ſay to me, I will have nothing to ſay to them, but in a civil way. For heaven's ſake, Sir, don't affront them if they ſhould come, and perhaps they may do us no harm; but would it not be the wiſer way to creep into ſome of yonder buſhes till they are gone by? What can two unarmed men do perhaps againſt

fifty thouſand? Certainly nobody but a madman. I hope your honour is not offended; but certainly no man who hath *mens ſana in corpore ſano*, — Here Jones interrupted this torrent of eloquence, which fear had inſpired; ſaying, that by the drum he perceived they were near ſome town. He then made directly towards the place whence the noiſe proceeded, bidding Partridge take courage, for that he would lead him into no danger; and adding, it was impoſſible the rebels ſhould be ſo near.

Partridge was a little comforted with this laſt aſſurance; and though he would more gladly have gone the contrary way, he followed his leader, his heart beating time, but not after the manner of heroes, to the muſic of the drum, which ceaſed not till they had traverſed the common, and were come into a narrow lane.

And now Partridge, who kept even pace with Jones, diſcovered ſomething painted flying in the air, a very few yards before him, which fancying to be the colours of the enemy, he fell a bellowing: O Lord! Sir, here they are; there is the crown and coffin. Oh Lord! I never ſaw any thing ſo terrible; and we are within gun-ſhot of them already.

Jones no ſooner looked up, than he plainly perceived what it was which Partridge had thus miſtaken. Partridge, ſays he, I fancy you will be able to engage this whole army yourſelf; for by the colours I gueſs what the drum was which we heard

before, and which beats up for recruits to a puppet-ſhow.

A puppet-ſhow! anſwered Partridge, with moſt eager tranſport. And is it really no more than that? I love a puppet-ſhow of all the paſtimes upon earth. Do, good Sir, let us tarry and ſee it. Beſides, I am quite famiſhed to death; for it is now almoſt dark, and I have not eat a morſel ſince three o'clock in the morning.

They now arrived at an inn, or indeed an alehouſe, where Jones was prevailed upon to ſtop, the rather as he had no longer any aſſurance of being in the road he deſired. They walked both directly into the kitchen, where Jones began to enquire if no ladies had paſſed that way in the morning, and Partridge as eagerly examined into the ſtate of their proviſions; and indeed his enquiry met with the better ſucceſs; for Jones could not hear news of Sophia; but Partridge, to his great ſatisfaction, found good reaſon to expect very ſhortly the agreable ſight of an excellent ſmoaking diſh of eggs and bacon.

In ſtrong and healthy conſtitutions, love hath a very different effect from what it cauſes in the puny part of the ſpecies. In the latter, it generally deſtroys all that appetite which tends towards the conſervation of the individual; but in the former, though it often induces forgetfulneſs, and a neglect of food, as well as of every thing elſe; yet place a good piece of well powdered buttock before a hungry lover, and he

ſeldom fails very handſomely to play his part. Thus it happened in the preſent caſe: for though Jones perhaps wanted a prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an empty ſtomach; yet no ſooner did he ſit down to the bacon and eggs, than he fell to, as heartily and voraciouſly as Partridge himſelf.

Before our travellers had finiſhed their dinner, night came on; and as the moon was now paſt the full, it was extremely dark. Partridge therefore prevailed on Jones to ſtay and ſee the puppet-ſhow, which was juſt going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the maſter of the ſaid ſhow, who declared, that his figures were the fineſt which the world had ever produced, and that they had given great ſatisfaction to all the quality in every town in England.

The puppet-ſhow was performed with great regularity and decency. It was called the fine and ſerious part of the Provoked Huſband; and it was indeed a very grave and ſolemn entertainment, without any low wit or humour, or jeſts; or, to do it no more than juſtice, without any thing which could provoke a laugh. The audience were all highly pleaſed. A grave matron told the maſter, ſhe would bring her two daughters the next night, as he did not ſhew any ſtuff; and an attorney's clerk, and an exciſeman, both declared, that the characters of lord and lady Townley were well preſerved, and highly

highly in nature. Partridge likewiſe concurred with this opinion.

The maſter was ſo highly elated with theſe encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding ſome more of his own. He ſaid, the preſent age was not improved in any thing ſo much as in their puppet-ſhows; which, by throwing out Punch and his wife Joan, and ſuch idle trumpery, were at laſt brought to be a rational entertainment. I remember, ſaid he, when I firſt took to the buſineſs, there was a great deal of low ſtuff, that did very well to make folks laugh; but was never calculated to improve the morals of young people; which certainly ought to be principally aimed at in every puppet-ſhow: for why may not good and inſtructive leſſons be conveyed this way, as well as any other? My figures are as big as the life, and they repreſent the life in every particular; and I queſtion not but people riſe from my little drama as much improved as they do from the great. I would by no means degrade the ingenuity of your profeſſion, anſwered Jones; but I ſhould have been glad to have ſeen my old acquaintance maſter Punch, for all that; and ſo far from improving, I think, by leaving out him and his merry wife Joan, you have ſpoiled your puppet-ſhow.

The dancer of wires conceived an immediate and high contempt for Jones, from theſe words. And with much diſdain in his countenance, he replied: Very probably, Sir, that may be your

opinion; but I have the ſatisfaction to know the beſt judges differ from you, and it is impoſſible to pleaſe every taſte. I confeſs, indeed, ſome of the quality at Bath, two or three years ago, wanted mightily to bring Punch again upon the ſtage. I believe I loſt ſome money for not agreeing to it; but let others do as they will; a little matter ſhall never bribe me to degrade my own profeſſion, nor will I ever willingly conſent to the ſpoiling the decency and regularity of my ſtage, by introducing any ſuch low ſtuff upon it.

Right, friend, cries the clerk, you are very right. Always avoid what is low. There are ſeveral of my acquaintance in London, who are reſolved to drive every thing which is low from the ſtage. Nothing can be more proper, cries the exciſeman, pulling his pipe from his mouth. I remember, added he, (for then I lived with my lord) I was in the footman's gallery, the night when this play of the Provoked Huſband was acted firſt. There was a great deal of low ſtuff in it about a country gentleman come up to town to ſtand for parliament-man; and there they brought a parcel of his ſervants upon the ſtage, his coachman I remember particularly; but the gentlemen in our gallery could not bear any thing ſo low, and they damned it. I obſerve, friend, you have left all that matter out, and you are to be commended for it.

Nay, gentlemen, cries Jones, I can never maintain my ſingle opinion againſt ſo many; indeed, if the

generality of his audience diſlike him, the learned gentleman who conducts the ſhow, may have done very right in diſmiſſing Punch from his ſervice.

The maſter of the ſhow then began a ſecond harangue, and ſaid much of the great force of example, and how much the inferior part of mankind would be deterred from vice, by obſerving how odious it was in their ſuperiors; when he was unluckily interrupted by an incident, which, though perhaps we might have omitted it at another time, we cannot help relating at preſent, but not in this chapter.

CHAP. VI.

From which it may be inferred, that the beſt things are liable to be miſunderſtood and miſinterpreted.

A VIOLENT uproar now aroſe in the entry, where my landlady was well cuffing her maid both with her fiſt and tongue. She had indeed miſſed the wench from her employment, and, after a little ſearch, had found her on the puppet-ſhow ſtage in company with the Merry Andrew, and in a ſituation not very proper to be deſcribed.

Though Grace (for that was her name) had forfeited all title to modeſty; yet had ſhe not impudence enough to deny a fact in which ſhe was actually ſurpriſed; ſhe therefore took another turn,

and attempted to mitigate the offence. Why do you beat me in this manner, miſtreſs? cries the wench. If you don't like my doings, you may turn me away. If I am a w——e, (for the other had liberally beſtowed that appellation on her) my betters are ſo as well as I. What was the fine lady in the puppet-ſhow juſt now? I ſuppoſe ſhe did not lie all night out from her huſband for nothing.

The landlady now burſt into the kitchen, and fell foul on both her huſband and the poor puppet-mover. Here, huſband, ſays ſhe, you ſee the conſequence of harbouring theſe people in your houſe. If one doth draw a little drink the more for them, one is hardly made amends for the litter they make; and then to have one's houſe made a bawdy-houſe of by ſuch louſy vermin. In ſhort, I deſire you would be gone to-morrow morning; for I will tolerate no more ſuch doings. It is only the way to teach our ſervants idleneſs and nonſenſe; for, to be ſure, nothing better can be learned by ſuch idle ſhows as theſe. I remember when puppet-ſhows were made of good ſcripture ſtories, as Jephtha's raſh vow, and ſuch good things, and when wicked people were carried away by the devil. There was ſome ſenſe in thoſe matters; but as the parſon told us laſt ſunday, nobody believes in the devil now a days; and here you bring about a parcel of puppets dreſt up like lords and ladies, only to turn the heads of poor country wenches; and when their heads are

once turned topſy-turvy, no wonder every thing elſe is ſo.

Virgil, I think, tells us, that when the mob are aſſembled in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and all ſorts of miſſile weapons fly about, if a man of gravity and authority appears amongſt them, the tumult is preſently appeaſed, and the mob, which, when collected into one body, may be well compared to an aſs, erect their long ears at the grave man's diſcourſe.

On the contrary, when a ſet of grave men and philoſophers are diſputing; when wiſdom herſelf may in a manner be conſidered as preſent, and adminiſtring arguments to the diſputants; ſhould a tumult ariſe among the mob, or ſhould one ſcold, who is herſelf equal in noiſe to a mighty mob, appear among the ſaid philoſophers; their diſputes ceaſe in a moment, wiſdom no longer performs her miniſterial office, and the attention of every one is immediately attracted by the ſcold alone.

Thus the uproar aforeſaid, and the arrival of the landlady, ſilenced the maſter of the pupper-ſhow, and put a ſpeedy and final end to that grave and ſolemn harangue, of which we have given the reader a ſufficient taſte already. Nothing indeed could have happened ſo very inopportune as this accident; the moſt wanton malice of fortune could not have contrived ſuch another ſtratagem to confound the poor fellow, while he was ſo triumphantly deſcanting

on the good morals inculcated by his exhibitions. His mouth was now as effectually ſtopt, as that of a quack muſt be, if, in the midſt of a declamation on the great virtues of his pills and powders, the corpſe of one of his martyrs ſhould be brought forth, and depoſited before the ſtage, as a teſtimony of his ſkill.

Inſtead, therefore, of anſwering my landlady, the puppet-ſhow man ran out to puniſh his Merry-Andrew; and now the moon beginning to put forth her ſilver light, as the poets call it, (though ſhe looked at that time more like a piece of copper) Jones called for his reckoning, and ordered Partridge, whom my landlady had juſt awaked from a profound nap, to prepare for his journey; but Partridge having lately carried two points, as my reader hath ſeen before, was emboldened to attempt a third, which was, to prevail with Jones to take up a lodging that evening in the houſe where he then was. He introduced this with an affected ſurpriſe at the intention which Mr. Jones declared of removing; and after urging many excellent arguments againſt it, he at laſt inſiſted ſtrongly, that it could be to no manner of purpoſe whatever: for that unleſs Jones knew which way the lady was gone, every ſtep he took might very poſſibly lead him the farther from her: For you find, Sir, ſaid he, by all the people in the houſe, that ſhe is not gone this way. How much better, therefore, would it be to ſtay till the morning, when we may expect to meet with ſomebody to enquire of!

This laſt argument had indeed ſome effect on Jones, and while he was weighing it, the landlord threw all the rhetoric of which he was maſter, into the ſame ſcale. Sure, Sir, ſaid he, your ſervant gives you moſt excellent advice: for who would travel by night at this time of the year? He then began, in the uſual ſtile, to trumpet forth the excellent accommodation which his houſe afforded; and my landlady likewiſe opened on the occaſion — But not to detain the reader with what is common to every hoſt and hoſteſs, it is ſufficient to tell him, Jones was at laſt prevailed on to ſtay, and refreſh himſelf with a few hours reſt, which indeed he very much wanted; for he had hardly ſhut his eyes ſince he had left the inn where the accident of the broken head had happened.

As ſoon as Tom Jones had taken a reſolution to proceed no farther that night, he preſently retired to reſt, with his two bed-fellows, the pocket-book, and the muff; but Partridge, who at ſeveral times had refreſhed himſelf with ſeveral naps, was more inclined to eating than to ſleeping, and more to drinking than to either.

And now the ſtorm which Grace had raiſed being at an end, and my landlady being again reconciled to the puppet-man, who on his ſide forgave the indecent reflexions which the good woman in her paſſion had caſt on his performances, a face of perfect peace and tranquillity reigned in the

kitchen; where ſat aſſembled round the fire, the landlord and landlady of the houſe, the maſter of the puppet-ſhow, the attorney's clerk, the exciſeman, and the ingenious Mr. Partridge; in which company paſt the agreeable converſation which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a remark or two of our own, and many more of the good company aſſembled in the kitchen.

THOUGH the pride of Partridge did not ſubmit to acknowledge himſelf a ſervant; yet he condeſcended in moſt particulars to imitate the manners of that rank. One inſtance of this was his greatly magnifying the fortune of his companion, as he called Jones: ſuch is a general cuſtom with all ſervants among ſtrangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the attendant on a beggar: for the higher the ſituation of the maſter is, the higher conſequently is that of the man in his own opinion; the truth of which obſervation appears from the behaviour of all the footmen of the nobility.

But though title and fortune communicate a ſplendor all around them, and the footmen of men of quality and of eſtate think themſelves entitled to a part of that reſpect which is paid to the quality and eſtates of their maſters; it is clearly otherwiſe with

regard to virtue and underſtanding. Theſe advantages are ſtrictly perſonal, and ſwallow themſelves all the reſpect which is paid to them. To ſay the truth, this is ſo very little, that they cannot well afford to let any others partake with them. As theſe therefore reflect no honour on the domeſtic, ſo neither is he at all diſhonoured by the moſt deplorable want of both in his maſter. Indeed it is otherwiſe in the want of what is called virtue in a miſtreſs, the conſequence of which we have before ſeen: for in this diſhonour there is a kind of contagion, which, like that of poverty, communicates itſelf to all who approach it.

Now for theſe reaſons we are not to wonder that ſervants (I mean among the men only) ſhould have ſo great regard for the reputation of the wealth of their maſters, and little or none at all for their character in other points, and that though they would be aſhamed to be the footman of a beggar, they are not ſo to attend upon a rogue, or a blockhead; and do conſequently make no ſcruple to ſpread the fame of the iniquities and follies of their ſaid maſters as far as poſſible, and this often with great humour and merriment. In reality, a footman is often a wit, as well as a beau, at the expence of the gentleman whoſe livery he wears.

After Partridge, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vaſt fortune to which Mr. Jones was heir, he very freely communicated an apprehenſion which he

had begun to conceive the day before, and for which, as we hinted at that very time, the behaviour of Jones ſeemed to have furniſhed a ſufficient foundation. In ſhort, he was now pretty well confirmed in an opinion, that his maſter was out of his wits, with which opinion he very bluntly acquainted the good company round the fire.

With this ſentiment the puppet-ſhow man immediately coincided. I own, ſaid he, the gentleman ſurpriſed me very much, when he talked ſo abſurdly about puppet-ſhows. It is indeed hardly to be conceived that any man in his ſenſes ſhould be ſo much miſtaken; what you ſay now, accounts very well for all his monſtrous notions. Poor gentleman! I am heartily concerned for him; indeed, he hath a ſtrange wildneſs about his eyes, which I took notice of before, though I did not mention it.

The landlord agreed with this laſt aſſertion, and likewiſe claimed the ſagacity of having obſerved it. And certainly, added he, it muſt be ſo: for no one but a madman would have thought of leaving ſo good a houſe, to ramble about the country at that time of night.

The exciſeman pulling his pipe from his mouth, ſaid, he thought the gentleman looked and talked a little wildly; and then turning to Partridge: If he be a madman, ſays he, he ſhould not be ſuffered to travel thus about the country; for poſſibly he may do ſome miſchief. It is pity he was not ſecured

and ſent home to his relations.

Now ſome conceits of this kind were likewiſe lurking in the mind of Partridge: for as he was now perſuaded that Jones had run away from Mr. Allworthy, he promiſed himſelf the higheſt rewards, if he could by any means convey him back. But fear of Jones, of whoſe fierceneſs and ſtrength he had ſeen, and indeed felt, ſome inſtances, had however repreſented any ſuch ſcheme as impoſſible to be executed, and had diſcouraged him from applying himſelf to form any regular plan for the purpoſe. But no ſooner did he hear the ſentiments of the exciſeman, than he embraced that opportunity of declaring his own, and expreſſed a hearty wiſh that ſuch a matter could be brought about.

Could be brought about? ſays the exciſeman; why there is nothing eaſier.

Ah! Sir, anſwered Partridge; you don't know what a devil of a fellow he is. He can take me up with one hand, and throw me out of a window; and he would too, if he did but imagine —

Pogh! ſays the exciſeman, I believe I am as good a man as he. Beſides, here are five of us.

I don't know what five, cries the landlady, my huſband ſhall have nothing to do in it. Nor ſhall any violent hands be laid upon any body in my houſe. The young gentleman is as pretty a young gentleman as ever I ſaw in my life, and I believe he is no more mad than any of us. What do you

tell of his having a wild look with his eyes? They are the prettieſt eyes I ever ſaw, and he hath the prettieſt look with them; and a very modeſt civil young man he is. I am ſure I have bepitied him heartily ever ſince the gentleman there in the corner told us he was croſt in love. Certainly that is enough to make any man, eſpecially ſuch a ſweet young gentleman as he is, to look a little otherwiſe than he did before. Lady, indeed! What the devil would the lady have better than ſuch a handſome man with a great eſtate? I ſuppoſe ſhe is one of your quality folks, one of your townly ladies that we ſaw laſt night in the puppet-ſhow, who don't know what they would be at.

The attorney's clerk likewiſe declared, he would have no concern in the buſineſs, without the advice of counſel. Suppoſe, ſays he, an action of falſe impriſonment ſhould be brought againſt us, what defence could we make? Who knows what may be ſufficient evidence of madneſs to a jury? But I only ſpeak upon my own account; for it don't look well for a lawyer to be concerned in theſe matters, unleſs it be as a lawyer. Juries are always leſs favourable to us than to other people. I don't therefore diſſuade you, Mr. Thomſon (to the exciſeman) nor the gentleman, nor any body elſe.

The exciſeman ſhook his head at this ſpeech, and the puppet-ſhow man ſaid, madneſs was ſometimes a difficult matter for a jury to decide: for I remember,

ſays he, I was once preſent at a trial of madneſs, where twenty witneſſes ſwore that the perſon was as mad as a March hare; and twenty others, that he was as much in his ſenſes as any man in England. — And, indeed, it was the opinion of moſt people, that it was only a trick of his relations to rob the poor man of his right.

Very likely! cries the landlady: I myſelf knew a poor gentleman who was kept in a mad-houſe all his life by his family, and they enjoyed his eſtate, but it did them no good: for though the law gave it them, it was the right of another.

Pogh! cries the clerk, with great contempt, who hath any right but what the law gives them? If the law gave me the beſt eſtate in the county, I ſhould never trouble myſelf much who had the right.

If it be ſo, ſays Partridge, *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum!*

My landlord, who bad been called out by the arrival of a horſeman at the gate, now returned into the kitchen, and with an affrighted countenance cried out: What do you think, gentlemen? The rebels have given the duke the ſlip, and are got almoſt to London. — It is certainly true, for a man on horſeback juſt now told me ſo.

I am glad of it with all my heart, cries Partridge, then there will be no fighting in theſe parts.

I am glad, cries the clerk, for a better reaſon; for I would always have right take place.

Ay, but, anſwered the landlord, I have heard ſome people ſay, this man hath no right.

I will prove the contrary in a moment, cries the clerk. If my father dies ſeized of a right; do you mind me, ſeized of a right, I ſay; doth not that right deſcend to his ſon? And doth not one right deſcend as well as another?

But how can he have any right to make us papiſhes? ſays the landlord.

Never fear that, cries Partridge. As to the matter of right, the gentleman there hath proved it as clear as the ſun; and as to the matter of religion, it is quite out of the caſe. The papiſts themſelves don't expect any ſuch thing. A popiſh prieſt, whom I know very well, and who is a very honeſt man, told me upon his word and honour, they had no ſuch deſign.

And another prieſt of my acquaintance, ſaid the landlady, hath told me the ſame thing — But my huſband is always ſo afraid of papiſhes. I know a great many papiſhes that are very honeſt ſort of people, and ſpend their money very freely; and it is always a maxim with me, that one man's money is as good as another's.

Very true, miſtreſs, ſaid the puppet-ſhow man. I don't care what religion comes, provided the preſbyterians are not uppermoſt; for they are enemies to puppet-ſhows.

And ſo you would ſacrifice your religion to your

intereſt, cries the exciſeman; and are deſirous to ſee popery brought in, are you?

Not I truly, anſwered the other, I hate popery as much as any man; but yet it is a very comfort to one, that one ſhould be able to live under it, which I could not do among preſbyterians. To be ſure every man values his livelihood firſt; that muſt be granted; and I warrant, if you would confeſs the truth, you are more afraid of loſing your place than any thing elſe; but never fear, friend, there will be an exciſe under another government as well as under this.

Why certainly, replied the exciſeman, I ſhould be a very ill man, if I did not honour the king, whoſe bread I eat. That is no more than natural, as a man may ſay: for what ſignifies it to me that there would be an exciſe-office under another government, ſince my friends would be out, and I could expect no better than to follow them? No, no, friend, I ſhall never be bubbled out of my religion, in hopes only of keeping my place under another government: for I ſhould certainly be no better, and very probably might be worſe.

Why, that is what I ſay, cries the landlord, whenever folks ſay, who knows what may happen? Odſooks! ſhould not I be a blockhead to lend my money to I know not who, becauſe mayhap he may return it again? I am ſure it is ſafe in my own bureau, and there I will keep it.

The attorney's clerk had taken a great fancy to the ſagacity of Partridge. Whether this proceeded from the great diſcernment which the former had into men, as well as things, or whether it aroſe from the ſympathy between their minds; for they were both truly Jacobites in principle; they now ſhook hands heartily, and drank bumpers of ſtrong beer to healths which we think proper to bury in oblivion.

Theſe healths were afterwards pledged by all preſent, and even by my landlord himſelf, though reluctantly; but he could not withſtand the menaces of the clerk, who ſwore, he would never ſet his foot within his houſe again, if he refuſed. The bumpers which were ſwallowed on this occaſion ſoon put an end to the converſation. Here, therefore, we will put an end to the chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

In which fortune ſeems to have been in a better humour with Jones than we have hitherto ſeen her.

AS there is no wholeſomer, ſo perhaps there are few ſtronger ſleeping potions than fatigue. Of this Jones might be ſaid to have taken a very large doſe, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already ſlept nine hours, and might perhaps have

ſlept

ſlept longer, had he not been awakened by a moſt violent noiſe at his chamber-door, where the ſound of many heavy blows was accompanied with many exclamations of murder. Jones preſently leapt from his bed, where he found the maſter of the puppet-ſhow belabouring the back and ribs of his poor Merry Andrew, without either mercy or moderation.

Jones inſtantly interpoſed on behalf of the ſuffering party, and pinned the inſulting conqueror up to the wall: for the puppet-ſhow man was no more able to contend with Jones, than the poor party-coloured jeſter had been to contend with this puppet-man.

But though the Merry-Andrew was a little fellow, and not very ſtrong, he had nevertheleſs ſome choler about him. He therefore no ſooner found himſelf delivered from the enemy, than he began to attack him with the only weapon at which he was his equal. From this he firſt diſcharged a volley of general abuſive words, and thence proceeded to ſome particular accuſations. — D — n your bl — d, you raſcal, ſays he, I have not only ſupported you, (for to me you owe all the money you get) but I have ſaved you from the gallows. Did you not want to rob the lady of her fine riding-habit, no longer ago than yeſterday, in the back lane here? Can you deny that you wiſhed to have her alone in a wood to ſtrip her, to ſtrip one of the prettieſt ladies that ever was ſeen in the world? And here you have fallen upon me, and have almoſt murdered me for doing

no harm to a girl as willing as myſelf, only becauſe ſhe likes me better than you.

Jones no ſooner heard this, than he quitted the maſter, laying on him at the ſame time the moſt violent injunctions of forbearance from any further inſult on the Merry-Andrew; and then taking the poor wretch with him into his own apartment, he ſoon learnt tidings of his Sophia, whom the fellow, as he was attending his maſter with his drum the day before, had ſeen paſs by. He eaſily prevailed with the lad to ſhew him the exact place; and then having ſummoned Partridge, he departed with the utmoſt expedition.

It was almoſt eight of the clock before all matters could be got ready for his departure: for Partridge was not in any haſte, nor could the reckoning be preſently adjuſted; and when both theſe were ſettled and over, Jones would not quit the place, before he had perfectly reconciled all differences between the maſter and the man.

When this was happily acompliſhed, he ſet forwards, and was by the truſty Merry-Andrew conducted to the ſpot by which Sophia had paſt; and then having handſomely rewarded his conductor, he again puſhed on with the utmoſt eagerneſs, being highly delighted with the extraordinary manner in which he received his intelligence. Of this Partridge was no ſooner acquainted, than he, with great earneſtneſs, began to propheſy, and aſſured Jones,

that he would certainly have good ſucceſs in the end: for, he ſaid, two ſuch accidents could never have happened to direct him after his miſtreſs, if providence had not deſigned to bring them together at laſt. And this was the firſt time that Jones lent any attention to the ſuperſtitious doctrines of his companion.

They had not gone above two miles, when a violent ſtorm of rain overtook them; and as they happened to be at the ſame time in ſight of an alehouſe, Partridge, with much earneſt entreaty, prevailed with Jones to enter, and weather the ſtorm. Hunger is an enemy (if indeed it may be called one) which partakes more of the Engliſh than of the French diſpoſition; for though you ſubdue this never ſo often, it will always rally again in time; and ſo it did with Partridge, who was no ſooner arrived within the kitchen, than he began to aſk the ſame queſtions which he had aſked the night before. The conſequence of this was an excellent cold chine being produced upon the table, upon which not only Partridge, but Jones himſelf, made a very hearty breakfaſt, though the latter began to grow again uneaſy, as the people of the houſe could give him no freſh information concerning Sophia.

Their meal being over, Jones was again preparing to ſally, notwithſtanding the violence of the ſtorm ſtill continued; but Partridge begged heartily for another

mug; and at laſt caſting his eyes on a lad at the fire, who had entered into the kitchen, and who at that inſtant was looking as earneſtly at him, he turned ſuddenly to Jones, and cried: Maſter, give me your hand, a ſingle mug ſhan't ſerve the turn this bout. Why here's more news of madam Sophia come to town. The boy there ſtanding by the fire is the very lad that rode before her. I can ſwear to my own plaiſter on his face. Heavens bleſs you, Sir, cries the boy, it is your own plaiſter ſure enough; I ſhall have always reaſon to remember your goodneſs; for it hath almoſt cured me.

At theſe words Jones ſtarted from his chair, and bidding the boy follow him, immediately departed from the kitchen into a private apartment; for ſo delicate was he with regard to Sophia, that he never willingly mentioned her name in the preſence of many people; and though he had, as it were, from the overflowings of his heart, given Sophia as a toaſt among the officers, where he thought it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould be known; yet even there the reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her ſir-name.

Hard therefore was it, and perhaps, in the opinion of many ſagacious readers, very abſurd and monſtrous, that he ſhould principally owe his preſent misfortunes to the ſuppoſed want of that delicacy with which he ſo abounded; for, in reality, Sophia was much more offended at the freedoms which ſhe thought (and

not without good reaſon) he had taken with her name and character, than at any freedoms, in which, under his preſent circumſtances, he had indulged himſelf with the perſon of another woman; and to ſay truth, I believe Honour could never have prevailed on her to leave Upton without her ſeeing Jones, had it not been for thoſe two ſtrong inſtances of a levity in his behaviour, ſo void of reſpect, and indeed ſo highly inconſiſtent with any degree of love and tenderneſs in great and delicate minds.

But ſo matters fell out, and ſo I muſt relate them; and if any reader is ſhocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I muſt remind ſuch perſons, that I am not writing a ſyſtem, but a hiſtory, and I am not obliged to reconcile every matter to the received notions concerning truth and nature. But if this was never ſo eaſy to do, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For inſtance, as the fact at preſent before us now ſtands, without any comment of mine upon it, though it may at firſt ſight offend ſome readers, yet, upon more mature conſideration, it muſt pleaſe all; for wiſe and good men may conſider what happened to Jones at Upton as a juſt puniſhment for his wickedneſs, with regard to women, of which it was indeed the immediate conſequence; and ſilly and bad perſons may comfort themſelves in their vices, by flattering their own hearts that the characters of men are rather owing to accident than to virtue.

Now perhaps the reflections which we ſhould be here inclined to draw, would alike contradict both theſe concluſions, and would ſhew that theſe incidents contribute only to confirm the great, uſeful, and uncommon doctrine, which it is the purpoſe of this whole work to inculcate, and which we muſt not fill up our pages by frequently repeating, as an ordinary parſon fills his ſermon by repeating his text at the end of every paragraph.

We are contented that it muſt appear, however unhappily Sophia had erred in her opinion of Jones, ſhe had ſufficient reaſon for her opinion; ſince, I believe, every other young lady would, in her ſituation, have erred in the ſame manner. Nay, had ſhe followed her lover at this very time, and had entered this very alehouſe the moment he was departed from it, ſhe would have found the landlord as well acquainted with her name and perſon as the wench at Upton had appeared to be. For while Jones was examining his boy in whiſpers in an inner room, Partridge, who had no ſuch delicacy in his diſpoſition, was in the kitchen very openly catechiſing the other guide who had attended Mrs. Fitzpatrick; by which means the landlord, whoſe ears were open on all ſuch occaſions, became perfectly well acquainted with the tumble of Sophia from her horſe, &c. with the miſtake concerning Jenny Cameron, with the many conſequences of the punch, and, in ſhort, with almoſt every thing which happened at

the inn, whence we diſpatched our ladies in a coach and ſix, when we laſt took our leaves of them.

CHAP. IX.

Containing little more than a few odd obſervations.

JONES had been abſent a full half hour, when he returned into the kitchen in a hurry, deſiring the landlord to let him know that inſtant what was to pay. And now the concern which Partridge felt at being obliged to quit the warm chimney-corner, and a cup of excellent liquor, was ſomewhat compenſated by hearing that he was to proceed no farther on foot, for Jones, by golden arguments, had prevailed with the boy to attend him back to the inn whither he had before conducted Sophia; but to this however the lad conſented, upon condition that the other guide would wait for him at the alehouſe; becauſe, as the landlord at Upton was an intimate acquaintance of the landlord at Glouceſter, it might ſome time or other come to the ears of the latter, that his horſes had been let to more than one perſon; and ſo the boy might be brought to account for money which he wiſely intended to put in his own pocket.

We were obliged to mention this circumſtance, trifling as it may ſeem, ſince it retarded Mr. Jones

a conſiderable time in his ſetting out; for the honeſty of this latter boy was ſomewhat high — that is, ſomewhat high priced, and would indeed have coſt Jones very dear, had not Partridge, who, as we have ſaid, was a very cunning fellow, artfully thrown in half a crown to be ſpent at that very alehouſe, while the boy was waiting for his companion. This half crown the landlord no ſooner got ſcent of, than he opened after it with ſuch vehement and perſuaſive outcry, that the boy was ſoon overcome, and conſented to take half a crown more for his ſtay. Here we cannot help obſerving, that as there is ſo much of policy in the loweſt life, great men often over-value themſelves on thoſe refinements in impoſture, in which they are frequently excelled by ſome of the loweſt of the human ſpecies.

The horſes being now produced, Jones directly leapt into the ſide-ſaddle, on which his dear Sophia had rid. The lad indeed very civilly offered him the uſe of his; but he choſe the ſide-ſaddle, probably becauſe it was ſofter. Partridge, however, though full as effeminate as Jones, could not bear the thoughts of degrading his manhood; he therefore accepted the boy's offer; and now Jones being mounted on the ſide-ſaddle of his Sophia, the boy on that of Mrs. Honour, and Partridge beſtriding the third horſe, they ſet forwards on their journey, and within four hours arrived at the inn where the reader hath already ſpent ſo much time. Partridge was in very

high ſpirits during the whole way, and often mentioned to Jones the many good omens of his future ſucceſs, which had lately befriended him; and which the reader, without being the leaſt ſuperſtitious, muſt allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. Partridge was moreover better pleaſed with the preſent purſuit of his companion, than he had been with his purſuit of glory; and from theſe very omens, which aſſured the pedagogue of ſucceſs, he likewiſe firſt acquired a clear idea of the amour between Jones and Sophia; to which he had before given very little attention, as he had originally taken a wrong ſcent concerning the reaſons of Jones's departure; and as to what happened at Upton, he was too much frightened juſt before and after his leaving that place, to draw any other concluſions from thence, than that poor Jones was a downright madman: a conceit which was not at all diſagreeable to the opinion he before had of his extraordinary wildneſs, of which, he thought, his behaviour, on their quitting Glouceſter, ſo well juſtified all the accounts he had formerly received. He was now, however, pretty well ſatisfied with his preſent expedition, and henceforth began to conceive much worthier ſentiments of his friend's underſtanding.

The clock had juſt ſtruck three when they arrived, and Jones immediately beſpoke poſt-horſes; but unluckily there was not a horſe to be procured in the whole place; which the reader will not wonder

at, when he conſiders the hurry in which the whole nation, and eſpecially this part of it, was at this time engaged, when expreſſes were paſſing and repaſſing every hour of the day and night.

Jones endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former guide to eſcort him to Coventry; but he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the boy in the inn-yard, a perſon came up to him, and ſaluting him by his name, enquired how all the good family did in Somerſetſhire; and now Jones, caſting his eyes upon this perſon, preſently diſcovered him to be Mr. Dowling the lawyer, with whom he had dined at Glouceſter, and with much courteſy returned his ſalutation.

Dowling very earneſtly preſſed Mr. Jones to go no further that night; and backed his ſolicitations with many unanſwerable arguments, ſuch as, that it was almoſt dark, that the roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by day-light, with many others equally good, ſome of which Jones had probably ſuggeſted to himſelf before; but as they were then ineffectual, ſo they were ſtill; and he continued reſolute in his deſign, even though he ſhould be obliged to ſet out on foot.

When the good attorney found he could not prevail on Jones to ſtay, he as ſtrenuouſly applied himſelf to perſuade the guide to accompany him. He urged many motives to induce him to undertake

this ſhort journey, and at laſt concluded with ſaying: Do you think the gentleman won't very well reward you for your trouble?

Two to one are odds at every other thing, as well as at foot-ball. But the advantage which this united force hath in perſuaſion or entreaty, muſt have been viſible to a curious obſerver; for he muſt have often ſeen, that when a father, a maſter, a wife, or any other perſon in authority, have ſtoutly adhered to a denial againſt all the reaſons which a ſingle man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the repetition of the ſame ſentiments by a ſecond or third perſon, who hath undertaken the cauſe, without attempting to advance any thing new in its behalf. And hence perhaps proceeds the phraſe of ſeconding an argument or a motion, and the great conſequence this is of in all aſſemblies of public debate. Hence likewiſe probably it is, that in our courts of law we often hear a learned gentleman (generally a ſerjeant) repeating for an hour together what another learned gentleman, who ſpoke juſt before him, had been ſaying.

Inſtead of accounting for this, we ſhall proceed, in our uſual manner, to exemplify it in the conduct of the lad above mentioned, who ſubmitted to the perſuaſions of Mr. Dowling, and promiſed once more to admit Jones into his ſide-ſaddle; but inſiſted on firſt giving the poor creatures a good bait, ſaying, they had travelled a great way, and been rid very

hard. Indeed this caution of the boy was needleſs; for Jones, notwithſtanding his hurry and impatience, would have ordered this of himſelf; for he by no means agreed with the opinion of thoſe who conſider animals as mere machines, and when they bury their ſpurs in the belly of their horſe, imagine the ſpur and the horſe to have an equal capacity of feeling pain.

While the beaſts were eating their corn, or rather were ſuppoſed to eat it; (for as the boy was taking care of himſelf in the kitchen, the hoſtler took great care that his corn ſhould not be conſumed in the ſtable) Mr. Jones, at the earneſt deſire of Mr. Dowling, accompanied that gentleman into his room, where they ſat down together over a bottle of wine.

CHAP. X.

In which Mr. Jones and Mr. Dowling drink a bottle together.

MR. Dowling, pouring out a glaſs of wine, named the health of the good 'ſquire Allworthy; adding: If you pleaſe, Sir, we will likewiſe remember his nephew and heir, the young 'ſquire: come, Sir, here's Mr. Blifil to you, a very pretty young gentleman; and who, I dare ſwear, will hereafter make a very

conſiderable figure in his country. I have a borough for him myſelf in my eye.

Sir, anſwered Jones, I am convinced you don't intend to affront me, ſo I ſhall not reſent it; but, I promiſe you, you have joined two perſons improperly together; for one is the glory of the human ſpecies, and the other is a raſcal, who diſhonours the name of man.

Dowling ſtared at this. He ſaid, he thought both the gentlemen had a very unexceptionable character. As for 'ſquire Allworthy himſelf, ſays he, I never had the happineſs to ſee him; but all the world talks of his goodneſs. And, indeed, as to the young gentleman, I never ſaw him but once, when I carried him the news of the loſs of his mother; and then I was ſo hurried, and drove, and tore with the multiplicity of buſineſs, that I had hardly time to converſe with him; but he looked ſo like a very honeſt gentleman, and behaved himſelf ſo prettily, that I proteſt I never was more delighted with any gentleman ſince I was born.

I don't wonder, anſwered Jones, that he ſhould impoſe upon you in ſo ſhort an acquaintance; for he hath the cunning of the devil himſelf, and you may live with him many years, without diſcovering him. I was bred up with him from my infancy, and we were hardly ever aſunder; but it is very lately only, that I have diſcovered half the villainy which is in him. I own I never greatly liked him,

I thought he wanted that generoſity of ſpirit, which is the ſure foundation of all that is great and noble in human nature. I ſaw a ſelfiſhneſs in him long ago, which I deſpiſed; but it is lately, very lately, that I have found him capable of the baſeſt and blackeſt deſigns; for, indeed, I have at laſt found out, that he hath taken an advantage of the openneſs of my own temper, and hath concerted the deepeſt project, by a long train of wicked artifice, to work my ruin, which at laſt he hath effected.

Ay! Ay! cries Dowling, I proteſt then, it is a pity ſuch a perſon ſhould inherit the great eſtate of your uncle Allworthy.

Alas, Sir, cries Jones, you do me an honour to which I have no title. It is true, indeed, his goodneſs once allowed me the liberty of calling him by a much nearer name; but, as this was only a voluntary act of goodneſs, I can complain of no injuſtice, when he thinks proper to deprive me of this honour; ſince the loſs cannot be more unmerited than the gift originally was. I aſſure you, Sir, I am no relation of Mr. Allworthy; and if the world, who are incapable of ſetting a true value on his virtue, ſhould think, in his behaviour to me, he hath dealt hardly by a relation, they do an injuſtice to the beſt of men: for I — but I aſk your pardon, I ſhall trouble you with no particulars relating to myſelf; only as you ſeemed to think me a relation of Mr. Allworthy, I thought proper to ſet you right

in a matter that might draw ſome cenſures upon him, which I promiſe you I would rather loſe my life, than give occaſion to.

I proteſt, Sir, cried Dowling, you talk very much like a man of honour; but inſtead of giving me any trouble, I proteſt it would give me great pleaſure to know how you came to be thought a relation of Mr. Allworthy's, if you are not. Your horſes won't be ready this half hour, and as you have ſufficient opportunity, I wiſh you would tell me how all that happened; for I proteſt, it ſeems very ſurpriſing that you ſhould paſs for a relation of a gentleman, without being ſo.

Jones, who in the compliance of his diſpoſition (tho' not in his prudence) a little reſembled his lovely Sophia, was eaſily prevailed on to ſatisfy Mr. Dowling's curioſity, by relating the hiſtory of his birth and education, which he did, like Othello,

—— Even from his boyiſh years,
To th' very moment he was bade to tell;

the which to hear, Dowling, like Deſdemona, did ſeriouſly incline;

He ſwore 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wonderous pitiful.

Mr. Dowling was indeed very greatly affected with this relation; for he had not diveſted himſelf of humanity by being an attorney. Indeed, nothing

is more unjuſt than to carry our prejudices againſt a profeſſion into private life, and to borrow our idea of a man from our opinion of his calling. Habit, it is true, leſſens the horror of thoſe actions which the profeſſion makes neceſſary, and conſequently habitual; but in all other inſtances, nature works in men of all profeſſions alike; nay, perhaps, even more ſtrongly with thoſe who give her, as it were, a holiday, when they are following their ordinary buſineſs. A butcher, I make no doubt, would feel compunction at the ſlaughter of a fine horſe; and though a ſurgeon can conceive no pain in cutting off a limb, I have known him compaſſionate a man in a fit of the gout. The common hangman, who hath ſtretched the necks of hundreds, is known to have trembled at his firſt operation on a head: and the very profeſſors of human blood-ſhedding, who in their trade of war butcher thouſands, not only of their fellow profeſſors, but often of women and children, without remorſe; even theſe, I ſay, in times of peace, when drums and trumpets are laid aſide, often lay aſide all their ferocity, and become very gentle members of civil ſociety. In the ſame manner an attorney may feel all the miſeries and diſtreſſes of his fellow creatures, provided he happens not to be concerned againſt them.

Jones, as the reader knows, was yet unacquainted with the very black colours in which he had been repreſented to Mr. Allworthy; and as to other matters,

matters, he did not ſhow them in the moſt diſadvantageous light: for though he was unwilling to caſt any blame on his former friend and patron; yet he was not very deſirous of heaping too much upon himſelf. Dowling, therefore, obſerved, and not without reaſon, that very ill offices muſt have been done him by ſome body: For, certainly, cries he, the 'ſquire would never have diſinherited you only for a few faults, which any young gentleman might have committed. Indeed, I cannot ſay properly diſinherited; for to be ſure by law you cannot claim as heir. That's certain; that no-body need go to counſel for. Yet when a gentleman had in a manner adopted you thus as his own ſon, you might reaſonably have expected ſome very conſiderable part, if not the whole; nay, if you had expected the whole, I ſhould not have blamed you: for certainly all men are for getting as much as they can, and they are not to be blamed on that account.

Indeed you wrong me, ſaid Jones, I ſhould have been contented with very little: I never had any view upon Mr. Allworthy's fortune; nay, I believe, I may truly ſay, I never once conſidered what he could or might give me. This I ſolemnly declare, if he had done a prejudice to his nephew in my favour, I would have undone it again. I had rather enjoy my own mind than the fortune of another man. What is the poor pride ariſing from a magnificent houſe, a numerous equipage, a ſplendid table, and

from all the other advantages or appearances of fortune, compared to the warm, ſolid content, the ſwelling ſatisfaction, the thrilling tranſports, and the exulting triumphs, which a good mind enjoys, in the contemplation of a generous, virtuous, noble, benevolent action? I envy not Blifil in the proſpect of his wealth; nor ſhall I envy him in the poſſeſſion of it. I would not think myſelf a raſcal half an hour, to exchange ſituations. I believe, indeed, Mr. Blifil ſuſpected me of the views you mention; and I ſuppoſe theſe ſuſpicions, as they aroſe from the baſeneſs of his own heart, ſo they occaſioned his baſeneſs to me. But, I thank heaven, I know, I feel, —— I feel my innocence, my friend; and I would not part with that feeling for the world. — For, as long as I know, I have never done, nor even deſigned an injury to any being whatever,

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtivâ recreatur aurâ,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, maluſque
Jupiter urget.

Pone, ſub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem *.

* Place me where never ſummer breeze
Unbends the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever low'ring clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year.

He then filled a bumper of wine, and drank it off to the health of his dear Lalage; and filling Dowling's glaſs likewiſe up to the brim, inſiſted on his pledging him. Why then here's Miſs Lalage's health, with all my heart, cries Dowling. I have heard her toaſted often, I proteſt, though I never ſaw her; but they ſay ſhe's extremely handſome.

Though the Latin was not the only part of this ſpeech which Dowling did not perfectly underſtand; yet there was ſomewhat in it, that made a very ſtrong impreſſion upon him. And though he endeavoured by winking, nodding, ſneering, and grinning, to hide the impreſſion from Jones, (for we are as often aſhamed of thinking right, as of thinking wrong) it is certain he ſecretly approved as much of his ſentiments as he underſtood, and really felt a very ſtrong impulſe of compaſſion for him. But we may poſſibly take ſome other opportunity of commenting upon this, eſpecially, if we ſhould happen to meet Mr. Dowling any more in the courſe of our hiſtory. At preſent we are obliged to take our leave of that gentleman a little abruptly, in imitation of Mr. Jones; who was no ſooner informed by Partridge, that his horſes were

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph ſhall charm my toils,
The nymph who ſweetly ſpeaks, and ſweetly ſmiles.

Mr. FRANCIS.

ready, than he depoſited his reckoning, wiſhed his companion a good night, mounted, and ſet forward towards Coventry, though the night was dark, and it juſt then began to rain very hard.

CHAP. XI.

The diſaſters which befel Jones on his departure for Coventry; with the ſage remarks of Partridge.

NO road can be plainer than that from the place where they now were, to Coventry; and though neither Jones, nor Partridge, nor the guide, had ever travelled it before, it would have been almoſt impoſſible to have miſſed their way, had it not been for the two reaſons mentioned in the concluſion of the laſt chapter.

Theſe two circumſtances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our travellers deviated into a much leſs frequented track; and after riding full ſix miles, inſtead of arriving at the ſtately ſpires of Coventry, they found themſelves ſtill in a very dirty lane, where they ſaw no ſymptoms of approaching the ſuburbs of a large city.

Jones now declared, that they muſt certainly have loſt their way; but this the guide inſiſted upon was impoſſible; a word which, in common converſation, is often uſed to ſignify not only improbable, but

often what is really very likely, and, ſometimes, what hath certainly happened: an hyperbolical violence like that which is ſo frequently offered to the words infinite and eternal; by the former of which it is uſual to expreſs a diſtance of half a yard, and by the latter, a duration of five minutes. And thus it is as uſual to aſſert the impoſſibility of loſing what is already actually loſt. This was, in fact, the caſe at preſent: for notwithſtanding all the confident aſſertions of the lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right road to Coventry, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting miſer is in the right road to heaven.

It is not, perhaps, eaſy for a reader, who hath never been in thoſe circumſtances, to imagine the horror with which darkneſs, rain, and wind, fill perſons who have loſt their way in the night; and who, conſequently, have not the pleaſant proſpect of warm fires, dry cloaths, and other refreſhments, to ſupport their minds in ſtruggling with the inclemencies of the weather. A very imperfect idea of this horror will, however, ſerve ſufficiently to account for the conceits which now filled the head of Partridge, and which we ſhall preſently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more poſitive that they were out of their road; and the boy himſelf, at laſt, acknowledged, he believed they were not in the right road to Coventry; though he affirmed, at the ſame time, it was impoſſible they ſhould have miſſed the

way. But Partridge was of a different opinion. He ſaid, when they firſt ſet out, he imagined ſome miſchief or other would happen. — Did you not obſerve, Sir, ſaid he to Jones, that old woman who ſtood at the door, juſt as you was taking horſe? I wiſh you had given her a ſmall matter, with all my heart; for ſhe ſaid then, you might repent it; and, at that very inſtant, it began to rain, and the wind hath continued riſing ever ſince. Whatever ſome people may think, I am very certain it is in the power of witches to raiſe the wind whenever they pleaſe. I have ſeen it happen very often in my time: and if ever I ſaw a witch in all my life, that old woman was certainly one. I thought ſo to myſelf at that very time; and if I had any halfpence in my pocket, I would have given her ſome: for to be ſure it is always good to be charitable to thoſe ſort of people, for fear what may happen; and many a perſon hath loſt his cattle by ſaving a halfpenny.

Jones, though he was horridly vexed at the delay which this miſtake was likely to occaſion in his journey, could not help ſmiling at the ſuperſtition of his friend, whom an accident now greatly confirmed in his opinion. This was a tumble from his horſe; by which, however, he received no other injury than what the dirt conferred on his cloaths.

Partridge had no ſooner recovered his legs, than he appealed to his fall, as concluſive evidence of all he had aſſerted; but Jones, finding he was unhurt,

anſwered with a ſmile: This witch of yours, Partridge, is a moſt ungrateful jade, and doth not, I find, diſtinguiſh her friends from others in her reſentment. If the old lady had been angry with me for neglecting her, I don't ſee why ſhe ſhould tumble you from your horſe, after all the reſpect you have expreſſed for her.

It is ill jeſting, cries Partridge, with people who have power to do theſe things; for they are often very malicious. I remember a farrier, who provoked one of them, by aſking her, when the time ſhe had bargained with the devil for, would be out? and within three months from that very day one of his beſt cows was drowned. Not was ſhe ſatisfied with that; for in little time afterwards he loſt a barrel of beſt-drink: for the old witch pulled out the ſpigot, and let it run all over the cellar, the very firſt evening he had tapped it, to make merry with ſome of his neighbours. In ſhort, nothing ever thrived with him afterwards; for ſhe worried the poor man ſo, that he took to drinking; and in a year or two his ſtock was ſeized, and he and his family are now come to the pariſh.

The guide, and perhaps his horſe too, were both ſo attentive to this diſcourſe, that, either through want of care, or by the malice of the witch, they were now both ſprawling in the dirt.

Partridge entirely imputed this fall, as he had done his own, to the ſame cauſe. He told Mr. Jones, it

would certainly be his turn next; and earneſtly entreated him, to return back, and find out the old woman, and pacify her. We ſhall very ſoon, added he, reach the inn; for though we have ſeemed to go forward, I am very certain we are in the identical place in which we were an hour ago; and I dare ſwear, if it was day-light, we might now ſee the inn we ſet out from.

Inſtead of returning any anſwer to this ſage advice, Jones was entirely attentive to what had happened to the boy, who received no other hurt than what had before befallen Partridge, and which his cloaths very eaſily bore, as they had been for many years inured to the like. He ſoon regained his ſide-ſaddle, and by the hearty curſes and blows which he beſtowed on his horſe, quickly ſatisfied Mr. Jones that no harm was done.

CHAP. XII.

Relates that Mr. Jones continued his journey contrary to the advice of Partridge, with what happened on that occaſion.

THEY now diſcovered a light at ſome diſtance, to the great pleaſure of Jones, and to the no ſmall terror of Partridge, who firmly believed himſelf to be bewitched, and that this light was a Jack with a lantern, or ſomewhat more miſchievous.

But how were theſe fears increaſed, when, as they approached nearer to this light, (or lights as they now appeared) they heard a confuſed ſound of human voices; of ſinging, laughing, and hallowing, together with a ſtrange noiſe that ſeemed to proceed from ſome inſtruments; but could hardly be allowed the name of muſic! Indeed, to favour a little the opinion of Partridge, it might very well be called muſic bewitched.

It is impoſſible to conceive a much greater degree of horror than what now ſeized on Partridge; the contagion of which had reached the poſt-boy, who had been very attentive to many things that the other had uttered. He now, therefore, joined in petitioning Jones to return; ſaying, he firmly believed what Partridge had juſt before ſaid, that though the horſes ſeemed to go on, they had not moved a ſtep forwards during at leaſt the laſt half hour.

Jones could not help ſmiling in the midſt of his vexation, at the fears of theſe poor fellows. Either we advance, ſays he, towards the lights, or the lights have advanced towards us; for we are now at a very little diſtance from them; but how can either of you be afraid of a ſet of people who appear only to be merry making?

Merry-making, Sir! cries Partridge; who could be merry-making at this time of night, and in ſuch a place, and ſuch weather? They can be nothing but ghoſts or witches, or ſome evil ſpirits or other, that's certain.

Let them be what they will, cries Jones, I am reſolved to go up to them, and enquire the way to Coventry. All witches, Partridge, are not ſuch ill-natured hags, as that we had the misfortune to meet with laſt.

O lord, Sir! cries Partridge, there is no knowing what humour they will be in; to be ſure it is always beſt to be civil to them; but what if we ſhould meet with ſomething worſe than witches, with evil ſpirits themſelves? — Pray, Sir, be adviſed; pray, Sir, do. If you had read ſo many terrible accounts as I have of theſe matters, you would not be ſo fool-hardy. — The lord knows whither we have got already, or whither we are going: for ſure ſuch darkneſs was never ſeen upon earth, and I queſtion whether it can be darker in the other world.

Notwithſtanding all theſe hints and cautions, Jones put forwards as faſt as he could, and poor Partridge was obliged to follow: for though he hardly dared to advance, he dared ſtill leſs to ſtay behind by himſelf.

At length they arrived at the place whence the lights and different noiſes had iſſued. This Jones perceived to be no other than a barn, where a great number of men and women were aſſembled, and diverting themſelves with much apparent jollity.

Jones no ſooner appeared before the great doors of the barn, which were open, than a maſculine and very rough voice from within demanded, Who was

there? — To which Jones gently anſwered: A friend; and immediately aſked the road to Coventry.

If you are a friend, cries another of the men in the barn, you had better alight till the ſtorm is-over; (for indeed it was now more violent than ever) you are very welcome to put up your horſe; for there is ſufficient room for him at one end of the barn.

You are very obliging, returned Jones; and I will accept your offer for a few minutes, whilſt the rain continues; and here are two more who will be glad of the ſame favour. This was accorded with more good-will than it was accepted: for Partridge would rather have ſubmitted to the utmoſt inclemency of the weather, than have truſted to the clemency of thoſe whom he took for hobgoblins; and the poor poſt-boy was now infected with the ſame apprehenſions; but they were both obliged to follow the example of Jones; the one, becauſe he durſt not leave his horſe, and the other, becauſe he feared nothing ſo much as being left by himſelf.

Had this hiſtory been writ in the days of ſuperſtition, I ſhould have had too much compaſſion for the reader to have left him ſo long in ſuſpence, whether Beelzebub or Satan was about actually to appear in perſon, with all his helliſh retinue; but as theſe doctrines are at preſent very unfortunate, and have but few, if any, believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any ſuch terrors. To ſay truth, the whole furniture of the infernal regions hath long

been appropriated by the managers of playhouſes, who ſeem lately to have lain them by as rubbiſh, capable only of affecting the upper gallery; a place in which few of our readers ever ſit.

However, though we do not ſuſpect raiſing any great terror on this occaſion, we have reaſon to fear ſome other apprehenſions may here ariſe in our reader, into which we would not willingly betray him; I mean, that we are going to take a voyage into fairyland, and to introduce a ſet of beings into our hiſtory, which ſcarce any one was ever childiſh enough to believe, though many have been fooliſh enough to ſpend their time in writing and reading their adventures.

To prevent therefore any ſuch ſuſpicions, ſo prejudicial to the credit of an hiſtorian, who profeſſes to draw his materials from nature only, we ſhall now proceed to acquaint the reader who theſe people were, whoſe ſudden appearance had ſtruck ſuch terrors into Partridge, had more than half frightened the poſt-boy, and had a little ſurpriſed even Mr. Jones himſelf.

The people then aſſembled in this barn were no other than a company of Egyptians, or, as they are vulgarly called, Gypſies, and they were now celebrating the wedding of one of their ſociety.

It is impoſſible to conceive a happier ſet of people than appeared here to be met together. The utmoſt mirth indeed ſhewed itſelf in every countenance;

nor was their ball totally void of all order and decorum. Perhaps it had more than a country aſſembly is ſometimes conducted with: for theſe people are ſubject to a formal government and laws of their own, and all pay obedience to one great magiſtrate, whom they call their king.

Greater plenty likewiſe was no where to be ſeen, than what flouriſhed in this barn. Here was indeed no nicety nor elegance, nor did the keen appetite of the gueſts require any. Here was good ſtore of bacon, fowls, and mutton, to which every one preſent provided better ſauce himſelf, than the beſt and deareſt French cook can prepare.

Æneas is not deſcribed under more conſternation in the temple of Juno,

Dum ſtupet, obtutuque haret defixus in uno,

than was our hero at what he ſaw in this barn. While he was looking every where round him with aſtoniſhment, a venerable perſon approached him with many friendly ſalutations, rather of too hearty a kind to be called courtly. This was no other than the king of the Gypſies himſelf. He was very little diſtinguiſhed in dreſs from his ſubjects, nor had he any regalia of majeſty to ſupport his dignity; and yet there ſeemed, as Mr. Jones ſaid, to be ſomewhat in his air which denoted authority, and inſpired the beholders with an idea of awe and reſpect; though all this was perhaps imaginary in Jones; and the

truth may be, that ſuch ideas are incident to power, and almoſt inſeparable from it.

There was ſomewhat in the open countenance and courteous behaviour of Jones, which being accompanied with much comelineſs of perſon, greatly recommended him at firſt ſight to every beholder. Theſe were perhaps a little heightened in the preſent inſtance, by that profound reſpect which he paid to the king of the Gypſies, the moment he was acquainted with his dignity, and which was the ſweeter to his Gypſeian majeſty, as he was not uſed to receive ſuch homage from any but his own ſubjects.

The king ordered a table to be ſpread with the choiceſt of their proviſions for his accommodation; and having placed himſelf at his right hand, his majeſty began to diſcourſe our hero in the following manner:

Me doubt not, Sir, but you have often ſeen ſome of my people, who are what you call de *parties détachées*: for dey go about every where; but me fancy you imagine not we be ſo conſiderable body as we be; and may be you will ſurpriſe more, when you hear de Gypſy be as orderly and well govern people as any upon face of de earth.

Me have honour, as me ſay, to be deir king, and no monarch can do boaſt of more dutiful ſubjects, ne no more affectionate. How far me deſerve deir good-will, me no ſay; but dis me can ſay, dat me

never deſign any ting but to do dem good. Me ſall no do boaſt of dat neider: for what can me do oderwiſe dan conſider of de good of doſe poor people, who go about all day to give me always the beſt of what dey get? Dey love and honour me darefore, becauſe me do love and take care of dem; dat is all, me know no oder reaſon.

About a touſand or two touſand years ago, me cannot tell to a year or two, as can neider write nor read, dere was a great what you call, — a volution among de Gypſy; for dere was de lord Gypſy in doſe days; and deſe lord did quarrel vid one anoder about de place; but de king of de Gypſy did demoliſh dem all, and made all his ſubjects equal vid each oder; and ſince dat time dey have agree very well: for dey no tink of being king, and may be it be better for dem as dey be; for me aſſure you it be ver troubleſome ting to be king, and always to do juſtice; me have often viſh to be de private Gypſy when me have been forced to puniſh my dear friends and relations; for dough we never put to death, our puniſhments be ver ſevere. Dey make de Gypſy aſhamed of demſelves, and dat be ver terrible puniſhment; me ave ſcarce ever know de Gypſy ſo puniſh do harm any more.

The king then proceeded to expreſs ſome wonder that there was no ſuch puniſhment as ſhame in other governments. Upon which Jones aſſured him to the contrary: for that there were many crimes for

which ſhame was inflicted by the Engliſh laws, and that it was indeed one conſequence of all puniſhment. Dat be ver ſtrange, ſaid the king: for me know and hear a good deal of your people, dough me no live among dem; and me ave often hear dat ſhame is de conſequence and de cauſe too of many of your rewards. Are your rewards and puniſhments den de ſame ting?

While his majeſty was thus diſcourſing with Jones, a ſudden uproar aroſe in the barn, and, as it ſeems, upon this occaſion: the courteſy of theſe people had by degrees removed all the apprehenſions of Partridge, and he was prevailed upon not only to ſtuff himſelf with their food, but to taſte ſome of their liquors, which by degrees entirely expelled all fear from his compoſition, and in its ſtead introduced much more agreeable ſenſations.

A young female Gypſy, more remarkable for her wit than her beauty, had decoyed the honeſt fellow aſide, pretending to tell his fortune. Now when they were alone together in a remote part of the barn, whether it proceeded from the ſtrong liquor, which is never ſo apt to inflame inordinate deſire as after moderate fatigue; or whether the fair Gypſy herſelf threw aſide the delicacy and decency of her ſex, and tempted the youth Partridge with expreſs ſolicitations; but they were diſcovered in a very improper manner by the huſband of the Gypſy, who from jealouſy, it ſeems, had kept a watchful eye over his

his wife, and had dogged her to the place, where he found her in the arms of her gallant.

To the great confuſion of Jones, Partridge was now hurried before the king; who heard the accuſation, and likewiſe the culprit's defence, which was indeed very trifling: for the poor fellow was confounded by the plain evidence which appeared againſt him, and had very little to ſay for himſelf. His majeſty then turning towards Jones, ſaid: Sir, you have hear what dey ſey; what puniſhment do you tink your man deſerve?

Jones anſwered, he was ſorry for what had happened, and that Partridge ſhould make the huſband all the amends in his power: he ſaid, he had very little money about him at that time; and putting his hand into his pocket, offered the fellow a guinea. To which he immediately anſwered, he hoped his honour would not think of giving him leſs than five.

This ſum, after ſome altercation, was reduced to two; and Jones having ſtipulated for the full forgiveneſs of both Partridge and the wife, was going to pay the money, when his majeſty reſtraining his hand, turned to the witneſs, and aſked him, at what time he had diſcovered the criminals? To which he anſwered, that he had been deſired by the huſband to watch the motions of his wife from her firſt ſpeaking to the ſtranger, and that he had never loſt ſight of her afterwards till the crime had been committed. The king then aſked, if the huſband

was with him all that time in his lurking place? To which he anſwered in the affirmative. His Egyptian majeſty then addreſſed himſelf to the huſband as follows: Me be ſorry to ſee any Gypſy dat have no more honour dan to ſell de honour of his wife for money. If you had de love for your wife, you would have prevented dis matter, and not endeavour to make her de whore, dat you might diſcover her. Me do order dat you have no money given you, for you deſerve puniſhment, not reward; me do order derefore, dat you be de infamous Gypſy, and do wear pair of horns on your forehead for one month, and dat your wife be called de whore, and pointed at all dat time: for you be de infamous Gypſy, but ſhe be no leſs de infamous whore.

The Gypſies immediately proceeded to execute the ſentence, and left Jones and Partridge alone with his majeſty.

Jones greatly applauded the juſtice of the ſentence; upon which the king turning to him, ſaid: Me believe you be ſurpriſe: for me ſuppoſe you have ver bad opinion of my people; me ſuppoſe you tink us all de tieves.

I muſt confeſs, Sir, ſaid Jones, I have not heard ſo favourable an account of them as they ſeem to deſerve.

Me vil tell you, ſaid the king, how de difference is between you and us. My people rob your people, and your people rob one anoder.

Jones afterwards proceeded very gravely to ſing forth the happineſs of thoſe ſubjects who live under ſuch a magiſtrate.

Indeed their happineſs appears to have been ſo complete, that we are aware leſt ſome advocate for arbitrary power ſhould hereafter quote the caſe of thoſe people, as an inſtance of the great advantages which attend that government above all others.

And here we will make a conceſſion, which would not perhaps have been expected from us, that no limited form of government is capable of riſing to the ſame degree of perfection, or of producing the ſame benefits to ſociety with this. Mankind have never been ſo happy, as when the greateſt part of the then known world was under the dominion of a ſingle maſter; and this ſtate of their felicity continued during the reigns of five ſucceſſive princes *. This was the true æra of the golden age, and the only golden age which ever had any exiſtence, unleſs in the warm imaginations of the poets, from the expulſion from Eden down to this day.

In reality, I know but of one ſolid objection to abſolute monarchy. The only defect in which excellent conſtitution ſeems to be the difficulty of finding any man adequate to the office of an abſolute monarch: for this indiſpenſably requires three qualities very difficult, as it appears from hiſtory, to

* Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini.

be found in princely natures: firſt, a ſufficient quantity of moderation in the prince, to be contented with all the power which is poſſible for him to have. 2dly, enough of wiſdom to know his own happineſs. And, 3dly, goodneſs ſufficient to ſupport the happineſs of others, when not only compatible with, but inſtrumental to, his own.

Now, if an abſolute monarch, with all theſe great and rare qualifications, ſhould be allowed capable of conferring the greateſt good on ſociety; it muſt be ſurely granted, on the contrary, that abſolute power veſted in the hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no leſs a degree of evil.

In ſhort, our own religion furniſhes us with adequate ideas of the bleſſing, as well as curſe, which may attend abſolute power. The pictures of heaven and of hell will place a very lively image of both before our eyes: for though the prince of the latter can have no power, but what he originally derives from the omnipotent ſovereign in the former: yet it plainly appears from ſcripture, that abſolute power in his infernal dominions is granted to their diabolical ruler. This is, indeed, the only abſolute power which can by ſcripture be derived from heaven. If, therefore, the ſeveral tyrannies upon earth can prove any title to a divine authority, it muſt be derived from this original grant to the prince of darkneſs, and theſe ſubordinate deputations muſt,

conſequently, come immediately from him whoſe ſtamp they ſo expreſsly bear.

To conclude, as the examples of all ages ſhew us that mankind in general deſire power only to do harm, and when they obtain it, uſe it for no other purpoſe; it is not conſonant with even the leaſt degree of prudence to hazard an alteration, where our hopes are poorly kept in countenance by only two or three exceptions out of a thouſand inſtances to alarm our fears. In this caſe, it will be much wiſer to ſubmit to a few inconveniencies ariſing from the diſpaſſionate deafneſs of laws, than to remedy them by applying to the paſſionate open ears of a tyrant.

Nor can the example of the Gypſies, though poſſibly they may have long been happy under this form of government, be here urged; ſince we muſt remember the very material reſpect in which they differ from all other people, and to which, perhaps, this their happineſs is entirely owing, namely, that they have no falſe honours among them; and that they look on ſhame as the moſt grievous puniſhment in the world.

CHAP. XIII.

A dialogue between Jones and Partridge.

THE honeſt lovers of liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long digreſſion into which we were led at the cloſe of the laſt chapter, to prevent our hiſtory from being applied to the uſe of the moſt pernicious doctrine which prieſtcraft had ever the wickedneſs, or the impudence, to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. Jones, who, when the ſtorm was over, took leave of his Egyptian majeſty, after many thanks for his courteous behaviour and kind entertainment, and ſet out for Coventry; to which place (for it was ſtill dark) a Gypſy was ordered to conduct him.

Jones having, by reaſon of his deviation, travelled eleven miles inſtead of ſix, and moſt of thoſe through very execrable roads, where no expedition could have been made in queſt of a midwife, did not arrive at Coventry till near twelve. Nor could he poſſibly get again into the ſaddle till paſt two; for poſt-horſes were now not eaſy to get; nor were the hoſtler or poſt-boy in half ſo great a hurry as himſelf, but choſe rather to imitate the tranquil diſpoſition of Partridge; who, being denied the nouriſhment of ſleep, took all opportunities to ſupply its place with every other kind of nouriſhment, and was never

better pleaſed than when he arrived at an inn, nor ever more diſſatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

Jones now travelled poſt; we will follow him therefore, according to our cuſtom, and to the rules of Longinus in the ſame manner. From Coventry he arrived at Daventry, from Daventry at Stratford, and from Stratford at Dunſtable, whither he came the next day a little after noon, and within a few hours after Sophia had left it; and though he was obliged to ſtay here longer than he wiſhed, while a ſmith, with great deliberation, ſhoed the poſt-horſe he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his Sophia, before ſhe ſhould ſet out from St. Albans; at which place he concluded, and very reaſonably, that his lordſhip would ſtop and dine.

And had he been right in this conjecture, he moſt probably would have overtaken his angel at the aforeſaid place; but unluckily my lord had appointed a dinner to be prepared for him at his own houſe in London, and, in order to enable him to reach that place in proper time, he had ordered a relay of horſes to meet him at St. Albans. When Jones, therefore, arrived there, he was informed that the coach and ſix had ſet out two hours before.

If freſh poſt-horſes had been now ready, as they were not, it ſeemed ſo apparently impoſſible to overtake the coach before it reached London, that Partridge thought he had now a proper opportunity

to remind his friend of a matter which he ſeemed entirely to have forgotten; what this was the reader will gueſs, when we inform him that Jones had eat nothing more than one poached egg ſince he had left the alehouſe where he had firſt met the guide returning from Sophia; for, with the Gypſies, he had feaſted only his underſtanding.

The landlord ſo entirely agreed with the opinion of Mr. Partridge, that he no ſooner heard the latter deſire his friend to ſtay and dine, than he very readily put in his word, and retracting his promiſe before given of furniſhing the horſes immediately, he aſſured Mr. Jones, he would loſe no time in beſpeaking a dinner, which, he ſaid, could be got ready ſooner than it was poſſible to get the horſes up from graſs, and to prepare them for their journey by a feed of corn.

Jones was, at length, prevailed on, chiefly by the latter argument of the landlord; and now a joint of mutton was put down to the fire. While this was preparing, Partridge being admitted into the ſame apartment with his friend, or maſter, began to harangue in the following manner:

Certainly, Sir, if ever man deſerved a young lady, you deſerve young Madam Weſtern; for what a vaſt quantity of love muſt a man have, to be able to live upon it without any other food, as you do? I am poſitive I have eat thirty times as much, within theſe laſt twenty four hours, as your honour, and yet I am

almoſt famiſhed; for nothing makes a man ſo hungry as travelling, eſpecially in this cold raw weather. And yet I can't tell how it is, but your honour is ſeemingly in perfect good health, and you never looked better nor freſher in your life. It muſt be, certainly, love that you live upon.

And a very rich diet too, Partridge, anſwered Jones. But did not fortune ſend me an excellent dainty yeſterday? Doſt thou imagine I cannot live more than twenty-four hours on this dear pocket-book?

Undoubtedly, cries Partridge, there is enough in that pocket-book to purchaſe many a good meal. Fortune ſent it to your honour very opportunely for preſent uſe, as your honour's money muſt be almoſt out by this time.

What do you mean? anſwered Jones; I hope you don't imagine that I ſhould be diſhoneſt enough, even if it belonged to any other perſon, beſides Miſs Weſtern ——

Diſhoneſt! replied Partridge; heaven forbid I ſhould wrong your honour ſo much; but where's the diſhoneſty in borrowing a little for preſent ſpending, ſince you will be ſo well able to pay the lady hereafter? No, indeed, I would have your honour pay it again, as ſoon as it is convenient, by all means; but where can be the harm in making uſe of it, now you want it? Indeed, if it belonged to a poor body, it would be another thing; but

ſo great a lady, to be ſure, can never want it, eſpecially now as ſhe is along with a lord, who, it can't be doubted, will let her have whatever ſhe hath need of. Beſides, if ſhe ſhould want a little, ſhe cannot want the whole, therefore I would give her a little; but I would be hanged before I mentioned the having found it at firſt, and before I got ſome money of my own; for London, I have heard, is the very worſt of places to be in without money. Indeed, if I had not known to whom it belonged, I might have thought it was the devil's money, and have been afraid to uſe it; but as you know otherwiſe, and came honeſtly by it, it would be an affront to fortune to part with it all again, at the very time when you want it moſt; you can hardly expect ſhe ſhould ever do you ſuch another good turn; for *fortuna nunquam perpetuò eſt bona.* You will do as you pleaſe, nothwithſtanding all I ſay; but, for my part, I would be hanged before I mentioned a word of the matter.

By what I can ſee, Partridge, cries Jones, hanging is a matter *non longè alienum à Scævolæ ſtudiis.* You ſhould ſay *alienus*, ſays Partridge — I remember the paſſage; it is an example under *communis, alienus, immunis, variis caſibus ſerviunt.* If you do remember it, cries Jones, I find you don't underſtand it; but I tell thee, friend, in plain Engliſh, that he who finds another's property, and wilfully detains it from the known owner, deſerves, *in foro*

conſcientiæ, to be hanged, no leſs than if he had ſtolen it. And as for this very identical bill, which is the property of my angel, and was once in her dear poſſeſſion, I will not deliver it into any hands but her own, upon any conſideration whatever; no, though I was as hungry as thou art, and had no other means to ſatisfy my craving appetite: this I hope to do before I ſleep; but if it ſhould happen otherwiſe, I charge thee, if thou wouldſt not incur my diſpleaſure for ever, not to ſhock me any more by the bare mention of ſuch deteſtable baſeneſs.

I ſhould not have mentioned it now, cries Partridge, if it had appeared ſo to me; for I'm ſure I ſcorn any wickedneſs as much as another; but, perhaps, you know better; and yet I might have imagined that I ſhould not have lived ſo many years, and have taught ſchool ſo long, without being able to diſtinguiſh between *fas & nefas*; but, it ſeems, we are all to live and learn. I remember my old ſchool-maſter, who was a prodigious great ſcholar, uſed often to ſay, *Polly matete cry town is my daſkalon*. The Engliſh of which, he told us, was, That a child may ſometimes teach his grandmother to ſuck eggs. I have lived to a fine purpoſe truly, if I am to be taught my grammar at this time of day. Perhaps, young gentleman, you may change your opinion, if you live to my years: for I remember I thought myſelf as wiſe, when I was a ſtripling of one or two and twenty, as I am now.

I am ſure I always taught *alienus*, and my maſter read it ſo before me.

There were not many inſtances in which Partridge could provoke Jones, nor were there many in which Partridge himſelf could have been hurried out of his reſpect. Unluckily, however, they had both hit on one of theſe. We have already ſeen Partridge could not bear to have his learning attacked, nor could Jones bear ſome paſſage or other in the foregoing ſpeech. And now looking upon his companion with a contemptuous and diſdainful air (a thing not uſual with him) he cried: Partridge, I ſee thou art a conceited old fool, and I wiſh thou art not likewiſe an old rogue. Indeed, if I was as well convinced of the latter as I am of the former, thou ſhouldſt travel no farther in my company.

The ſage pedagogue was contented with the vent which he had already given to his indignation; and, as the vulgar phraſe is, immediately drew in his horns. He ſaid, he was ſorry he had uttered any thing which might give offence, for that he had never intended it; but *Nemo omnibus horis ſapit.*

As Jones had the vices of a warm diſpoſition, he was entirely free from thoſe of a cold one; and, if his friends muſt have confeſt his temper to have been a little too eaſily ruffled, his enemies muſt, at the ſame time, have confeſt, that it as ſoon ſubſided; nor did it at all reſemble the ſea,

whoſe ſwelling is more violent and dangerous after a ſtorm is over, that while the ſtorm itſelf ſubſiſts. He, inſtantly, accepted the ſubmiſſion of Partridge, ſhook him by the hand, and with the moſt benign aſpect imaginable, ſaid twenty kind things, and, at the ſame time, very ſeverely condemned himſelf, though not half ſo ſeverely as he will, moſt probably, be condemned by many of our good readers.

Partridge was now highly comforted, as his fears of having offended were at once aboliſhed, and his pride completely ſatisfied by Jones having owned himſelf in the wrong, which ſubmiſſion he inſtantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated, in a muttering voice: To be ſure, Sir, your knowledge may be ſuperior to mine in ſome things; but as to the grammar, I think I may challenge any man living. I think, at leaſt, I have that at my finger's end.

If any thing could add to the ſatisfaction which the poor man now enjoyed, he received this addition by the arrival of an excellent ſhoulder of mutton, that, at this inſtant, came ſmoaking to the table. On which, having both plentifully feaſted, they again mounted their horſes, and ſet forward for London.

CHAP. XIV.

What happened to Mr. Jones in his journey from St. Albans.

THEY were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the dusk of the evening, when a genteel looking man, but upon a very ſhabby horſe, rode up to Jones, and aſked him, whether he was going to London? to which Jones anſwered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied: I ſhould be obliged to you, Sir, if you will accept of my company; for it is very late, and I am a ſtranger to the road. Jones readily complied with the requeſt; and on they travelled together, holding that ſort of diſcourſe which is uſual on ſuch occaſions.

Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic; upon which ſubject the ſtranger expreſſed great apprehenſions; but Jones declared, he had very little to loſe, and conſequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word. Your honour, ſaid he, may think it a little, but I am ſure, if I had a hundred pound bank-note in my pocket, as you have, I ſhould be very ſorry to loſe it; but, for my part, I never was leſs afraid in my life; for we are four of us, and if we all ſtand by one another, the beſt man in England can't

rob us. Suppoſe he ſhould have a piſtol, he can kill but one of us, and a man can die but once. — That's my comfort, a man can die but once.

Beſides the reliance on ſuperior numbers, a kind of valour which hath raiſed a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory; there was another reaſon for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now diſcovered, for he had, at preſent, as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to beſtow.

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the ſtranger turned ſhort upon Jones, and pulling out a piſtol, demanded that little bank-note which Partridge had mentioned.

Jones was, at firſt, ſomewhat ſhocked at this unexpected demand; however, he ſoon recollected himſelf, and told the highwayman, all the money he had in his pocket was entirely at his ſervice; and ſo ſaying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other anſwered with an oath, that would not do. Jones anſwered coolly, he was very ſorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the bank-note that moment, he muſt ſhoot him; holding his piſtol, at the ſame time, very near to his breaſt. Jones inſtantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled ſo that he could ſcarce hold the piſtol in it, and turned the muzzle from

him. A ſtruggle then enſued, in which the former wreſted the piſtol from the hand of his antagoniſt, and both came from their horſes on the ground together, the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him.

The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror; for, to ſay the truth, he was in ſtrength by no means a match for Jones. Indeed, Sir, ſays he, I could have no intention to ſhoot you; for you will find the piſtol was not loaded. This is the firſt robbery I ever attempted, and I have been driven by diſtreſs to this.

At this inſtant, at about an hundred and fifty yards diſtance, lay another perſon on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himſelf, who endeavouring to make his eſcape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horſe; and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be ſhot.

In this poſture he lay, till the guide, who was no otherwiſe concerned than for his horſes, having ſecured the ſtumbling beaſt, came up to him, and told him, his maſter had got the better of the highwayman.

Partridge leapt up at this news, and ran back to the place, where Jones ſtood with his ſword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow; which Partridge no ſooner ſaw, than he cried out: Kill the villain,

Sir,

Sir, run him through the body, kill him this inſtant.

Luckily, however, for the poor wretch, he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones having examined the piſtol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him, before Partridge came up; namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the diſtreſs he mentioned, the greateſt indeed imaginable, that of five hungry children, and a wife lying in of a ſixth, in the utmoſt want and miſery. The truth of all which the highwayman moſt vehemently aſſerted, and offered to convince Mr. Jones of it, if he would take the trouble to go to his houſe, which was not above two miles off; ſaying, that he deſired no favour, but upon condition of proving all he had alledged.

Jones at firſt pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and go with him, declaring that his fate ſhould depend entirely on the truth of his ſtory. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expreſſed ſo much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly ſatisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain ſentiments of compaſſion for him. He returned the fellow his empty piſtol, adviſed him to think of honeſter means of relieving his diſtreſs, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate ſupport of his wife and his family; adding, he wiſhed he had more for his ſake, for the hundred pound that had been mentioned, was not his own.

Our readers will probably be divided in their opinions concerning this action; ſome may applaud it, perhaps, as an act of extraordinary humanity, while thoſe of a more ſaturnine temper will conſider it as a want of regard to that juſtice which every man owes his country. Partridge certainly ſaw it in that light; for he teſtified much diſſatisfaction on the occaſion, quoted an old proverb, and ſaid, he ſhould not wonder if the rogue attacked them again before they reached London.

The highwayman was full of expreſſions of thankfulneſs and gratitude. He actually dropt tears, or pretended ſo to do. He vowed, he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit ſuch a tranſgreſſion: whether he kept his word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our travellers, having remounted their horſes, arrived in town, without encountering any new miſhap. On the road much pleaſant diſcourſe paſſed between Jones and Partridge, on the ſubject of their laſt adventure. In which Jones expreſt a great compaſſion for thoſe highwaymen who are, by unavoidable diſtreſs, driven, as it were, to ſuch illegal courſes, as generally bring them to a ſhameful death. I mean, ſaid he, thoſe only whoſe higheſt guilt extends no farther than to robbery, and who are never guilty of cruelty nor inſult to any perſon, which is a circumſtance, that, I muſt ſay, to the honour of our country, diſtinguiſhes the robbers of

England from thoſe of all other nations; for murder is, amongſt thoſe, almoſt inſeparably incident to robbery.

No doubt, anſwered Partridge, it is better to take away one's money than one's life; and yet it is very hard upon honeſt men, that they can't travel about their buſineſs, without being in danger of theſe villains. And, to be ſure, it would be better that all rogues were hanged out of the way, than that one honeſt man ſhould ſuffer. For my own part, indeed, I ſhould not care to have the blood of any of them on my hands; but it is very proper for the law to hang them all. What right hath any man to take ſix-pence from me, unleſs I give it him? Is there any honeſty in ſuch a man?

No, ſurely, cries Jones, no more than there is in him who takes the horſes out of another man's ſtable, or who applies to his own uſe the money which he finds, when he knows the right owner.

Theſe hints ſtopt the mouth of Partridge, nor did he open it again, till Jones having thrown ſome ſarcaſtical jokes on his cowardice, he offered to excuſe himſelf on the inequality of fire-arms, ſaying: A thouſand naked men are nothing to one piſtol; for though, it is true, it will kill but one at a ſingle diſcharge, yet who can tell but that one may be himſelf?

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIII.

Containing the ſpace of twelve days.

CHAP. I.

An invocation.

COME, bright love of fame, inſpire my glowing breaſt: not thee I call, who, over ſwelling tides of blood and tears, doſt bear the hero on to glory, while ſighs of millions waft his ſpreading ſails; but thee, fair, gentle maid, whom Mneſis, happy nymph, firſt on the banks of Hebrus did produce. Thee, whom Mæonia educated, whom Mantua charmed, and who, on that fair hill which overlooks the proud metropolis of Britain, ſat'ſt, with thy Milton, ſweetly tuning the heroic lyre; fill my raviſhed fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretel me that ſome tender maid, whoſe grand-mother

is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious name of Sophia, ſhe reads the real worth which once exiſted in my Charlotte, ſhall, from her ſympathetic breaſt, ſend forth the heaving ſigh. Do thou teach me not only to foreſee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future praiſe. Comfort me by a ſolemn aſſurance, that when the little parlour in which I ſit at this inſtant, ſhall be reduced to a worſe furniſhed box, I ſhall be read, with honour, by thoſe who never knew nor ſaw me, and whom I ſhall neither know nor ſee.

And thou, much plumper dame, whom no airy forms nor phantoms of imagination clothe, whom the well-ſeaſoned beef, and pudding richly ſtained with plumbs, delight; Thee, I call; of whom in a Treckſchuyte in ſome Dutch canal the fat ufrow gelt, impregnated by a jolly merchant of Amſterdam, was delivered: in Grub-ſtreet ſchool didſt thou ſuck in the elements of thy erudition. Here haſt thou, in thy maturer age, taught poetry to tickle not the fancy, but the pride of the patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and ſolemn air; while Tragedy ſtorms loud, and rends th' affrighted theatres with its thunder. To ſooth thy wearied limbs in ſlumber, alderman Hiſtory tells his tedious tale; and again to awaken thee, Monſieur Romance performs his ſurpriſing tricks of dexterity. Nor leſs thy well-fed bookſeller obeys thy influence. By thy advice, the heavy, unread, folio lump, which

long had dozed on the dusty shelf, piece-mealed into numbers, runs nimbly through the nation. Instructed by thee, some books, like quacks impose on the world by promising wonders; while others turn beaus, and trust all their merits to a gilded outside. Come, thou jolly substance, with thy shining face, keep back thy inspiration, but hold forth thy tempting rewards; thy shining, chinking heap; thy quickly-convertible bank-bill, big with unseen riches; thy often varying stock; the warm, the comfortable house; and, lastly, a fair portion of that bounteous mother, whose flowing breasts yield redundant sustenance for all her numerous offspring, did not some too greedily and wantonly drive their brethren from the teat. Come thou: and if I am too tasteless of thy valuable treasures, warm my heart with the transporting thought of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy bounty, the prattling babes, whose innocent play hath often been interrupted by my labours, may one time be amply rewarded for them.

And now this ill-yoked pair, this lean shadow and this fat substance, have prompted me to write, whose assistance shall I invoke to direct my pen?

First, genius; thou gift of heaven; without whose aid in vain we struggle against the stream of nature. Thou, who dost sow the generous seeds which art nourishes, and brings to perfection; do thou kindly take me by the hand, and lead me through all the

mazes, the winding labyrinths of nature. Initiate me into all thoſe myſteries which profane eyes never beheld. Teach me, which to thee is no difficult taſk, to know mankind better than they know themſelves. Remove that miſt which dims the intellects of mortals, and cauſes them to adore men for their art, or to deteſt them for their cunning in deceiving others, when they are, in reality, the objects only of ridicule, for deceiving themſelves. Strip off the thin diſguiſe of wiſdom from ſelf-conceit, of plenty from avarice, and of glory from ambition. Come thou, that haſt inſpired thy Ariſtophanes, thy Lucian, thy Cervantes, thy Rabelais, thy Moliere, thy Shakeſpear, thy Swift, thy Marivaux, fill my pages with humour; till mankind learn the good-nature to laugh only at the follies of others, and the humility to grieve at their own.

And thou, almoſt the conſtant attendant on true genius, humanity, bring all thy tender ſenſations. If thou haſt already diſpoſed of them all between thy Allen and thy Lyttelton, ſteal them a little while from their boſoms. Not without theſe the tender ſcene is painted. From theſe alone proceed the noble diſintereſted friendſhip, the melting love, the generous ſentiment, the ardent gratitude, the ſoft compaſſion, the candid opinion; and all thoſe ſtrong energies of a good mind, which fill the moiſtened eyes with tears, the glowing cheeks with blood, and ſwell the heart with tides of grief, joy, and benevolence.

And thou, O learning, (for without thy aſſiſtance nothing pure, nothing correct, can genius produce) do thou guide my pen. Thee, in thy favourite fields, where the limpid, gently-rolling Thames waſhes thy Etonian banks, in early youth I have worſhipped. To thee, at thy birchen altar, with true Spartan devotion, I have ſacrificed my blood. Come then, and from thy vaſt, luxuriant ſtores, in long antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich profuſion. Open thy Mæonian and thy Mantuan coffers, with whatever elſe includes thy philoſophic, thy poetic, and thy hiſtorical treaſures, whether with Greek or Roman characters thou haſt choſen to inſcribe the ponderous cheſts: give me a-while that key to all thy treaſures, which to thy Warburton thou haſt entruſted.

Laſtly, come, experience, long converſant with the wiſe, the good, the learned, and the polite. Nor with them only, but with every kind of character, from the miniſter at his levee, to the bailiff in his ſpunging houſe; from the dutcheſs at her drum, to the landlady behind her bar. From thee only can the manners of mankind be known; to which the recluſe pedant, however great his parts, or extenſive his learning may be, hath ever been a ſtranger.

Come all theſe, and more, if poſſible; for arduous is the taſk I have undertaken; and without all your aſſiſtance, will, I find, be too heavy for me to

ſupport. But if you all ſmile on my labours, I hope ſtill to bring them to a happy concluſion.

CHAP. II.

What befel Mr. Jones on his arrival in London.

THE learned Dr. Miſaubin uſed to ſay, that the proper direction to him was, *To Dr.* Miſaubin, *in the World*; intimating, that there were few people in it to whom his great reputation was not known. And, perhaps, upon a very nice examination into the matter, we ſhall find that this circumſtance bears no inconſiderable part among the many bleſſings of grandeur.

The great happineſs of being known to poſterity, with the hopes of which we ſo delighted ourſelves in the preceding chapter, is the portion of few. To have the ſeveral elements which compoſe our names, as Sydenham expreſſes it, repeated a thouſand years hence, is a gift beyond the power of title and wealth: and is ſcarce to be purchaſed, unleſs by the ſword and the pen. But to avoid the ſcandalous imputation, while we yet live, of being *one whom nobody knows*, (a ſcandal, by the by, as old as the days of Homer *) will always be the envied portion of thoſe, who have a legal title either to honour or eſtate.

* See the 2d Odyſſey, ver. 175.

From the figure, therefore, which the Iriſh peer, who brought Sophia to town, hath already made in this hiſtory, the reader will conclude, doubtleſs, it muſt have been an eaſy matter to have diſcovered his houſe in London, without knowing the particular ſtreet or ſquare which he inhabited, ſince he muſt have been *one whom every body knows.* To ſay the truth, ſo it would have been to any of thoſe tradeſmen who are accuſtomed to attend the regions of the great: for the doors of the great are generally no leſs eaſy to find, than it is difficult to get entrance into them. But Jones, as well as Partridge, was an entire ſtranger in London; and as he happened to arrive firſt in a quarter of the town, the inhabitants of which have very little intercourſe with the houſholders of Hanover or Groſvenor-ſquare, (for he entered through Gray's-Inn-Lane) ſo he rambled about ſome time, before he could even find his way to thoſe happy manſions, where fortune ſegregates from the vulgar, thoſe magnanimous heroes, the deſcendants of ancient Britons, Saxons, or Danes, whoſe anceſtors being born in better days, by ſundry kinds of merit, have entailed riches and honour on their poſterity.

Jones being, at length, arrived at thoſe terreſtrial Elyſian fields, would now ſoon have diſcovered his lordſhip's manſion; but the peer unluckily quitted his former houſe when he went for Ireland; and as he was juſt entered into a new one, the fame of

his equipage had not yet ſufficiently blazed in the neighbourhood: ſo that after a ſucceſsleſs enquiry 'till the clock had ſtruck eleven, Jones at laſt yielded to the advice of Partridge, and retreated to the Bull and Gate in Holborn, that being the inn where he had firſt alighted; and where he retired to enjoy that kind of repoſe, which uſually attends perſons in his circumſtances.

Early in the morning he again ſet forth in purſuit of Sophia; and many a weary ſtep he took to no better purpoſe than before. At laſt, whether it was that fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her power to diſappoint him, he came into the very ſtreet which was honoured by his lordſhip's reſidence; and being directed to the houſe, he gave one gentle rap at the door.

The porter, who, from the modeſty of the knock, had conceived no high idea of the perſon approaching, conceived but little better from the appearance of Mr. Jones, who was dreſt in a ſuit of fuſtian, and had by his ſide the weapon formerly purchaſed of the ſerjeant; of which, though the blade might be compoſed of well tempered ſteel, the handle was compoſed only of braſs, and that none of the brighteſt. When Jones, therefore, enquired after the young lady, who had come to town with his lordſhip, this fellow anſwered ſurlily, that there were no ladies there. Jones then deſired to ſee the maſter of the houſe; but was informed that

his lordſhip would ſee no body that morning. And upon growing more preſſing, the porter ſaid, he had poſitive orders to let no perſon in; but if you think proper, ſaid he, to leave your name, I will acquaint his lordſhip; and if you call another time, you ſhall know when he will ſee you.

Jones now declared, that he had very particular buſineſs with the young lady, and could not depart without ſeeing her. Upon which the porter, with no very agreeable voice or aſpect, affirmed, that there was no young lady in that houſe; and conſequently none could he ſee; adding: Sure, you are the ſtrangeſt man I ever met with; for you will not take an anſwer.

I have often thought, that by the particular deſcription of Cerberus, the porter of hell, in the 6th Æneid, Virgil might poſſibly intend to ſatyrize the porters of the great men in his time; the picture, at leaſt, reſembles thoſe who have the honour to attend at the doors of our great men. The porter, in his lodge, anſwers exactly to Cerberus in his den, and, like him, muſt be appeaſed by a ſop, before acceſs can be gained to his maſter. Perhaps Jones might have ſeen him in that light, and have recollected the paſſage, where the Sibyl, in order to procure an entrance for Æneas, preſents the keeper of the Stygian avenue with ſuch a ſop. Jones, in like manner, now began to offer a bribe to the human Cerberus, which a footman overhearing,

inſtantly advanced, and declared, if Mr. Jones would give him the ſum propoſed, he would conduct him to the lady. Jones inſtantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the lodging of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, by the very fellow who had attended the ladies thither the day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill ſucceſs than the near approach to good. The gameſter, who loſes his party at piquet by a ſingle point, laments his bad luck ten times as much as he who never came within a proſpect of the game. So, in a lottery, the proprietors of the next numbers to that which wins the great prize, are apt to account themſelves much more unfortunate than their fellow-ſufferers. In ſhort, theſe kinds of hair-breadth miſſings of happineſs look like the inſults of fortune, who may be conſidered as thus playing tricks with us, and wantonly diverting herſelf at our expence.

Jones, who more than once already had experienced this frolickſome diſpoſition of the heathen goddeſs, was now again doomed to be tantalized in the like manner: for he arrived at the door of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, about ten minutes after the departure of Sophia. He now addreſſed himſelf to the waiting-woman belonging to Mrs. Fitzpatrick; who told him the diſagreeable news, that the lady was gone, but could not tell him whither; and the ſame anſwer he afterwards received from Mrs. Fitzpatrick herſelf. For as that lady made no doubt but that Mr. Jones

was a perſon detached from her uncle Weſtern, in purſuit of his daughter, ſo ſhe was too generous to betray her.

Though Jones had never ſeen Mrs. Fitzpatrick, yet he had heard that a couſin of Sophia was married to a gentleman of that name. This, however, in the preſent tumult of his mind, never once recurred to his memory: but when the footman, who had conducted him from his lordſhip's, acquainted him with the great intimacy between the ladies, and with their calling each other couſin, he then recollected the ſtory of the marriage which he had formerly heard; and as he was preſently convinced that this was the ſame woman, he became more ſurpriſed at the anſwer which he had received, and very earneſtly deſired leave to wait on the lady herſelf; but ſhe as poſitively refuſed him that honour.

Jones, who, though he had never ſeen a court, was better bred than moſt who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt behaviour to a lady. When he had received, therefore, a peremptory denial, he retired for the preſent, ſaying to the waiting-woman, that if this was an improper hour to wait on her lady, he would return in the afternoon; and that he then hoped to have the honour of ſeeing her. The civility with which he uttered this, added to the great comelineſs of his perſon, made an impreſſion on the waiting-woman, and ſhe could not help anſwering: Perhaps, Sir, you may: and, indeed,

ſhe afterwards ſaid every thing to her miſtreſs, which ſhe thought moſt likely to prevail on her to admit a viſit from the handſome young gentleman; for ſo ſhe called him.

Jones very ſhrewdly ſuſpected, that Sophia herſelf was now with her couſin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her reſentment of what had happened at Upton. Having, therefore, diſpatched Partridge to procure him lodgings, he remained all day in the ſtreet, watching the door where he thought his angel lay concealed; but no perſon did he ſee iſſue forth, except a ſervant of the houſe, and in the evening he returned to pay his viſit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, which that good lady at laſt condeſcended to admit.

There is a certain air of natural gentility, which it is neither in the power of dreſs to give, nor to conceal. Mr. Jones, as hath been before hinted, was poſſeſſed of this in a very eminent degree. He met, therefore, with a reception from the lady, ſomewhat different from what his apparel ſeemed to demand; and after he had paid her his proper reſpects, was deſired to ſit down.

The reader will not, I believe, be deſirous of knowing all the particulars of this converſation, which ended very little to the ſatisfaction of poor Jones. For though Mrs. Fitzpatrick ſoon diſcovered the lover, (as all women have the eyes of hawks in thoſe matters,) yet ſhe ſtill thought it was ſuch a lover,

as a generous friend of the lady ſhould not betray her to. In ſhort, ſhe ſuſpected this was the very Mr. Blifil, from whom Sophia had flown; and all the anſwers which ſhe artfully drew from Jones, concerning Mr. Allworthy's family, confirmed her in this opinion. She, therefore, ſtrictly denied any knowledge concerning the place whither Sophia was gone; nor could Jones obtain more than a permiſſion to wait on her again the next evening.

When Jones was departed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick communicated her ſuſpicion concerning Mr. Blifil, to her maid; who anſwered: Sure, Madam, he is too pretty a man, in my opinion, for any woman in the world to run away from. I had rather fancy it is Mr. Jones. — Mr. Jones, ſaid the lady, what Jones? For Sophia had not given the leaſt hint of any ſuch perſon in all their converſation: but Mrs. Honour had been much more communicative, and had acquainted her ſiſter Abigail with the whole hiſtory of Jones, which this now again related to her miſtreſs.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick no ſooner received this information, than ſhe immediately agreed with the opinion of her maid; and, what is very unacountable, ſaw charms in the gallant, happy lover, which ſhe had overlooked in the ſlighted 'ſquire, Betty, ſays ſhe, you are certainly in the right: he is a very pretty fellow, and I don't wonder that my couſin's maid ſhould tell you ſo many women are fond of him. I am ſorry now

I did not inform him where my couſin was: and yet if he be ſo terrible a rake as you tell me, it is a pity ſhe ſhould ever ſee him any more; for what but her ruin can happen from marrying a rake and a beggar againſt her father's conſent. I proteſt, if he be ſuch a man as the wench deſcribed him to you, it is but an office of charity to keep her from him; and, I am ſure, it would be unpardonable in me to do otherwiſe, who have taſted ſo bitterly of the misfortunes attending ſuch marriages.

Here ſhe was interrupted by the arrival of a viſitor, which was no other than his lordſhip; and as nothing paſſed at this viſit either new or extraordinary, or any ways material to this hiſtory, we ſhall here put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. III.

A project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her viſit to lady Bellaſton.

When Mrs. Fitzpatrick retired to reſt, her thoughts were entirely taken up by her couſin Sophia and Mr. Jones. She was, indeed, a little offended with the former, for the diſingenuity which ſhe now diſcovered. In which meditation ſhe had not long exerciſed her imagination, before the following conceit ſuggeſted itſelf, that could ſhe poſſibly

become the means of preſerving Sophia from this man, and of reſtoring her to her father, ſhe ſhould, in all human probability, by ſo great a ſervice to the family, reconcile to herſelf both her uncle and her aunt Weſtern.

As this was one of her moſt favourite wiſhes, ſo the hope of ſucceſs ſeemed ſo reaſonable, that nothing remained but to conſider of proper methods to accompliſh her ſcheme. To attempt to reaſon the caſe with Sophia, did not appear to her one of thoſe methods: for as Betty had reported from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had a violent inclination to Jones, ſhe conceived, that to diſſuade her from the match, was an endeavour of the ſame kind, as it would be, very heartily and earneſtly to entreat a moth not to fly into a candle.

If the reader will pleaſe to remember, that the acquaintance which Sophia had with lady Bellaſton, was contracted at the houſe of Mrs. Weſtern, and muſt have grown at the very time when Mrs. Fitzpatrick lived with this latter lady, he will want no information, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick muſt have been acquainted with her likewiſe. They were, beſides, both equally her diſtant relations.

After much conſideration, therefore, ſhe reſolved to go early in the morning to that lady, and endeavour to ſee her, unknown to Sophia, and to acquaint her with the whole affair. For ſhe did not in the leaſt doubt, but that the prudent lady,

who had often ridiculed romantic love, and indiſcreet marriages, in her converſation, would very readily concur in her ſentiments, concerning this match, and would lend her utmoſt aſſiſtance to prevent it.

This reſolution ſhe accordingly executed; and, the next morning, before the ſun, ſhe huddled on her cloaths, and at a very unfaſhionable, unſeaſonable, unviſitable hour, went to lady Bellaſton, to whom ſhe got acceſs, without the leaſt knowledge or ſuſpicion of Sophia; who though not aſleep, lay at that time awake in her bed, with Honour ſnoring by her ſide.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick made many apologies for an early, abrupt viſit, at an hour when ſhe ſaid, ſhe ſhould not have thought of diſturbing her ladyſhip, but upon buſineſs of the utmoſt conſequence. She then opened the whole affair, told all ſhe had heard from Betty; and did not forget the viſit which Jones had paid to herſelf the preceding evening.

Lady Bellaſton anſwered with a ſmile: Then you have ſeen this terrible man, Madam: pray, is he ſo very fine a figure as he is repreſented? for Etoff entertained me laſt night almoſt two hours with him. The wench, I believe, is in love with him by reputation. Here the reader will be apt to wonder; but the truth is that Mrs. Etoff, who had the honour to pin and unpin the lady Bellaſton, had received compleat information concerning the ſaid Mr. Jones, and had faithfully conveyed the

ſame to her lady laſt night (or rather that morning) while ſhe was undreſſing; on which accounts ſhe had been detained in her office above the ſpace of an hour and an half.

The lady, indeed, though generally well enough pleaſed with the narratives of Mrs. Etoff at thoſe ſeaſons, gave an extraordinary attention to her account of Jones; for Honour had deſcribed him as a very handſome fellow, and Mrs. Etoff, in her hurry, added ſo much to the beauty of his perſon to her report, that lady Bellaſton began to conceive him to be a kind of miracle in nature.

The curioſity which her woman had inſpired, was now greatly increaſed by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who ſpoke as much in favour of the perſon of Jones, as ſhe had before ſpoken in diſpraiſe of his birth, character, and fortune.

When lady Bellaſton had heard the whole, ſhe anſwered gravely: Indeed, Madam, this is a matter of great conſequence. Nothing can certainly be more commendable than the part you act; and I ſhall be very glad to have my ſhare in the preſervation of a young lady of ſo much merit, and for whom I have ſo much eſteem.

Doth not your ladyſhip think, ſays Mrs. Fitzpatrick eagerly, that it would be the beſt way to write immediately to my uncle, and acquaint him where my couſin is?

The lady pondered a little upon this, and thus

anſwered: — Why, no, Madam, I think not. Di Weſtern hath deſcribed her brother to me to be ſuch a brute, that I cannot conſent to put any woman under his power who hath eſcaped from it. I have heard he behaved like a monſter to his own wife; for he is one of thoſe wretches who think they have a right to tyrannize over us, and from ſuch I ſhall ever eſteem it the cauſe of my ſex to reſcue any woman who is ſo unfortunate to be under their power. — The buſineſs, dear couſin, will be only to keep Miſs Weſtern from ſeeing this young fellow, till the good company, which ſhe will have an opportunity of meeting here, give her a properer turn.

If he ſhould find her out, Madam, anſwered the other, your ladyſhip may be aſſured he will leave nothing unattempted to come at her.

But, Madam, replied the lady, it is impoſſible he ſhould come here — though indeed it is poſſible he may get ſome intelligence where ſhe is, and then may lurk about the houſe — I wiſh, therefore, I knew his perſon.

Is there no way, Madam, by which I could have a ſight of him? for otherwiſe you know, couſin, ſhe may contrive to ſee him here without my knowledge. Mrs. Fitzpatrick anſwered, that he had threatened her with another viſit that afternoon, and that, if her ladyſhip pleaſed to do her the honour of calling upon her then, ſhe would hardly fail of ſeeing him

between ſix and ſeven; and if he came earlier, ſhe would, by ſome means or other, detain him till her ladyſhip's arrival. ——— Lady Bellaſton replied, ſhe would come the moment ſhe could get from dinner, which ſhe ſuppoſed would be by ſeven at fartheſt; for that it was abſolutely neceſſary ſhe ſhould be acquainted with his perſon. Upon my word, Madam, ſays ſhe, it was very good to take this care of Miſs Weſtern; but common humanity, as well as regard to our family, requires it of us both; for it would be a dreadful match indeed.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick failed not to make a proper return to the compliment which lady Bellaſton had beſtowed on her couſin, and after ſome little immaterial converſation, withdrew; and getting as faſt as ſhe could into her chair, unſeen by Sophia or Honour, returned home.

CHAP. IV.

Which conſiſts of viſiting.

Mr. Jones had walked within ſight of a certain door during the whole day, which, though one of the ſhorteſt, appeared to him to be one of the longeſt in the whole year. At length the clock having ſtruck five, he returned to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who, though it was a full hour earlier than the decent time of

viſiting, received him very civilly; but ſtill perſiſted in her ignorance concerning Sophia.

Jones, in aſking for his angel, had droped the word couſin; upon which Mrs. Fitzpatrick ſaid: Then, Sir, you know we are related; and, as we are, you will permit me the right of enquiring into the particulars of your buſineſs with my couſin. Here Jones heſitated a good while, and at laſt anſwered, he had a conſiderable ſum of money of hers in his hands, which he deſired to deliver to her. He then produced the pocket-book, and acquainted Mrs. Fitzpatrick with the contents, and with the method in which they came into his hands. He had ſcarce finiſhed his ſtory, when a moſt violent noiſe ſhook the whole houſe. To attempt to deſcribe this noiſe to thoſe who have heard it, would be in vain; and to aim at giving any idea of it to thoſe who have never heard the like, would be ſtill more vain: for it may be truly ſaid,

——— *Non acuta*
Sic geminant Corybantes æra.

The prieſts of Cybele do not ſo rattle their ſounding braſs.

In ſhort, a footman knocked, or rather thundered at the door. Jones was a little ſurpriſed at the ſound, having never heard it before; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick very calmly ſaid, that, as ſome company were coming,

ſhe could not make him any anſwer now; but if he pleaſed to ſtay till they were gone, ſhe intimated ſhe had ſomething to ſay to him.

The door of the room now flew open, and, after puſhing in her hoop ſideways before her, entered lady Bellaſton, who having firſt made a very low curteſy to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and as low a one to Mr. Jones, was uſhered to the upper end of the room.

We mention theſe minute matters for the ſake of ſome country ladies of our acquaintance, who think it contrary to the rules of modeſty to bend their knees to a man.

The company were hardly well ſettled, before the arrival of the peer, lately mentioned, cauſed a freſh diſturbance, and a repetition of ceremonials.

Theſe being over, the converſation began to be (as the phraſe is) extremely brilliant. However, as nothing paſt in it which can be thought material to this hiſtory, or, indeed, very material in itſelf, I ſhall omit the relation; the rather as I have known ſome very polite converſation grow extremely dull, when tranſcribed into books, or repeated on the ſtage. Indeed this mental repaſt is a dainty, of which thoſe who are excluded from polite aſſemblies, muſt be contented to remain as ignorant as they muſt of the ſeveral dainties of French cookery, which are ſerved only at the tables of the great. To ſay the truth, as neither of theſe are adapted to every taſte, they might both be often thrown away on the vulgar.

Poor Jones was rather a ſpectator of this elegant ſcene, than an actor in it; for though in the ſhort interval before the peer's arrival, lady Bellaſton firſt, and afterwards Mrs. Fitzpatrick, had addreſſed ſome of their diſcourſe to him; yet no ſooner was the noble lord entered, than he engroſſed the whole attention of the two ladies to himſelf; and, as he took no more notice of Jones than if no ſuch perſon had been preſent, unleſs by now and then ſtaring at him, the ladies followed his example.

The company had now ſtaid ſo long, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick plainly perceived they all deſigned to ſtay out each other. She, therefore, reſolved to rid herſelf of Jones, he being the viſitant to whom ſhe thought the leaſt ceremony was due. Taking, therefore, an opportunity of a ceſſation of chat, ſhe addreſſed herſelf gravely to him, and ſaid: Sir, I ſhall not poſſibly be able to give you an anſwer to-night, as to that buſineſs; but if you pleaſe to leave word where I may ſend to you to-morrow—

Jones had natural, but not artificial good-breeding. Inſtead, therefore, of communicating the ſecret of his lodgings to a ſervant, he acquainted the lady herſelf with it particularly, and ſoon after very ceremoniouſly withdrew.

He was no ſooner gone, than the great perſonages, who had taken no notice of him preſent, began to take much notice of him in his abſence; but if the reader hath already excuſed us from relating the

more brilliant part of this converſation, he will, ſurely, be very ready to excuſe the repetition of what may be called vulgar abuſe: though, perhaps, it may be material to our hiſtory to mention an obſervation of lady Bellaſton, who took her leave in a few minutes after him, and then ſaid to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, at her departure: I am ſatisfied on the account of my couſin; ſhe can be in no danger from this fellow.

Our hiſtory ſhall follow the example of lady Bellaſton, and take leave of the preſent company, which was now reduced to two perſons; between whom, as nothing paſſed, which in the leaſt concerns us or our reader, we ſhall not ſuffer ourſelves to be diverted by it from matters which muſt ſeem of more conſequence to all thoſe who are at all intereſted in the affairs of our hero.

CHAP. V.

An adventure which happened to Mr. Jones at his lodgings, with ſome account of a young gentleman who lodged there, and of the miſtreſs of the houſe, and her two daughters.

THE next morning, as early as it was decent, Jones attended at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's door, where he was anſwered that the lady was not at home; an anſwer which ſurpriſed him the more, as he had

walked backwards and forwards in the ſtreet from break of day; and if ſhe had gone out, he muſt have ſeen her. This anſwer, however, he was obliged to receive, and not only now, but to five ſeveral viſits which he made her that day.

To be plain with the reader, the noble peer had, from ſome reaſon or other, perhaps from a regard for the lady's honour, inſiſted that ſhe ſhould not ſee Mr. Jones, whom he looked on as a ſcrub, any more; and the lady had complied in making that promiſe, to which we now ſee her ſo ſtrictly adhere.

But as our gentle reader may poſſibly have a better opinion of the young gentleman than her ladyſhip, and may even have ſome concern, ſhould it be apprehended, that during this unhappy ſeparation from Sophia, he took up his reſidence either at an inn, or in the ſtreet; we ſhall now give an account of his lodging, which was indeed in a very reputable houſe, and in a very good part of the town.

Mr. Jones then had often heard Mr. Allworthy mention the gentlewoman at whoſe houſe he uſed to lodge when he was in town. This perſon, who, as Jones likewiſe knew, lived in Bond-ſtreet, was the widow of a clergyman, and was left by him at his deceaſe in poſſeſſion of two daughters, and of a compleat ſet of manuſcript ſermons.

Of theſe two daughters, Nancy, the elder, was now arrived at the age of ſeventeen, and Betty, the younger, at that of ten.

Hither Jones had diſpatched Partridge, and, in this houſe, he was provided with a room for himſelf in the ſecond floor, and with one for Partridge in the fourth.

The firſt floor was inhabited by one of thoſe young gentlemen, who, in the laſt age, were called men of wit and pleaſure about town, and properly enough: for as men are uſually denominated from their buſineſs or profeſſion, ſo pleaſure may be ſaid to have been the only buſineſs or profeſſion of thoſe gentlemen to whom fortune had made all uſeful occupations unneceſſary. Play-houſes, coffee-houſes, and taverns were the ſcenes of their rendezvous. Wit and humour were the entertainment of their looſer hours, and love was the buſineſs of their more ſerious moments. Wine and the muſes conſpired to kindle the brighteſt flames in their breaſts; nor did they only admire, but ſome were able to celebrate the beauty they admired, and all to judge of the merit of ſuch compoſitions.

Such, therefore, were properly called the men of wit and pleaſure; but I queſtion whether the ſame appellation may, with the ſame propriety, be given to thoſe young gentlemen of our times, who have the ſame ambition to be diſtinguiſhed for parts. Wit, certainly, they have nothing to do with. To give them their due, they ſoar a ſtep higher than their predeceſſors, and may be called men of wiſdom and virtù (take heed you do not read virtue).

Thus, at an age when the gentlemen above-mentioned employed their time in toaſting the charms of a woman, or in making ſonnets in her praiſe; in giving their opinion of a play at the theatre, or of a poem at Will's or Button's; theſe gentlemen are conſidering of methods to bribe a corporation, or meditating ſpeeches for the houſe of commons, or rather for the magazines; but the ſcience of gaming is that which above all others employs their thoughts. Theſe are the ſtudies of their graver hours, while for their amuſements they have the vaſt circle of connoiſſeurſhip, painting, muſic, ſtatuary, and natural philoſophy, or rather *unnatural*, which deals in the wonderful, and knows nothing of nature, except her monſters and imperfections.

When Jones had ſpent the whole day in vain enquiries after Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he returned at laſt diſconſolate to his apartment. Here, while he was venting his grief in private, he heard a violent uproar below ſtairs; and ſoon after a female voice begged him for heaven's ſake to come and prevent murder. Jones, who was never backward on any occaſion to help the diſtreſſed, immediately ran down ſtairs; when ſtepping into the dining-room, whence all the noiſe iſſued, he beheld the young gentleman of wiſdom and virtù juſt before mentioned, pinned cloſe to the wall by his footman, and a young woman ſtanding by, wringing her hands, and crying out:

He will be murdered, he will be murdered; and indeed the poor gentleman ſeemed in ſome danger of being choaked, when Jones flew haſtily to his aſſiſtance; and reſcued him, juſt as he was breathing his laſt, from the unmerciful clutches of the enemy.

Though the fellow had received ſeveral kicks and cuffs from the little gentleman, who had more ſpirit than ſtrength, he had made it a kind of ſcruple of conſcience to ſtrike his maſter, and would have contented himſelf with only choaking him; but towards Jones he bore no ſuch reſpect: he no ſooner, therefore, found himſelf a little roughly handled by his new antagoniſt, than he gave him one of thoſe punches in the guts, which, though the ſpectators at Broughton's amphitheatre have ſuch exquiſite delight in ſeeing them, convey but very little pleaſure in the feeling.

The luſty youth had no ſooner received this blow, than he meditated a moſt grateful return; and now enſued a combat between Jones and the footman, which was very fierce, but ſhort; for this fellow was no more able to contend with Jones, than his maſter had before been to contend with him.

And now fortune, according to her uſual cuſtom, reverſed the face of affairs. The former victor lay breathleſs on the ground, and the vanquiſhed gentleman had recovered breath enough to thank Mr. Jones for his ſeaſonable aſſiſtance: he reiceved likewiſe the hearty thanks of the young woman

preſent, who was indeed no other than Miſs Nancy, the eldeſt daughter of the houſe.

The footman having now recovered his legs, ſhook his head at Jones, and with a ſagacious look, cry'd: — O d — n me, I'll have nothing more to do with you; you have been upon the ſtage, or I am d — nably miſtaken: and indeed we may forgive this his ſuſpicion; for ſuch was the agility and ſtrength of our hero, that he was perhaps a match for one of the firſt-rate boxers, and could, with great eaſe, have beaten all the muffled * graduates of Mr. Broughton's ſchool.

The maſter foaming with wrath, ordered his man immediately to ſtrip, to which the latter very readily

* Leſt poſterity ſhould be puzzled by this epithet, I think proper to explain it by an advertiſement which was publiſhed Feb. 1. 1747.

N. B. Mr. Broughton propoſes, with proper aſſiſtance, to open an academy at his houſe in the Hay-Market, for the inſtruction of thoſe who are willing to be initiated in the myſtery of boxing; where the whole theory and practice of that truly Britiſh art, with all the various ſtops, blows, croſs-buttocks, *&c.* incident to combatants, will be fully taught and explained; and that perſons of quality and diſtinction may not be deterred from entering into *A courſe of thoſe lectures*, they will be given with the utmoſt tenderneſs and regard to the delicacy of the frame and conſtitution of the pupil, for which reaſon muffles are provided, that will effectually ſecure them from the inconveniency of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noſes.

agreed, on condition of receiving his wages. This condition was preſently complied with, and the fellow was diſcharged.

And now the young gentleman, whoſe name was Nightingale, very ſtrenuouſly inſiſted, that his deliverer ſhould take part of a bottle of wine with him; to which Jones, after much entreaty, conſented; though more out of complaiſance than inclination; for the uneaſineſs of his mind fitted him very little for converſation at this time. Miſs Nancy, likewiſe, who was the only female then in the houſe, her mamma and ſiſter being both gone to the play, condeſcended to favour them with her company.

When the bottle and glaſſes were on the table, the gentleman began to relate the occaſion of the preceding diſturbance.

I hope, Sir, ſaid he to Jones, you will not, from this accident, conclude, that I make a cuſtom of ſtriking my ſervants; for, I aſſure you, this is the firſt time I have been guilty of it in my remembrance, and I have paſſed by many provoking faults in this very fellow, before he could provoke me to it; but when you hear what hath happened this evening, you will, I believe, think me excuſable. I happened to come home ſeveral hours before my uſual time, when I found four gentlemen of the cloth at whiſk by my fire; — and my Hoyle, Sir, — my beſt Hoyle, which coſt me a guinea, lying open on the table, with a quantity of porter ſpilt on one of the moſt

moſt material leaves of the whole book. This, you will allow, was provoking; but I ſaid nothing till the reſt of the honeſt company were gone, and then gave the fellow a gentle rebuke, who, inſtead of expreſſing any concern, made me a pert anſwer, that ſervants muſt have their diverſions as well as other people; that he was ſorry for the accident which had happened to the book; but that ſeveral of his acquaintance had bought the ſame for a ſhilling; and that I might ſtop as much in his wages, if I pleaſed. I now gave him a ſeverer reprimand than before, when the raſcal had the inſolence to — In ſhort, he imputed my early coming home to — In ſhort, he caſt a reflection — He mentioned the name of a young lady, in a manner — in ſuch a manner that incenſed me beyond all patience, and, in my paſſion, I ſtruck him.

Jones anſwered, that he believed no perſon living would blame him. For my part, ſaid he, I confeſs I ſhould, on the laſt mentioned provocation, have done the ſame thing.

Our company had not ſat long before they were joined by the mother and daughter, at their return from the play. And now they all ſpent a very chearful evening together; for all but Jones were heartily merry, and even he put on as much conſtrained mirth as poſſible. Indeed half his natural flow of animal ſpirits, joined to the ſweetneſs of his temper, was ſufficient to make a moſt amiable companion;

and notwithſtanding the heavineſs of his heart, ſo agreeable did he make himſelf, on the preſent occaſion, that, at their breaking up, the young gentleman earneſtly deſired his further acquaintance. Miſs Nancy was well pleaſed with him; and the widow, quite charmed with her new lodger, invited him, with the other, next morning to breakfaſt.

Jones, on his part, was no leſs ſatisfied. As for Miſs Nancy, though a very little creature, ſhe was extremely pretty, and the widow had all the charms which can adorn a woman near fifty. As ſhe was one of the moſt innocent creatures in the world, ſo ſhe was one of the moſt chearful. She never thought, nor ſpoke, nor wiſhed any ill, and had conſtantly that deſire of pleaſing, which may be called the happieſt of all deſires in this, that it ſcarce ever fails of attaining its ends, when not diſgraced by affectation. In ſhort, though her power was very ſmall, ſhe was, in her heart, one of the warmeſt friends. She had been a moſt affectionate wife, and was a moſt fond and tender mother.

As our hiſtory doth not, like a news-paper, give great characters to people who never were heard of before, nor will ever be heard of again; the reader may hence conclude, that this excellent woman will, hereafter, appear to be of ſome importance in our hiſtory.

Nor was Jones a little pleaſed with the young gentleman himſelf, whoſe wine he had been drinking.

He thought he diſcerned in him much good ſenſe, though a little too much tainted with town-foppery; but what recommended him moſt to Jones, were ſome ſentiments of great generoſity and humanity, which occaſionally dropt from him; and, particularly, many expreſſions of the higheſt diſintereſtedneſs in the affair of love. On which ſubject the young gentleman delivered himſelf in a language which might have very well become an Arcadian ſhepherd of old, and which appeared very extraordinary when proceeding from the lips of a modern fine gentleman; but he was only one by imitation, and meant by nature for a much better character.

CHAP. VI.

What arrived while the company were at breakfaſt, with ſome hints concerning the government of daughters.

OUR company brought together in the morning the ſame good inclinations towards each other, with which they had ſeparated the evening before; but poor Jones was extremely diſconſolate; for he had juſt received information from Partridge, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick had left her lodging, and that he could not learn whither ſhe was gone. This news highly afflicted him; and his countenance, as well as his

behaviour, in defiance of all his endeavours to the contrary, betrayed manifeſt indications of a diſordered mind.

The diſcourſe turned at preſent, as before, on love; and Mr. Nightingale again expreſſed many of thoſe warm, generous, and diſintereſted ſentiments upon this ſubject, which wiſe and ſober men call romantic, but which wiſe and ſober women generally regard in a better light. Mrs. Miller (for ſo the miſtreſs of the houſe was called) greatly approved theſe ſentiments; but when the young gentleman appealed to Miſs Nancy, ſhe anſwered only, that ſhe believed the gentleman who had ſpoke the leaſt, was capable of feeling the moſt.

This compliment was ſo apparently directed to Jones, that we ſhould have been ſorry had he paſſed it by unregarded. He made her, indeed, a very polite anſwer, and concluded with an oblique hint, that her own ſilence ſubjected her to a ſuſpicion of the ſame kind: for, indeed, ſhe had ſcarce opened her lips either now, or the laſt evening.

I am glad, Nancy, ſays Mrs. Miller, the gentleman had made the obſervation; I proteſt, I am almoſt of his opinion. What can be the matter with you, child? I never ſaw ſuch an alteration. What is become of all your gaiety? Would you think, Sir, I uſed to call her my little prattler? She hath not ſpoke twenty words this week.

Here their converſation was interrupted by the

entrance of a maid-ſervant, who brought a bundle in her hands, which, ſhe ſaid, was delivered by a porter for Mr. Jones. She added, that the man immediately went away, ſaying, it required no anſwer.

Jones expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe on this occaſion, and declared, it muſt be ſome miſtake: but the maid perſiſting, that ſhe was certain of the name, all the women were deſirous of having the bundle immediately opened; which operation was at length performed by little Betſy, with the conſent of Mr. Jones; and the contents were found to be a domino, a maſk, and a maſquerade ticket.

Jones was now more poſitive than ever, in aſſerting, that theſe things muſt have been delivered by miſtake; and Mrs. Miller herſelf expreſſed ſome doubt, and ſaid, ſhe knew not what to think. But when Mr. Nightingale was aſked, he delivered a very different opinion. All I conclude from it, Sir, ſaid he, is, that you are a very happy man: for I make no doubt, but theſe were ſent you by ſome lady whom you will have the happineſs of meeting at the maſquerade.

Jones had not a ſufficient degree of vanity to entertain any ſuch flattering imagination; nor did Mrs. Miller herſelf give much aſſent to what Mr. Nightingale had ſaid, till Miſs Nancy having lifted up the domino, a card dropped from the ſleeve, in which was written as follows:

To Mr. Jones

The queen of the fairies ſends you this;
Uſe her favours not amiſs.

Mrs. Miller and Miſs Nancy, now, both agreed with Mr. Nightingale; nay, Jones himſelf was almoſt perſuaded to be of the ſame opinion. And as no other lady but Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he thought, knew his lodgings, he began to flatter himſelf with ſome hopes, that it came from her, and that he might poſſibly ſee his Sophia. Theſe hopes had, ſurely, very little foundation; but as the conduct of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in not ſeeing him according to her promiſe, and in quitting her lodgings, had been very odd and unaccountable, he conceived ſome faint hopes, that ſhe (of whom he had formerly heard a very whimſical character) might poſſibly intend to do him that ſervice in a ſtrange manner, which ſhe declined doing by more ordinary methods. To ſay the truth, as nothing certain could be concluded from ſo odd and uncommon an incident, he had the greater latitude to draw what imaginary concluſions from it he pleaſed. As his temper, therefore, was naturally ſanguine, he indulged it on this occaſion, and his imagination worked up a thouſand conceits, to favour and ſupport his expectations of meeting his dear Sophia in the evening.

Reader, if thou haſt any good wiſhes towards

me, I will fully repay them, by wiſhing thee to be poſſeſſed of this ſanguine diſpoſition of mind: ſince, after having read much and conſidered long on that ſubject of happineſs, which hath employed ſo many great pens, I am almoſt inclined to fix it in the poſſeſſion of this temper; which puts us, in a manner, out of the reach of fortune, and makes us happy without her aſſiſtance. Indeed, the ſenſations of pleaſure it gives are much more conſtant, as well as much keener than thoſe which that blind lady beſtows; nature having wiſely contrived, that ſome ſatiety and languor ſhould be annexed to all our real enjoyments, leſt we ſhould be ſo taken up by them, as to be ſtopped from further purſuits. I make no manner of doubt but that, in this light, we may ſee the imaginary future chancellor juſt called to the bar, the archbiſhop in crape, and the prime miniſter at the tail of an oppoſition, more truly happy than thoſe who are inveſted with all the power and profit of theſe reſpective offices.

Mr. Jones having now determined to go to the maſquerade that evening, Mr. Nightingale offered to conduct him thither. The young gentleman, at the ſame time, offered tickets to Miſs Nancy and her mother; but the good woman would not accept them. She ſaid, ſhe did not conceive the harm which ſome people imagined in a maſquerade; but that ſuch extravagant diverſions were proper only for perſons of quality and fortune, and not

for young women who were to get their living, and could, at beſt, hope to be married to a good tradeſman. — A tradeſman! cries Nightingale, you ſhan't undervalue my Nancy. There is not a nobleman upon earth above her merit. O fie! Mr. Nightingale, anſwered Mrs. Miller, you muſt not fill the girl's head with ſuch fancies; but if it was her good luck (ſays her mother with a ſimper) to find a gentleman of your generous way of thinking, I hope, ſhe would make a better return to his generoſity, than to give her mind up to extravagant pleaſures. Indeed where young ladies bring great fortunes themſelves, they have ſome right to inſiſt on ſpending what is their own; and, on that account, I have heard the gentlemen ſay, a man has ſometimes a better bargain with a poor wife, than with a rich one. — But let my daughters marry whom they will, I ſhall endeavour to make them bleſſings to their huſbands: — I beg, therefore, I may hear of no more maſquerades. Nancy is, I am certain, too good a girl, to deſire to go; for ſhe muſt remember when you carried her thither laſt year, it almoſt turned her head; and ſhe did not return to herſelf, or to her needle, in a month afterwards.

Though a gentle ſigh, which ſtole from the boſom of Nancy, ſeemed to argue ſome ſecret diſapprobation of theſe ſentiments, ſhe did not dare openly to oppoſe them. For as this good woman had all the tenderneſs, ſo ſhe had preſerved all the authority

of a parent; and as her indulgence to the deſires of her children, was reſtrained only by her fears for their ſafety and future welfare, ſo ſhe never ſuffered thoſe commands, which proceeded from ſuch fears, to be either diſobeyed or diſputed. And this the young gentleman, who had lodged two years in the houſe, knew ſo well, that he preſently acquieſced in the refuſal.

Mr. Nightingale, who grew every minute fonder of Jones, was very deſirous of his company that day to dinner at the tavern, where he offered to introduce him to ſome of his acquaintance; but Jones begged to be excuſed, as his cloaths, he ſaid, were not yet come to town.

To confeſs the truth, Mr. Jones was now in a ſituation, which ſometimes happens to be the caſe of young gentlemen of much better figure than himſelf. In ſhort, he had not one penny in his pocket; ſituation in much greater credit among the ancient philoſophers, than among the modern wiſe men who live in Lombard ſtreet, or thoſe who frequent White's chocolate-houſe. And, perhaps, the great honours which thoſe philoſophers have aſcribed to an empty pocket, may be one of the reaſons of that high contempt in which they are held in the aforeſaid ſtreet and chocolate-houſe.

Now, if the ancient opinion, that men might live very comfortably on virtue only, be, as the modern wiſe men juſt above mentioned pretend to have

diſcovered, a notorious error; no leſs falſe is, I apprehend, that poſition of ſome writers of romance, that a man can live altogether on love: for however delicious repaſts this may afford to ſome of our ſenſes or appetites, it is moſt certain it can afford none to others. Thoſe, therefore, who have placed too great a confidence in ſuch writers, have experienced their error when it was too late; and have found that love was no more capable of allaying hunger, than a roſe is capable of delighting the ear, or a violin of gratifying the ſmell.

Notwithſtanding, therefore, all the delicacies which love had ſet before him, namely, the hopes of ſeeing Sophia at the maſquerade; on which, however ill-founded his imagination might be, he had voluptouſly feaſted during the whole day, the evening no ſooner came, than Mr. Jones began to languiſh for ſome food of a groſſer kind. Partridge diſcovered this by intuition, and took the occaſion to give ſome oblique hints concerning the bank-bill, and when theſe were rejected with diſdain, he collected courage enough once more to mention a return to Mr. Allworthy.

Partridge, cries Jones, you cannot ſee my fortune in a more deſperate light than I ſee it myſelf; and I begin heartily to repent, that I ſuffered you to leave a place, where you was ſettled, and to follow me. However, I inſiſt now on your returning home; and for the expence and trouble which you

have ſo kindly put yourſelf to on my account, all the cloaths I left behind in your care, I deſire you would take as your own. I am ſorry I can make you no other acknowledgment.

He ſpoke theſe words with ſo pathetic an accent, that Partridge, among whoſe vices ill-nature or hardneſs of heart were not numbered, burſt into tears; and after ſwearing, he would not quit him in his diſtreſs, he began with the moſt earneſt intreaties to urge his return home. For heaven's ſake, Sir, ſays he, do but conſider: what can your honour do? How is it poſſible you can live in this town without money? Do what you will, Sir, or go wherever you pleaſe, I am reſolved not to deſert you. — But pray, Sir, conſider, — do pray, Sir, for your own ſake, take it into your conſideration; and I'm ſure, ſays he, that your own good ſenſe will bid you return home.

How often ſhall I tell thee, anſwered Jones, that I have no home to return to? Had I any hopes that Mr. Allworthy's doors would be open to receive me, I want no diſtreſs to urge me: — nay there is no other cauſe upon earth, which could detain me a moment from flying to his preſence; but, alas! that I am for ever baniſhed from. His laſt words were, — O Partridge, they ſtill ring in my ears — His laſt words were, when he gave me a ſum of money, what it was I know not, but conſiderable I'm ſure it was —— His laſt words

were : — I am reſolved from this day forward, on no account, to converſe with you any more.

Here paſſion ſtopt the mouth of Jones, as ſurpriſe, for a moment, did that of Partridge : but he ſoon recovered the uſe of ſpeech, and after a ſhort preface, in which he declared, he had no inquiſitiveneſs in his temper, enquired, what Jones meant by a conſiderable ſum, he knew not how much; and what was become of the money?

In both theſe points he now received full ſatisfaction; on which he was proceeding to comment, when he was interrupted by a meſſage from Mr. Nightingale, who deſired his maſter's company in his apartment.

When the two gentlemen were both attired for the maſquerade, and Mr. Nightingale had given orders for chairs to be ſent for, a circumſtance of diſtreſs occurred to Jones, which will appear very ridiculous to many of my readers. This was how to procure a ſhilling; but if ſuch readers will reflect a little on what they have themſelves felt from the want of a thouſand pound, or, perhaps, of ten or twenty, to execute a favourite ſcheme, they will have a perfect idea of what Mr. Jones felt on this occaſion. For this ſum, therefore, he applied to Partridge, which was the firſt he had permitted him to advance, and was the laſt he intended that poor fellow ſhould advance in his ſervice. To ſay the truth, Partridge had lately made no offer of

this kind; whether it was that he deſired to ſee the bank-bill broke in upon, or that diſtreſs ſhould prevail on Jones to return home, or from what other motive it proceeded, I will not determine.

CHAP. VII.

Containing the whole humours of a maſquerade.

OUR cavaliers now arrived at that temple, where Heydegger, the great *Arbiter Deliciarum*, the great high-prieſt of pleaſure preſides; and, like other heathen prieſts, impoſes on his votaries by the pretended preſence of the deity, when in reality no ſuch deity is there.

Mr. Nightingale having taken a turn or two with his companion, ſoon left him, and walked off with a female, ſaying: Now you are here, Sir, you muſt beat about for your own game.

Jones began to entertain ſtrong hopes that his Sophia was preſent; and theſe hopes gave him more ſpirits that the lights, the muſic, and the company; though theſe are pretty ſtrong antidotes againſt the ſpleen. He now accoſted every woman he ſaw, whoſe ſtature, ſhape, or air, bore any reſemblance to his angel. To all of whom he endeavoured to ſay ſomething ſmart, in order to engage an anſwer, by which he might diſcover

that voice which he thought it impoſſible he ſhould miſtake. Some of theſe anſwered by a queſtion, in a ſqueaking voice: Do you know me? Much the greater numbers ſaid: I don't know you, Sir; and nothing more. Some called him an impertinent fellow; ſome made him no anſwer at all, ſome ſaid: Indeed I don't know your voice, and I ſhall have nothing to ſay to you; and many gave him as kind anſwers as he could wiſh, but not in the voice he deſired to hear.

Whilſt he was talking with one of theſe laſt, (who was in the habit of a ſhepherdeſs) a lady in a domino came up to him, and ſlapping him on the ſhoulder, whiſpered him, at the ſame time, in the ear: If you talk any longer with that trollop, I will acquaint Miſs Weſtern.

Jones no ſooner heard that name, than, immediately quitting his former companion, he applied to the domino, begging and entreating her to ſhew him the lady ſhe had mentioned, if ſhe was then in the room.

The maſk walked haſtily to the upper end of the innermoſt appartment before ſhe ſpoke; and then, inſtead of anſwering him, ſat down, and declared, ſhe was tired. Jones ſat down by her, and ſtill perſiſted in his entreaties; at laſt the lady coldly anſwered: I imagined Mr. Jones had been a more diſcerning lover, than to ſuffer any diſguiſe to conceal his miſtreſs from him. Is ſhe here then,

Madam? replied Jones, with ſome vehemence. Upon which the lady cried: — Huſh, Sir, you will be obſerved. I promiſe you, upon my honour, Miſs Weſtern is not here.

Jones now taking the maſk by the hand, fell to entreating her in the moſt earneſt manner, to acquaint him where he might find Sophia: and when he could obtain no direct anſwer, he began to upbraid her gently for having diſappointed him the day before; and concluded, ſaying: Indeed, my good Fairy Queen, I know your majeſty very well, notwithſtanding the affected diſguiſe of your voice. Indeed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, it is a little cruel to divert yourſelf at the expence of my torments.

The maſk anſwered: Though you have ſo ingeniouſly diſcovered me, I muſt ſtill ſpeak in the ſame voice, leſt I ſhould be known by others. And do you think, good Sir, that I have no greater regard for my couſin, than to aſſiſt in carrying on an affair between you two, which muſt end in her ruin, as well as your own? Beſides, I promiſe you, my couſin is not mad enough to conſent to her own deſtruction, if you are ſo much her enemy as to attempt her to it.

Alas, Madam, ſaid Jones, you little know my heart, when you call me an enemy of Sophia.

And yet to ruin any one, cries the other, you will allow, is the act of an enemy; and when by the ſame act you muſt knowingly and certainly

bring ruin on yourſelf, is it not folly or madneſs, as well as guilt? Now, Sir, my couſin hath very little more than her father will pleaſe to give her; very little for one of her faſhion, — you know him, and you know your own ſituation.

Jones vowed, he had no ſuch deſign on Sophia; that he would rather ſuffer the moſt violent of deaths, than ſacrifice her intereſt to his deſires. He ſaid, he knew how unworthy he was of her every way; that he had long ago reſolved to quit all ſuch aſpiring thoughts, but that ſome ſtrange accidents had made him deſirous to ſee her once more, when he promiſed he would take leave of her for ever. No, Madam, concluded he, my love is not of that baſe kind which ſeeks its own ſatisfaction, at the expence of what is moſt dear to its object. I would ſacrifice every thing to the poſſeſſion of my Sophia, but Sophia herſelf.

Though the reader may have already conceived no very ſublime idea of the virtue of the lady in the maſk; and though poſſibly ſhe may hereafter appear not to deſerve one of the firſt characters of her ſex; yet it is certain, theſe generous ſentiments made a ſtrong impreſſion upon her, and greatly added to the affection ſhe had before conceived for our young hero.

The lady now, after a ſilence of a few moments, ſaid, ſhe did not ſee his pretenſions to Sophia ſo much in the light of preſumption, as of imprudence.

Young

Young fellows, ſays ſhe, can never have too aſpiring thoughts. I love ambition in a young man, and I would have you cultivate it as much as poſſible. Perhaps you may ſucceed with thoſe who are infinitely ſuperior in fortune; nay, I am convinced there are women, — but don't you think me a ſtrange creature, Mr. Jones, to be thus giving advice to a man, with whom I am ſo little acquainted, and one with whoſe behaviour to me I have ſo little reaſon to be pleaſed?

Here Jones began to apologize, and to hope he had not offended in any thing he had ſaid of her couſin. — To which the maſk anſwered: And are you ſo little verſed in the ſex, to imagine you can well affront a lady more, than by entertaining her with your paſſion for another woman? If the Fairy Queen had conceived no better opinion of your gallantry, ſhe would ſcarce have appointed you to meet her at a maſquerade.

Jones had never leſs inclination to an amour than at preſent; but gallantry to the ladies was among his principles of honour; and he held it as much incumbent on him to accept a challenge to love, as if it had been a challenge to fight. Nay, his very love to Sophia made it neceſſary for him to keep well with the lady, as he made no doubt but ſhe was capable of bringing him into the preſence of the other.

He began, therefore, to make a very warm anſwer

to her laſt ſpeech, when a maſk, in the character of an old woman, joined them. This maſk was one of thoſe ladies, who go to a maſquerade only to vent ill nature, by telling people rude truths, and by endeavouring, as the phraſe is, to ſpoil as much ſport as they are able. This good lady, therefore, having obſerved Jones, and his friend, whom ſhe well knew, in cloſe conſultation together in a corner of the room, concluded ſhe could no where ſatisfy her ſpleen better than by interrupting them. She attacked them therefore, and ſoon drove them from their retirement; nor was ſhe contented with this, but purſued them to every place which they ſhifted to avoid her; till Mr. Nightingale ſeeing the diſtreſs of his friend, at laſt relieved him, and engaged the old woman in another purſuit.

While Jones and his maſk were walking together about the room, to rid themſelves of the teaſer, he obſerved his lady ſpeak to ſeveral maſks, with the ſame freedom of acquaintance, as if they had been barefaced. He could not help expreſſing his ſurpriſe at this, ſaying: Sure, Madam, you muſt have infinite diſcernment to know people in all diſguiſes. To which the lady anſwered: You cannot conceive any thing more inſipid and childiſh than a maſquerade to the people of faſhion, who in general know one another as well here, as when they meet in an aſſembly or a drawing-room; nor will any woman of condition converſe with a perſon

with whom ſhe is not acquainted. In ſhort, the generality of perſons whom you ſee here, may more properly be ſaid to kill time in this place, than in any other; and generally retire from hence more tired than from the longeſt ſermon. To ſay the truth, I begin to be in that ſituation myſelf; and if I have any faculty at gueſſing, you are not much better pleaſed. I proteſt it would be almoſt charity in me to go home for your ſake. I know but one charity equal to it, cries Jones, and that is to ſuffer me to wait on you home. Sure, anſwered the lady, you have a ſtrange opinion of me, to imagine, that upon ſuch an acquaintance, I would let you into my doors at this time o' night. I fancy you impute the friendſhip I have ſhewn my couſin, to ſome other motive. Confeſs honeſtly; don't you conſider this contrived interview as little better than a downright aſſignation? Are you uſed, Mr. Jones, to make theſe ſudden conqueſts? I am not uſed, Madam, ſaid Jones, to ſubmit to ſuch ſudden conqueſts; but as you have taken my heart by ſurpriſe, the reſt of my body hath a right to follow; ſo you muſt pardon me if I reſolve to attend you wherever you go. He accompanied theſe words with ſome proper actions; upon which the lady, after a gentle rebuke, and ſaying, their familiarity would be obſerved, told him, ſhe was going to ſup with an acquaintance, whither ſhe hoped he would not follow her: For if you ſhould, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall be

thought an unaccountable creature, though my friend indeed is not cenſorious, yet I hope you won't follow me: I proteſt I ſhall not know what to ſay, if you do.

The lady preſently after quitted the maſquerade, and Jones, notwithſtanding the ſevere prohibition he had received, preſumed to attend her. He was now reduced to the ſame dilemma we have mentioned before, namely, the want of a ſhilling, and could not relieve it by borrowing as before. He, therefore, walked boldly on after the chair in which his lady rode purſued by a grand huzza, from all the chairmen preſent, who wiſely take the beſt care they can to diſcountenance all walking a-foot by their betters. Luckily, however, the gentry who attend at the Opera-houſe, were too buſy to quit their ſtations, and as the lateneſs of the hour prevented him from meeting many of their brethren in the ſtreet, he proceeded without moleſtation, in a dreſs, which, at another ſeaſon, would have certainly raiſed a mob at his heels.

The lady was ſet down in a ſtreet, not far from Hanover-ſquare, where the door being preſently opened, ſhe was carried in; and the gentleman, without any ceremony, walked in after her.

Jones, and his companion were now together in a very well furniſhed and well-warm'd room, when the female ſtill ſpeaking in her maſquerade voice, ſaid, ſhe was ſurpriſed at her friend, who muſt

abſolutely have forgot her appointment; at which, after venting much reſentment, ſhe ſuddenly expreſt ſome apprehenſion from Jones, and aſked him, what the world would think of their having been alone together in a houſe at that time of night? But inſtead of a direct anſwer to ſo important a queſtion, Jones began to be very importunate with the lady to unmaſk; and at length having prevailed, there appeared not Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but the lady Bellaſton herſelf.

It would be tedious to give the particular converſation, which conſiſted of very common and ordinary occurrences, and which laſted from two till ſix o' clock in the morning. It is ſufficient to mention all of it that is any wiſe material to this hiſtory. And this was a promiſe that the lady would endeavour to find out Sophia, and in a few days bring him to an interview with her, on condition that he would then take his leave of her. When this was thoroughly ſettled, and a ſecond meeting in the evening appointed at the ſame place, they ſeparated; the lady returned to her houſe, and Jones to his lodgings.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing a ſcene of diſtreſs, which will appear very extraordinary to moſt of our readers.

JONES having refreſhed himſelf with a few hours ſleep, ſummoned Partridge to his preſence; and delivering him a bank-note of fifty pounds, ordered him to go and change it. Partridge received this with ſparkling eyes, though when he came to reflect farther, it raiſed in him ſome ſuſpicions not very advantageous to the honour of his maſter; to theſe the dreadful idea he had of the maſquerade, the diſguiſe in which his maſter had gone out and returned, and his having been abroad all night, contributed. In plain language, the only way he could poſſibly find to account for the poſſeſſion of this note, was by robbery; and, to confeſs the truth, the reader, unleſs he ſhould ſuſpect it was owing to the generoſity of lady Bellaſton, can hardly imagine any other.

To clear, therefore, the honour of Mr. Jones, and to do juſtice to the liberality of the lady, he had really received this preſent from her, who, though ſhe did not give much into the hackney charities of the age, ſuch as building hoſpitals, &c. was not, however, entirely void of that chriſtian

virtue; and conceived (very rightly I think) that a young fellow of merit, without a ſhilling in the world, was no improper object of this virtue.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale had been invited to dine this day with Mrs. Miller. At the appointed hour, therefore, the two young gentlemen, with the two girls, attended in the parlour, where they waited from three till almoſt five before the good woman appeared. She had been out of town to viſit a relation, of whom, at her return, ſhe gave the following account.

I hope, gentlemen, you will pardon my making you wait; I am ſure if you knew the occaſion — I have been to ſee a couſin of mine, about ſix miles off, who now lies in. — It ſhould be a warning to all perſons (ſays ſhe, looking at her daughters) how they marry indiſcreetly. There is no happineſs in this world without a competency. O Nancy! how ſhall I deſcribe the wretched condition in which I found your poor couſin; ſhe hath ſcarce lain in a week, and there was ſhe, this dreadful weather, in a cold room, without any curtains to her bed, and not a buſhel of coals in her houſe to ſupply her with fire: her ſecond ſon, that ſweet little fellow, lies ill of a quainzy in the ſame bed with his mother; for there is no other bed in the houſe. Poor little Tommy! I believe, Nancy, you will never ſee your favourite any more: for he is really very ill. The reſt of the children are in

pretty good health; but Molly, I am afraid, will do herſelf an injury: ſhe is but thirteen years old, Mr. Nightingale, and yet, in my life, I never ſaw a better nurſe: ſhe tends both her mother and her brother; and what is wonderful in a creature ſo young, ſhe ſhews all the chearfulneſs in the world to her mother; and yet I ſaw her — I ſaw the poor child, Mr. Nightingale, turn about, and privately wipe the tears from her eyes. Here Mrs. Miller was prevented, by her own tears, from going on, and there was not, I believe, a perſon preſent, who did not accompany her in them; at length ſhe a little recovered herſelf, and proceeded thus: In all this diſtreſs the mother ſupports her ſpirits in a ſurprizing manner. The danger of her ſon ſits heavieſt upon her, and yet ſhe endeavours as much as poſſible to conceal even this concern, on her huſband's account. Her grief, however, ſometimes gets the better of all her endeavours; for ſhe was always extravagantly fond of this boy, and a moſt ſenſible, ſweet tempered creature it is. I proteſt I was never more affected in my life, than when I heard the little wretch, who is hardly yet ſeven years old, while his mother was wetting him with her tears, beg her to be comforted. — Indeed, mamma, cried the child, I ſhan't die. God almighty, I'm ſure, won't take Tommy away; let heaven be ever ſo fine a place, I had rather ſtay here and ſtarve with you and my papa, than go to it. —

Pardon me, gentlemen, I can't help it, (ſays ſhe, wiping her eyes) ſuch ſenſibility and affection in a child — And yet, perhaps, he is leaſt the object of pity; for a day or two will, perhaps, place him beyond the reach of all human evils. The father is indeed moſt worthy of compaſſion. Poor man! his countenance is the very picture of horror, and he looks rather like one dead than alive. Oh heavens! what a ſcene did I behold at my firſt coming into the room! The good creature was lying behind the bolſter, ſupporting at once both his child and his wife. He had nothing on but a thin waiſtcoat: for his coat was ſpread over the bed, to ſupply the want of blankets. — When he roſe up, at my entrance, I ſcarce knew him. As comely a man, Mr. Jones, within this fortnight, as you ever beheld; Mr. Nightingale hath ſeen him. His eyes ſunk, his face pale, with a long beard. His body ſhivering with cold, and worn with hunger too; for my couſin ſays, ſhe can hardly prevail upon him to eat. — He told me himſelf, in a whiſper — he told me — I can't repeat it — he ſaid, he could not bear to eat the bread his children wanted. And yet, can you believe it, gentlemen? in all this miſery, his wife has as good cawdle as if ſhe lay in, in the midſt of the greateſt affluence; I taſted it, and I ſcarce ever taſted better. — The means of procuring her this, he ſaid, he believed was ſent him by an angel from heaven; I know not what he meant; for

I had not ſpirits enough to aſk a ſingle queſtion.

This was a love-match, as they call it, on both ſides; that is, a match between two beggars. I muſt indeed ſay I never ſaw a fonder couple; but what is their fondneſs good for, but to torment each other? Indeed, mamma, cries Nancy, I have always looked on my couſin Anderſon (for that was her name) as one of the happieſt of women. I am ſure, ſays Mrs. Miller, the caſe at preſent is much otherwiſe; for any one might have diſcerned that the tender conſideration of each other's ſufferings, makes the moſt intolerable part of their calamity, both to the huſband and the wife. Compared to which, hunger and cold, as they affect their own perſons only, are ſcarce evils. Nay, the very children, the youngeſt, which is not two years old, excepted, feel in the ſame manner; for they are a moſt loving family; and if they had but a bare competency, would be the happieſt people in the world. I never ſaw the leaſt ſign of miſery at her houſe, replied Nancy; I am ſure my heart bleeds for what you now tell me. — O child, anſwered the mother, ſhe hath always endeavoured to make the beſt of every thing. They have always been in great diſtreſs; but, indeed, this abſolute ruin hath been brought upon them by others. The poor man was bail for the villain his brother; and about a week ago, the very day before her lying-in, their goods were all carried away, and ſold by an execution. He ſent a letter to me of it by one of the

bailiffs, which the villain never delivered. — What muſt he think of my ſuffering a week to paſs before he heard of me?

It was not with dry eyes that Jones heard this narrative: when it was ended, he took Mrs. Miller a-part with him into another room, and delivering her his purſe, in which was the ſum of 50 l. deſired her to ſend as much of it as ſhe thought proper to theſe poor people. The look which Mrs. Miller gave Jones, on this occaſion, is not eaſy to be deſcribed. She burſt into a kind of agony of tranſport, and cried out: — Good heavens! is there ſuch a man in the world? — But recollecting herſelf, ſhe ſaid: Indeed I know one ſuch; but can there be another? I hope, Madam, cries Jones, there are many who have common humanity: for to relieve ſuch diſtreſſes in our fellow creatures, can hardly be called more. Mrs. Miller then took ten guineas, which were the utmoſt he could prevail with her to accept, and ſaid, ſhe would find ſome means of conveying them early the next morning; adding, that ſhe had herſelf done ſome little matter for the poor people, and had not left them in quite ſo much miſery as ſhe found them.

They then returned to the parlour, where Mr. Nightingale expreſſed much concern at the dreadful ſituation of theſe wretches, whom indeed he knew; for he had ſeen them more than once at Mrs. Miller's. He inveighed againſt the folly of making

one's ſelf liable for the debts of others; vented many bitter execrations againſt the brother; and concluded with wiſhing ſomething could be done for the unfortunate family. Suppoſe, Madam, ſaid he, you ſhould recommend them to Mr. Allworthy? Or what think you of a collection? I will give them a guinea with all my heart.

Mrs. Miller made no anſwer; and Nancy, to whom her mother had whiſpered the generoſity of Jones, turned pale upon the occaſion; though if either of them was angry with Nightingale, it was ſurely without reaſon. For the liberality of Jones, if he had known it, was not an example which he had any obligation to follow; and there are thouſands who would not have contributed a ſingle halfpenny, as indeed he did not in effect, for he made no tender of any thing; and, therefore, as the others thought proper to make no demand, he kept his money in his pocket.

I have in truth obſerved, and ſhall never have a better opportunity than at preſent to communicate my obſervation, that the world are in general divided into two opinions concerning charity, which are the very reverſe of each other. One party ſeems to hold, that all acts of this kind are to be eſteemed as voluntary gifts, and however little you give (if indeed no more than your good wiſhes) you acquire a great degree of merit in ſo doing. — Others, on the contrary, appear to be as firmly perſuaded, that

beneficence is a poſitive duty, and that whenever the rich fall greatly ſhort of their ability in relieving the diſtreſſes of the poor, their pitiful largeſſes are ſo far from being meritorious, that they have only performed their duty by halves, and are in ſome ſenſe more contemptible than thoſe who have entirely neglected it.

To reconcile theſe different opinions is not in my power. I ſhall only add, that the givers are generally of the former ſentiment, and the receivers are almoſt univerſally inclined to the latter.

CHAP. IX.

Which treats of matters of a very different kind from thoſe in the preceding chapter.

IN the evening Jones met his lady again, and a long converſation again enſued between them; but as it conſiſted only of the ſame ordinary occurrences as before, we ſhall avoid mentioning particulars, which we deſpair of rendering agreeable to the reader; unleſs he is one whoſe devotion to the fair ſex, like that of the papiſts to their ſaints, wants to be raiſed by the help of pictures. But I am ſo far from deſiring to exhibit ſuch pictures to the public, that I would wiſh to draw a curtain over thoſe that have been lately ſet

forth in certain French novels; very bungling copies of which have been preſented us here, under the name of tranſlations.

Jones grew ſtill more and more impatient to ſee Sophia; and finding, after repeated interviews with lady Bellaſton, no likelihood of obtaining this by her means; (for, on the contrary, the lady began to treat even the mention of the name of Sophia with reſentment;) he reſolved to try ſome other method. He made no doubt but that lady Bellaſton knew where his angel was, ſo he thought it moſt likely, that ſome of her ſervants ſhould be acquainted with the ſame ſecret. Partridge, therefore, was employed to get acquainted with thoſe ſervants, in order to fiſh this ſecret out of them.

Few ſituations can be imagined more uneaſy than that to which his poor maſter was at preſent reduced; for beſides the difficulties he met with in diſcovering Sophia, beſides the fears he had of having diſobliged her, and the aſſurances he had received from lady Bellaſton of the reſolution which Sophia had taken againſt him, and of her having purpoſely concealed herſelf from him, which he had ſufficient reaſon to believe might be true; he had ſtill a difficulty to combat, which it was not in the power of his miſtreſs to remove, however kind her inclination might have been. This was the expoſing of her to be diſinherited of all her father's eſtate, the almoſt inevitable conſequence of their coming together

without a conſent, which he had no hopes of ever obtaining.

Add to all theſe the many obligations which lady Bellaſton, whoſe violent fondneſs we can no longer conceal, had heaped upon him; ſo that by her means he was now become one of the beſt dreſſed men about town; and was not only relieved from thoſe ridiculous diſtreſſes we have before-mentioned, but was actually raiſed to a ſtate of affluence, beyond what he had ever known.

Now though there are many gentlemen who very well reconcile it to their conſciences to poſſeſs themſelves of the whole fortune of a woman, without making her any kind of return; yet to a mind, the proprietor of which doth not deſerve to be hanged, nothing is, I believe, more irkſome than to ſupport love with gratitude only; eſpecially when inclination pulls the heart a contrary way. Such was the unhappy caſe of Jones; for though the virtuous love he bore to Sophia, and which left very little affection for any other woman, had been entirely out of the queſtion, he could never have been able to have made an adequate return to the generous paſſion of this lady, who had indeed been once an object of deſire; but was now entered at leaſt into the autumn of life; though ſhe wore all the gaiety of youth both in her dreſs and manner; nay, ſhe contrived ſtill to maintain the roſes in her cheeks; but theſe, like flowers forced out of

ſeaſon by art, had none of that lively blooming freſhneſs with which nature, at the proper time, bedecks her own productions. She had, beſides, a certain imperfection, which renders ſome flowers, though very beautiful to the eye, very improper to be placed in a wilderneſs of ſweets, and what above all others is moſt diſagreeable to the breath of love.

Though Jones ſaw all theſe diſcouragements on the one ſide, he felt his obligations full as ſtrongly on the other; nor did he leſs plainly diſcern the ardent paſſion whence thoſe obligations proceeded, the extreme violence of which if he failed to equal, he well knew the lady would think him baſely ungrateful; and what is worſe, he would have thought himſelf ſo. He knew the tacit conſideration upon which all her favours were conferred; and as his neceſſity obliged him to accept them, ſo his honour, he concluded, forced him to pay the price. This, therefore, he reſolved to do, whatever miſery it coſt him, and to devote himſelf to her, from that great principle of juſtice, by which the laws of ſome countries oblige a debtor, who is no otherwiſe capable of diſcharging his debt, to become the ſlave of his creditor.

While he was meditating on theſe matters, he received the following note from the lady:

A very fooliſh, but a very perverſe accident, hath happened

happened ſince our laſt meeting, which makes it improper I ſhould ſee you any more at the uſual place. I will, if poſſible, contrive ſome other place by to-morrow. In the mean time, adieu.

This diſappointment, perhaps, the reader may conclude, was not very great; but if it was, he was quickly relieved; for in leſs than an hour afterwards, another note was brought him from the ſame hand, which contained as follows:

I have altered my mind ſince I wrote; a change, which, if you are no ſtranger to the tendereſt of all paſſions, you will not wonder at. I am now reſolved to ſee you this evening, at my own houſe, whatever may be the conſequence. Come to me exactly at ſeven; I dine abroad, but will be at home by that time. A day, I find, to thoſe that ſincerely love, ſeems longer than I imagined.

If you ſhould accidentally be a few moments before me, bid them ſhew you into the drawing room.

To confeſs the truth, Jones was leſs pleaſed with this laſt epiſtle, than he had been with the former, as he was prevented by it from complying with the earneſt entreaties of Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted much intimacy and friendſhip. Theſe entreaties were to go with that young gentleman and his company to a new play, which was to be

acted that evening, and which a very large party had agreed to damn, from ſome diſlike they had taken to the author, who was a friend to one of Mr. Nightingale's acquaintance. And this ſort of fun, our hero, we are aſhamed to confeſs, would willingly have preferred to the above kind appointment; but his honour got the better of his inclination.

Before we attend him to this intended interview with the lady, we think proper to account for both the preceding notes, as the reader may poſſibly be not a little ſurpriſed at the imprudence of lady Bellaſton in bringing her lover to the very houſe where her rival was lodged.

Firſt then, the miſtreſs of the houſe where theſe lovers had hitherto met, and who had been for ſome years a penſioner to that lady, was now become a methodiſt, and had that very morning waited upon her ladyſhip, and after rebuking her very ſeverely for her paſt life, had poſitively declared, that ſhe would, on no account, be inſtrumental in carrying on any of her affairs for the future.

The hurry of ſpirits into which this accident threw the lady, made her deſpair of poſſibly finding any other convenience to meet Jones that evening; but as ſhe began a little to recover from her uneaſineſs at the diſappointment, ſhe ſet her thoughts to work, when luckily it came into her head to propoſe to Sophia to go to the play, which was immediately conſented to, and a proper lady provided for her

companion. Mrs. Honour was likewiſe diſpatched with Mrs. Etoff on the ſame errand of pleaſure; and thus her own houſe was left free for the ſafe reception of Mr. Jones, with whom ſhe promiſed herſelf two or three hours of uninterrupted converſation, after her return from the place where ſhe dined, which was at a friend's houſe in a pretty diſtant part of the town, near her old place of aſſignation, where ſhe had engaged herſelf before ſhe was well appriſed of the revolution that had happened in the mind and morals of her late confidente.

CHAP. X.

A chapter which, though ſhort, may draw tears from ſome eyes.

MR. Jones was juſt dreſſed to wait on lady Bellaſton, when Mrs. Miller rapped at his door; and being admitted, very earneſtly deſired his company below ſtairs to drink tea in the parlour.

Upon his entrance into the room, ſhe preſently introduced a perſon to him, ſaying: This, Sir, is my couſin, who hath been ſo greatly beholden to your goodneſs, for which he begs to return you his ſincereſt thanks.

The man had ſcarce entered upon that ſpeech, which Mrs. Miller had ſo kindly prefaced, when

both Jones and he looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, ſhewed at once the utmoſt tokens of ſurpriſe. The voice of the latter began inſtantly to faulter; and, inſtead of finiſhing his ſpeech, he ſunk down into a chair, crying: It is ſo, I am convinced it is ſo!

Bleſs me, what's the meaning of this? cries Mrs. Miller. You are not ill, I hope, couſin? Some water, a dram this inſtant.

Be not frighted, Madam, cries Jones, I have almoſt as much need of a dram as your couſin. We are equally ſurpriſed at this unexpected meeting. Your couſin is an acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Miller.

An acquaintance! cries the man. — Oh heaven!

Ay, an acquaintance, repeated Jones, and an honoured acquaintance too. When I do not love and honour the man who dares venture every thing to preſerve his wife and children from inſtant deſtruction, may I have a friend capable of diſowning me in adverſity.

O you are an excellent young man, cries Mrs. Miller. — Yes, indeed, poor creature! he hath ventured every thing; if he had not had one of the beſt of conſtitutions, it muſt have killed him.

Couſin, cries the man, who had now pretty well recovered himſelf; this is the angel from heaven whom I meant. This is he to whom, before I ſaw you, I owed the preſervation of my Peggy. He it was to whoſe generoſity every comfort, every ſupport which I have procured for her, was owing. He is

indeed the worthieſt, braveſt, nobleſt of all human beings. O couſin, I have obligations to this gentleman of ſuch a nature!

Mention nothing of obligations, cries Jones eagerly, not a word, I inſiſt upon it, not a word, (meaning, I ſuppoſe, that he would not have him betray the affair of the robbery to any perſon) — If by the trifle you have received from me, I have preſerved a whole family, ſure pleaſure was never bought ſo cheap.

O, Sir, cries the man, I wiſh you could this inſtant ſee my houſe. If any perſon had ever a right to the pleaſure you mention, I am convinced it is yourſelf. My couſin tells me, ſhe acquainted you with the diſtreſs in which ſhe found us. That, Sir, is all greatly removed, and chiefly by your goodneſs. My children have now a bed to lie on, — and they have — they have — eternal bleſſings reward you for it — they have bread to eat. My little boy is recovered; my wife is out of danger, and I am happy. All, all owing to you, Sir, and to my couſin here, one of the beſt of women. Indeed, Sir, I muſt ſee you at my houſe. — Indeed my wife muſt ſee you, and thank you. — My children too muſt expreſs their gratitude. — Indeed, Sir, they are not without a ſenſe of their obligation; but what is my feeling when I reflect to whom I owe, that they are now capable of expreſſing their gratitude! — O, Sir! the little hearts which you have warmed, had now

been cold as ice without your aſſiſtance. —

Here Jones attempted to prevent the poor man from proceeding; but indeed the over-flowing of his own heart would of itſelf have ſtopped his words. And now Mrs. Miller likewiſe began to pour forth thankſgivings, as well in her own name, as in that of her couſin, and concluded with ſaying, ſhe doubted no but ſuch goodneſs would meet a glorious reward.

Jones anſwered, he had been ſufficiently rewarded already. Your couſin's account, Madam, ſaid he, hath given me a ſenſation more pleaſing than I have ever known. He muſt be a wretch who is unmoved at hearing ſuch a ſtory; how tranſporting then muſt be the thought of having happily acted a part in this ſcene! If there are men who cannot feel the delight of giving happineſs to others, I ſincerely pity them, as they are incapable of taſting what is, in my opinion, a greater honour, a higher intereſt, and a ſweeter pleaſure than the ambitious, the avaritious, or the voluptuous man can ever obtain.

The hour of appointment being now come, Jones was forced to take a haſty leave, but not before he had heartily ſhaken his friend by the hand, and deſired to ſee him again as ſoon as poſſible; promiſing that he would himſelf take the firſt opportunity of viſiting him at his own houſe. He then ſtept into his chair, and proceeded to lady Bellaſton's, greatly exulting in the happineſs which he had procured to this poor family; nor could he forbear reflecting

without horror on the dreadful conſequences which muſt have attended them, had he liſtened rather to the voice of ſtrict juſtice than to that of mercy, when he was attacked on the high road.

Mrs. Miller ſung forth the praiſes of Jones during the whole evening, in which Mr. Anderſon, while he ſtayed, ſo paſſionately accompanied her, that he was often on the very point of mentioning the circumſtances of the robbery. However, he luckily recollected himſelf, and avoided an indiſcretion which would have been ſo much the greater, as he knew Mrs. Miller to be extremely ſtrict and nice in her principles. He was likewiſe well apprized of the loquacity of this lady; and yet ſuch was his gratitude, that it had almoſt got the better both of diſcretion and ſhame, and made him publiſh that which would have defamed his own character, rather than omit any circumſtances which might do the fulleſt honour to his benefactor.

CHAP. XI.

In which the reader will be surprised.

MR. Jones was rather earlier than the time appointed, and earlier than the lady, whose arrival was hindered not only by the distance of the place where she dined, but by some other cross accidents, very vexatious to one in her situation of mind. He was accordingly shewn into the drawing-room, where he had not been many minutes before the door opened, and in came — no other than Sophia herself, who had left the play before the end of the first act; for this, as we have already said, being a new play, at which two large parties met, the one to damn, and the other to applaud, a violent uproar, and an engagement between the two parties had so terrified our heroine, that she was glad to put herself under the protection of a young gentleman, who safely conveyed her to her chair.

As lady Bellaston had acquainted her that she should not be at home till late, Sophia, expecting to find no one in the room, came hastily in, and went directly to a glass which almost fronted her, without once looking towards the upper end of the room, where the statue of Jones now stood motionless. — In this glass it was, after contemplating her own

lovely face, that ſhe firſt diſcovered the ſaid ſtatue; when inſtantly turning about, ſhe perceived the reality of the viſion; upon which ſhe gave a violent ſcream, and ſcarce preſerved herſelf from fainting, till Jones was able to move to her and ſupport her in his arms.

To paint the looks or thoughts of either of theſe lovers is beyond my power. As their ſenſations, from their mutual ſilence, may be judged to have been too big for their own utterance, it cannot be ſuppoſed, that I ſhould be able to expreſs them; and the misfortune is, that few of my readers have been enough in love, to feel by their own hearts what paſt at this time in theirs.

After a ſhort pauſe, Jones, with faultering accents, ſaid: — I ſee, Madam, you are ſurpriſed — Surpriſed! anſwered ſhe; Oh heavens! indeed, I am ſurpriſed. I almoſt doubt whether you are the perſon you ſeem. Indeed, cries he, my Sophia, pardon me, Madam, for this once calling you ſo, I am that very wretched Jones, whom fortune, after ſo many diſappointments, hath, at laſt, kindly conducted to you. Oh! my Sophia, did you know the thouſand torments I have ſuffered in this long, fruitleſs purſuit — Purſuit of whom, ſaid Sophia, a little recollecting herſelf, and aſſuming a reſerved air. — Can you be ſo cruel to aſk that queſtion? cries Jones. Need I ſay of you? Of me? anſwered Sophia. Hath Mr. Jones then any ſuch important

buſineſs with me? To ſome, Madam, cries Jones, this might ſeem an important buſineſs, (giving her the pocket-book.) I hope, Madam, you will find it of the ſame value, as when it was loſt. Sophia took the pocket-book, and was going to ſpeak, when he interrupted her thus: — Let us not, I beſeech you, loſe one of theſe precious moments which fortune hath ſo kindly ſent us. —O my Sophia, I have buſineſs of a much ſuperior kind. — Thus, on my knees, let me aſk your pardon — My pardon? cries ſhe. — Sure, Sir, after what is paſt, you cannot expect, after what I have heard — I ſcarce know what I ſay, anſwered Jones. By heavens! I ſcarce wiſh you ſhould pardon me. O my Sophia, henceforth never caſt away a thought on ſuch a wretch as I am. If any remembrance of me ſhould ever intrude to give a moment's uneaſineſs to that tender boſom, think of my unworthineſs; and let the remembrance of what paſt at Upton blot me for ever from your mind. —

Sophia ſtood trembling all this while. Her face was whiter than ſnow, and her heart was throbbing through her ſtays. But at the mentioning of Upton, a bluſh aroſe in her cheeks, and her eyes, which before ſhe had ſcarce lifted up, were turned upon Jones with a glance of diſdain. He underſtood this ſilent reproach, and replied to it thus: O my Sophia, my only love, you cannot hate or deſpiſe me more for what happened there, than I do myſelf: but

yet do me the juſtice to think, that my heart was never unfaithful to you. That had no ſhare in the folly I was guilty of; it was even then unalterably yours. Though I deſpaired of poſſeſſing you, nay, almoſt of ever ſeeing you more, I doated ſtill on your charming idea, and could ſeriouſly love no other woman. But if my heart had not been engaged, ſhe, into whoſe company I accidentally fell at that curſed place, was not an object of ſerious love. Believe me, my angel, I never have ſeen her from that day to this; and never intend, or deſire, to ſee her again. Sophia, in her heart, was very glad to hear this; but forcing into her face an air of more coldneſs than ſhe had yet aſſumed: Why, ſaid ſhe, Mr. Jones, do you take the trouble to make a defence, where you are not accuſed? If I thought it worth while to accuſe you, I have a charge of an unpardonable nature indeed. What is it, for heaven's ſake? anſwered Jones, trembling and pale, expecting to hear of his amour with lady Bellaſton. Oh, ſaid ſhe, how is it poſſible! Can every thing noble, and every thing baſe, be lodged together in the ſame boſom? Lady Bellaſton, and the ignominious circumſtance of having been kept, roſe again in his mind, and ſtopt his mouth from any reply. Could I have expected, proceeded Sophia, ſuch treatment from you? Nay from any gentleman, from any man of honour? To have my name traduced in public; in inns, among the meaneſt

vulgar! To have any little favours that my unguarded heart may have too lightly betrayed me to grant, boaſted of there! Nay, even to hear that you had been forced to fly from my love!

Nothing could equal Jones's ſurpriſe at theſe words of Sophia; but yet, not being guilty, he was much leſs embarraſſed how to defend himſelf, than if ſhe had touched that tender ſtring, at which his conſcience had been alarmed. By ſome examination he preſently found, that her ſuppoſing him guilty of ſo ſhocking an outrage againſt his love, and her reputation, was entirely owing to Partridge's talk at the inns, before landlords and ſervants; for Sophia confeſſed to him, it was from them that ſhe received her intelligence. He had no very great difficulty to make her believe that he was entirely innocent of an offence ſo foreign to his character: but ſhe had a great deal to hinder him from going inſtantly home, and putting Partridge to death, which he more than once ſwore he would do. This point being cleated up, they ſoon found themſelves ſo well pleaſed with each other, that Jones quite forgot he had begun the converſation with conjuring her to give up all thoughts of him; and ſhe was in a temper to have given ear to a petition of a very different nature: for before they were aware, they had both gone ſo far, that he let fall ſome words that ſounded like a propoſal of marriage. To which ſhe replied, that, did not her

duty to her father forbid her to follow her own inclinations, ruin with him would be more welcome to her, than the moſt affluent fortune with another man. At the mention of the word ruin he ſtarted, let drop her hand, which he held for ſome time, and ſtriking his breaſt with his own, cried out: Oh, Sophia, can I then ruin thee? No; by heavens, no! I never will act ſo baſe a part. Deareſt Sophia, whatever it coſts me, I will renounce you; I will give you up; I will tear all ſuch hopes from my heart, as are inconſiſtent with your real good. My love I will ever retain, but it ſhall be in ſilence; it ſhall be at a diſtance from you; it ſhall be in ſome foreign land; from whence no voice, no ſigh of my deſpair, ſhall ever reach and diſturb your ears. And when I am dead — He would have gone on, but was ſtopt by a flood of tears, which Sophia let fall in his boſom, upon which ſhe leaned, without being able to ſpeak one word. He kiſſed them off, which, for ſome moments, ſhe allowed him to do without any reſiſtance; but then recollecting herſelf, gently withdrew out of his arms; and to turn the diſcourſe from a ſubject too tender, and which ſhe found ſhe could not ſupport, bethought herſelf to aſk him a queſtion ſhe never had time to put to him before, how he came into that room? He begun to ſtammer, and would, in all probability, have raiſed her ſuſpicions by the anſwer he was going to give, when, at once, the door opened,

and in came lady Bellaſton.

Having advanced a few ſteps, and ſeeing Jones and Sophia together, ſhe ſuddenly ſtopt; when after a pauſe of a few moments, recollecting herſelf with admirable preſence of mind, ſhe ſaid, — though with ſufficient indications of ſurpriſe both in voice and countenance — I thought, Miſs Weſtern, you had been at the play?

Though Sophia had no opportunity of learning of Jones by what means he had diſcovered her, yet as ſhe had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of the real truth, or that Jones and lady Bellaſton were acquainted, ſo ſhe was very little confounded: and the leſs, as the lady had, in all their converſations on the ſubject, entirely taken her ſide againſt her father. With very little heſitation, therefore, ſhe went through the whole ſtory of what had happened at the playhouſe, and the cauſe of her haſty return.

The length of this narrative gave lady Bellaſton an opportunity of rallying her ſpirits, and of conſidering in what manner to act. And as the behaviour of Sophia gave her hopes that Jones had not betrayed her, ſhe put on an air of good-humour, and ſaid: I ſhould not have broke in ſo abruptly upon you, Miſs Weſtern, if I had known you had company.

Lady Bellaſton fixed her eyes on Sophia whilſt ſhe ſpoke theſe words. To which that poor young lady, having her face overſpread with bluſhes and

confuſion, anſwered, in a ſtammering voice: I am ſure, Madam, I ſhall always think the honour of your ladyſhip's company — I hope, at leaſt, cries lady Bellaſton, I interrupt no buſineſs. — No, Madam, anſwered Sophia, our buſineſs was at an end. Your ladyſhip may be pleaſed to remember, I have often mentioned the loſs of my pocket-book, which this gentleman having very luckily found, was ſo kind to return it to me with the bill in it.

Jones, ever ſince the arrival of lady Bellaſton, had been ready to ſink with fear. He ſat kicking his heels, playing with his fingers, and looking more like a fool, if it be poſſible, than a young booby 'ſquire, when he is firſt introduced into a polite aſſembly. He began, however, now to recover himſelf; and taking a hint from the behaviour of lady Bellaſton, who, he ſaw, did not intend to claim any acquaintance with him, he reſolved as entirely to affect the ſtranger on his part. He ſaid, ever ſince he had the pocket-book in his poſſeſſion, he had uſed great diligence in enquiring out the lady whoſe name was writ in it; but never till that day could be ſo fortunate to diſcover her.

Sophia had, indeed, mentioned the loſs of her pocket-book to lady Bellaſton; but as Jones, for ſome reaſon or other, had never once hinted to her that it was in his poſſeſſion, ſhe believed not one ſyllable of what Sophia now ſaid, and wonderfully admired the extreme quickneſs of the young lady,

in inventing ſuch an excuſe. The reaſon of Sophia's leaving the playhouſe met with no better credit; and though ſhe could not account for the meeting between theſe two lovers, ſhe was firmly perſuaded it was not accidental.

With an affected ſmile, therefore, ſhe ſaid: Indeed, Miſs Weſtern, you have had very good luck in recovering your money. Not only as it fell into the hands of a gentleman of honour, but as he happened to diſcover to whom it belonged. I think you would not conſent to have it advertiſed. — It was great good fortune, Sir, that you found out to whom the note belonged.

O Madam, cries Jones, it was incloſed in a pocket-book, in which the young lady's name was written.

That was very fortunate indeed, cries the lady; — and it was no leſs ſo, that you heard Miſs Weſtern was at my houſe; for ſhe is very little known.

Jones had at length perfectly recovered his ſpirits; and as he conceived he had now an opportunity of ſatisfying Sophia, as to the queſtion ſhe had aſked him juſt before lady Bellaſton came in, he proceeded thus: Why, Madam, anſwered he, it was by the luckieſt chance imaginable I made this diſcovery. I was mentioning what I had found, and the name of the owner, the other night, to a lady at the maſquerade, who told me, ſhe believed ſhe knew where I might ſee Miſs Weſtern; and if I would come to her houſe the next morning, ſhe would inform

inform me. I went according to her appointment, but ſhe was not at home; nor could I ever meet with her till this morning, when ſhe directed me to your ladyſhip's houſe. I came accordingly, and did myſelf the honour to aſk for your ladyſhip; and upon my ſaying that I had very particular buſineſs, a ſervant ſhewed me into this room; where I had not been long before the young lady returned from the play.

Upon his mentioning the maſquerade, he looked very ſlily at lady Bellaſton, without any fear of being remarked by Sophia; for ſhe was viſibly too much confounded to make any obſervations. This hint a little alarmed the lady, and ſhe was ſilent; when Jones, who ſaw the agitations of Sophia's mind, reſolved to take the only method of relieving her, which was by retiring: but before he did this, he ſaid: I believe, Madam, it is cuſtomary to give ſome reward on theſe occaſions; — I muſt inſiſt on a very high one for my honeſty; — it is, Madam, no leſs than the honour of being permitted to pay another viſit here.

Sir, replied the lady, I make no doubt that you are a gentleman, and my doors are never ſhut to people of faſhion.

Jones then, after proper ceremonials, departed, highly to his own ſatisfaction, and no leſs to that of Sophia; who was terribly alarmed leſt lady Bellaſton ſhould diſcover what ſhe knew already but too well.

Upon the ſtairs Jones met his old acquaintance Mrs. Honour, who, notwithſtanding all ſhe had ſaid againſt him, was now ſo well-bred to behave with great civility. This meeting proved indeed a lucky circumſtance, as he communicated to her the houſe where he lodged, with which Sophia was acquainted.

CHAP. XII.

In which the thirteenth book is concluded.

THE elegant lord Shaftſbury ſomewhere objects to telling too much truth: by which it may be fairly inferred, that, in ſome caſes, to lie, is not only excuſable but commendable.

And ſurely there are no perſons who may ſo properly challenge a right to this commendable deviation from truth, as young women in the affair of love; for which they may plead precept, education, and above all, the ſanction, nay, I may ſay, the neceſſity of cuſtom, by which they are reſtrained, not from ſubmitting to the honeſt impulſes of nature (for that would be a fooliſh prohibition) but from owning them.

We are not, therefore, aſhamed to ſay, that our heroine now purſued the dictates of the above-mentioned right honourable philoſopher. As ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied then, that lady Bellaſton was

ignorant of the perſon of Jones, ſo ſhe determined to keep her in that ignorance, though at the expence of a little fibbing.

Jones had not been long gone, before lady Bellaſton cry'd: Upon my word, a good pretty young fellow; I wonder who he is: for I don't remember ever to have ſeen his face before.

Nor I neither, Madam, cries Sophia. I muſt ſay he behaved very handſomely in relation to my note.

Yes; and he is a very handſome fellow, ſaid the lady; don't you think ſo?

I did not take much notice of him, anſwered Sophia; but I thought he ſeemed rather aukward and ungenteel than otherwiſe.

You are extremely right, cries lady Bellaſton; you may ſee, by his manner, that he hath not kept good company. Nay, notwithſtanding his returning your note, and refuſing the reward, I almoſt queſtion whether he is a gentleman. — I have always obſerved there is a ſomething in perſons well-born, which others can never acquire. — I think I will give orders not to be at home to him.

Nay ſure, Madam, anſwered Sophia, one can't ſuſpect after what he hath done; — beſides, if your ladyſhip obſerved him, there was an elegance in his diſcourſe, a delicacy, a prettineſs of expreſſion that, that —

I confeſs, ſaid lady Bellaſton, the fellow hath

words — And indeed, Sophia, you muſt forgive me, indeed you muſt.

I forgive your ladyſhip! ſaid Sophia.

Yes indeed you muſt, anſwered ſhe laughing; for I had a horrible ſuſpicion when I firſt came into the room — I vow you muſt forgive it; but I ſuſpected it was Mr. Jones himſelf.

Did your ladyſhip, indeed? cries Sophia, bluſhing, and affecting a laugh.

Yes, I vow I did, anſwered ſhe; I can't imagine what put it into my head: for, give the fellow his due, he was genteelly dreſt; which, I think, dear Sophy, is not commonly the caſe with your friend.

This raillery, cries Sophia, is a little cruel, lady Bellaſton, after my promiſe to your ladyſhip.

Not at all, child, ſaid the lady. — It would have been cruel before; but after you have promiſed me never to marry without your father's conſent, in which you know is implied your giving up Jones, ſure you can bear a little raillery on a paſſion which was pardonable enough in a young girl in the country, and of which you tell me you have ſo entirely got the better. What muſt I think, my dear Sophy, if you cannot bear a little ridicule even on his dreſs? I ſhall begin to fear you are very far gone indeed; and almoſt queſtion whether you have dealt ingenuouſly with me.

Indeed, Madam, cries Sophia, your ladyſhip miſtakes me, if you imagine I had any concern on his account.

On his account? anſwered the lady. You muſt have miſtaken me; I went no farther than his dreſs; — for I would not injure your taſte by any other compariſon. — I don't imagine, my dear Sophy, if your Mr. Jones had been ſuch a fellow as this —

I thought, ſays Sophia, your ladyſhip had allowed him to be handſome. —

Whom, pray? cried the lady haſtily.

Mr. Jones, anſwered Sophia; — and immediately recollecting herſelf: Mr. Jones! — no, no, I aſk your pardon; — I mean the gentleman who was juſt now here.

O Sophy! Sophy! cries the lady; this Mr. Jones, I am afraid, ſtill runs in your head.

Then upon my honour, Madam, ſaid Sophia, Mr. Jones is as entirely indifferent to me, as the gentleman who juſt now left us.

Upon my honour, ſaid lady Bellaſton, I believe it. Forgive me, therefore, a little innocent raillery; but I promiſe you I will never mention his name any more.

And now the two ladies ſeparated, infinitely more to the delight of Sophia than of lady Bellaſton, who would willingly have tormented her rival a little longer, had not buſineſs of more importance called her away. As for Sophia, her mind was not perfectly eaſy under this firſt practice of deceit: upon which, when ſhe retired to her chamber, ſhe reflected with the higheſt uneaſineſs and conſcious ſhame. Nor

could the peculiar hardſhip of her ſituation, and the neceſſity of the caſe, at all reconcile her mind to her conduct; for the frame of her mind was too delicate to bear the thought of having been guilty of a falſhood, however qualified by circumſtances. Nor did this thought once ſuffer her to cloſe her eyes during the whole ſucceeding night.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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